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ROBERT BROWNING'S

POETICAL WORKS

VOL. VIII.

Comprising Volumes XVI. and XVII. of the
Edition in 17 Volumes

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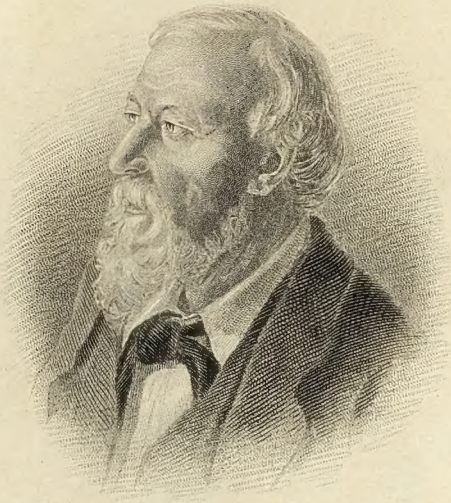

Robert Browning.

1882.

Engraved by G. Cook from a portrait
by Robert Barrett Browning

THE POETICAL WORKS

of

ROBERT BROWNING

VOL. XVI.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1910

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FERISHTAH'S FANCIES.

"His genius was jocular, but, when disposed, he could be very serious."—Article "Shakespear," JEREMY COLLIER'S *Historical &c. Dictionary*, 2nd edition, 1701.

"You, Sir, I entertain you for one of my Hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian: but let them be changed."—*King Lear*, act iii. sc. 6.

FERISHTAH'S FANCIES

1884.

PROLOGUE.

Pray, Reader, have you eaten ortolans
Ever in Italy?
Recall how cooks there cook them: for my plan 's
To--Lyre with Spit ally.
They pluck the birds,—some dozen luscious lumps,
Or more or fewer,—
Then roast them, heads by heads and rumps by rumps,
Stuck on a skewer.
But first,—and here 's the point I fain would press,—
Don't think I 'm tattling!—
They interpose, to curb its lusciousness,
—What, 'twixt each fatling?

First comes plain bread, crisp, brown, a toasted
square:
Then, a strong sage-leaf:
(So we find books with flowers dried here and there
Lest leaf engage leaf.)
First, food—then, piquancy—and last of all
Follows the thirdling:
Through wholesome hard, sharp soft, your tooth
must bite
Ere reach the birdling.
Now, were there only crust to crunch, you 'd wince:
Unpalatable!
Sage-leaf is bitter-pungent—so 's a quince:
Eat each who 's able!
But through all three bite boldly—lo, the gust!
Flavour—no fixture—
Flies, permeating flesh and leaf and crust
In fine admixture.
So with your meal, my poem: masticate
Sense, sight and song there!
Digest these, and I praise your peptics' state,
Nothing found wrong there.
Whence springs my illustration who can tell?
—The more surprising
That here eggs, milk, cheese, fruit suffice so well
For gormandizing.

A fancy-freak by contrast born of thee,
Delightful Gressoney!
Who laughest "Take what is, trust what may be!"
That 's Life's true lesson,—eh?

Maison Delapierre,
Gressoney St. Jean, Val d' Aosta.
September 12, '82.

THE EAGLE.

DERVISH—(though yet un-dervished, call him so
No less beforehand: while he drudged our way,
Other his worldly name was: when he wrote
Those versicles we Persians praise him for,
—True fairy-work—Ferishtah grew his style)—
Dervish Ferishtah walked the woods one eve,
And noted on a bough a raven's nest
Whereof each youngling gaped with callow beak
Widened by want; for why? beneath the tree
Dead lay the mother-bird. "A piteous chance!
"How shall they 'scape destruction?" sighed the sage
—Or sage about to be, though simple still.
Responsive to which doubt, sudden there swooped
An eagle downward, and behold he bore
(Great-hearted) in his talons flesh wherewith
He stayed their craving, then resought the sky.
"Ah, foolish, faithless me!" the observer smiled,
"Who toil and moil to eke out life, when lo

Providence cares for every hungry mouth!"
To profit by which lesson, home went he,
And certain days sat musing,—neither meat
Nor drink would purchase by his handiwork.
Then,—for his head swam and his limbs grew faint,—
Sleep overtook the unwise one, whom in dream
God thus admonished: "Hast thou marked my deed?
Which part assigned by providence dost judge
Was meant for man's example? Should he play
The helpless weakling, or the helpful strength
That captures prey and saves the perishing?
Sluggard, arise: work, eat, then feed who lack!"

Waking, "I have arisen, work I will,
Eat, and so following. Which lacks food the more,
Body or soul in me? I starve in soul:
So may mankind: and since men congregate
In towns, not woods,—to Ispahan forthwith!"

Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees,
Underfoot the moss-tracks,—life and love with these!
I to wear a fawn-skin, thou to dress in flowers:
All the long lone Summer-day, that greenwood life of ours!

Rich-pavilioned, rather,—still the world without,—
Inside—gold-roofed silk-walled silence round about!
Queen it thou on purple,—I, at watch and ward
Couched beneath the columns, gaze, thy slave, love's guard!

So, for us no world? Let throngs press thee to me!
Up and down amid men, heart by heart fare we!
Welcome squalid vesture, harsh voice, hateful face!
God is soul, souls I and thou: with souls should souls have
place.

THE MELON-SELLER

Going his rounds one day in Ispahan,—
Half-way on Dervishhood, not wholly there,—
Ferishtah, as he crossed a certain bridge,
Came startled on a well-remembered face.
"Can it be? What, turned melon-seller—thou?
Clad in such sordid garb, thy seat yon step
Where dogs brush by thee and express contempt?
Methinks, thy head-gear is some scooped-out gourd!
Nay, sunk to slicing up, for readier sale,
One fruit whereof the whole scarce feeds a swine?
Wast thou the Shah's Prime Minister, men saw
Ride on his right-hand while a trumpet blew
And Persia hailed the Favourite? Yea, twelve years
Are past, I judge, since that transcendency,
And thou didst peculate and art abased;
No less, twelve years since, thou didst hold in hand
Persia, couldst halve and quarter, mince its pulp
As pleased thee, and distribute—melon-like—
Portions to whoso played the parasite,
Or suck—thyself—each juicy morsel. How

Enormous thy abjection,—hell from heaven,
Made tenfold hell by contrast! Whisper me!
Dost thou curse God for granting twelve years' bliss
Only to prove this day's the direr lot?"

Whereon the beggar raised a brow, once more
Luminous and imperial, from the rags.
"Fool, does thy folly think my foolishness
Dwells rather on the fact that God appoints
A day of woe to the unworthy one,
Than that the unworthy one, by God's award,
Tasted joy twelve years long? Or buy a slice,
Or go to school!"

To school Ferishtah went;
And, schooling ended, passed from Ispahan
To Nishapur, that Elburz looks above
—Where they dig turquoise: there kept school himself
The melon-seller's speech, his stock in trade.
Some say a certain Jew adduced the word
Out of their book, it sounds so much the same.
את־הטוב נקבל מאת האלהים
ואת־הרע לא נקבל: In Persian phrase,
"Shall we receive good at the hand of God
And evil not receive?" But great wits jump.

Wish no word unspoken, want no look away!
What if words were but mistake, and looks—too sudden,
say!
Be unjust for once, Love! Bear it—well I may!

Do me justice always? Bid my heart—their shrine—
Render back its store of gifts, old looks and words of thine
—Oh, so all unjust—the less deserved, the more divine?

SHAH ABBAS.

ANYHOW, once full Dervish, youngsters came
To gather up his own words, 'neath a rock
Or else a palm, by pleasant Nishapur.

Said someone, as Ferishtah paused abrupt,
Reading a certain passage from the roll
Wherein is treated of Lord Ali's life:
"Master, explain this incongruity!
When I dared question 'It is beautiful,
But is it true?'—thy answer was 'In truth
Lives beauty.' I persisting—'Beauty—yes,
In thy mind and in my mind, every mind
That apprehends: but outside—so to speak—
Did beauty live in deed as well as word,
Was this life lived, was this death died—not dreamed?'
'Many attested it for fact' saidst thou.
'Many!' but mark, Sir! Half as long ago
As such things were,—supposing that they were,—

Reigned great Shah Abbas: he too lived and died
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped the stag,
With one struck down the lion: yet, no less,
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport,
Perceived a spider drop into his wine,
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear.
So all say,—so dost thou say?"

"Wherefore not?"
Ferishtah smiled: "though strange, the story stands
Clear-chronicled: none tells it otherwise:
The fact's eye-witness bore the cup, beside."

"And dost thou credit one cup-bearer's tale,
False, very like, and futile certainly,
Yet hesitate to trust what many tongues
Combine to testify was beautiful
In deed as well as word? No fool's report
Of lion, stag and spider, but immense
With meaning for mankind,—thy race,—thyself?"

Whereto the Dervish: "First amend, my son,
Thy faulty nomenclature, call belief
Belief indeed, nor grace with such a name

The easy acquiescence of mankind
In matters nowise worth dispute, since life
Lasts merely the allotted moment. Lo—
That lion-stag-and-spider tale leaves fixed
The fact for us that somewhen Abbas reigned,
Died, somehow slain,—a useful registry,—
Which therefore we — 'believe'? Stand forward, thou,
My Yakub, son of Yusuf, son of Zal!
I advertise thee that our liege, the Shah
Happily regnant, hath become assured,
By opportune discovery, that thy sires,
Son by the father upwards, track their line
To—whom but that same bearer of the cup
Whose inadvertency was chargeable
With what therefrom ensued, disgust and death
To Abbas Shah, the over-nice of soul?
Whence he appoints thee,—such his clemency,—
Not death, thy due, but just a double tax
To pay, on thy particular bed of reeds
Which flower into the brush that makes a broom
Fit to sweep ceilings clear of vermin. Sure,
Thou dost believe the story nor dispute
That punishment should signalize its truth?
Down therefore with some twelve dinars! Why start,
—The stag's way with the lion hard on haunch?

'Believe the story?'—how thy words throng fast!—
'Who saw this, heard this, said this, wrote down this,
That and the other circumstance to prove
So great a prodigy surprised the world?
Needs must thou prove me fable can be fact
Or ere thou coax one piece from out my pouch!'"

"There we agree, Sir: neither of us knows,
Neither accepts that tale on evidence
Worthy to warrant the large word—belief.
Now I get near thee! Why didst pause abrupt,
Disabled by emotion at a tale
Might match—be frank!—for credibility
The figment of the spider and the cup?
—To wit, thy roll 's concerning Ali's life,
Unevidenced—thine own word! Little boots
Our sympathy with fiction! When I read
The annals and consider of Tahmasp
And that sweet sun-surpassing star his love,
I weep like a cut vine-twig, though aware
Zurah's sad fate is fiction, since the snake
He saw devour her,—how could such exist,
Having nine heads? No snake boasts more than three!
I weep, then laugh—both actions right alike.
But thou, Ferishtah, sapiency confessed,
When at the Day of Judgment God shall ask

'Didst thou believe?'—what wilt thou plead? Thy tears?
(Nay, they fell fast and stain the parchment still)
What if thy tears meant love? Love lacking ground
—Belief,—avails thee as it would avail
My own pretence to favour since, forsooth,
I loved the lady—I, who needs must laugh
To hear a snake boasts nine heads: they have three!"

"Thanks for the well-timed help that 's born, behold,
Out of thy words, my son,—belief and love!
Hast heard of Ishak son of Absal? Ay,
The very same we heard of, ten years since,
Slain in the wars: he comes back safe and sound,—
Though twenty soldiers saw him die at Yezdt,—
Just as a single mule-and-baggage boy
Declared 't was like he some day would, —for why?
The twenty soldiers lied, he saw him stout,
Cured of all wounds at once by smear of salve,
A Mubid's manufacture: such the tale.
Now, when his pair of sons were thus apprised
Effect was twofold on them. 'Hail!' crowed This:
'Dearer the news than dayspring after night!
The cure-reporting youngster warrants me
Our father shall make glad our eyes once more,
For whom, had outpoured life of mine sufficed

To bring him back, free broached were every vein!'
'Avaunt, delusive tale-concocter, news
Cruel as meteor simulating dawn!'
Whimpered the other: 'Who believes this boy
Must disbelieve his twenty seniors: no,
Return our father shall not! Might my death
Purchase his life, how promptly would the dole
Be paid as due!' Well, ten years pass,—aha,
Ishak is marching homeward,—doubts, not he,
Are dead and done with! So, our townsfolk straight
Must take on them to counsel. 'Go thou gay,
Welcome thy father, thou of ready faith!
Hide thee, contrariwise, thou faithless one,
Expect paternal frowning, blame and blows!'
So do our townsfolk counsel: dost demur?"

"Ferishtah like those simpletons—at loss
In what is plain as pikestaff? Pish! Suppose
The trustful son had sighed 'So much the worse!
Returning means—retaking heritage
Enjoyed these ten years, who should say me nay?'
How would such trust reward him? Trustlessness
—O' the other hand—were what procured most praise
To him who judged return impossible,
Yet hated heritage procured thereby.

A fool were Ishak if he failed to prize
Mere head's work less than heart's work: no fool he!'

"Is God less wise? Resume the roll!" They did.

You groped your way across my room i' the dear dark dead
of night;
At each fresh step a stumble was: but, once your lamp
alight,
Easy and plain you walked again: so soon all wrong grew
right!

What lay on floor to trip your foot? Each object, late awry,
Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to footing free—for
why?
The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown simple sym-
metry.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with these explore
my heart!
No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and souls apart!
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so,—light shows you,—
needs love start?

THE FAMILY.

A CERTAIN neighbour lying sick to death,
Ferishtah grieved beneath a palm-tree, whence
He rose at peace: whereat objected one
"Gudarz our friend gasps in extremity.
Sure, thou art ignorant how close at hand
Death presses, or the cloud, which fouled so late
Thy face, had deepened down not lightened off."

"I judge there will be respite, for I prayed."

"Sir, let me understand, of charity!
Yestereve, what was thine admonishment?
'All-wise, all-good, all-mighty—God is such!'
How then should man, the all-unworthy, dare
Propose to set aside a thing ordained?
To pray means—substitute man's will for God's:
Two best wills cannot be: by consequence,
What is man bound to but -assent, say I?
Rather to rapture of thanksgiving; since

That which seems worst to man to God is best,
So, because God ordains it, best to man.
Yet man—the foolish, weak and wicked—prays!
Urges 'My best were better, didst Thou know'!"

"List to a tale. A worthy householder
Of Shiraz had three sons, beside a spouse
Whom, cutting gourds, a serpent bit, whereon
The offended limb swelled black from foot to fork.
The husband called in aid a leech renowned
World-wide, confessed the lord of surgery,
And bade him dictate—who forthwith declared
'Sole remedy is amputation.' Straight
The husband sighed 'Thou knowest: be it so!'
His three sons heard their mother sentenced: 'Pause!'
Outbroke the elder: 'Be precipitate
Nowise, I pray thee! Take some gentler way,
Thou sage of much resource! I will not doubt
But science still may save foot, leg and thigh!'
The next in age snapped petulant: 'Too rash!
No reason for this maiming! What, Sir Leech,
Our parent limps henceforward while we leap?
Shame on thee! Save the limb thou must and shalt!'
'Shame on yourselves, ye bold ones!' followed up
The brisk third brother, youngest, pertest too:
'The leech knows all things, we are ignorant;

What he proposes, gratefully accept!
For me, had I some unguent bound to heal
Hurts in a twinkling, hardly would I dare
Essay its virtue and so cross the sage
By cure his skill pronounces folly. Quick!
No waiting longer! There the patient lies:
Out then with implements and operate!'"

"Ah, the young devil!"

"Why, his reason chimed
Right with the Hakim's."

"Hakim's, ay—but chit's?
How? what the skilled eye saw and judged of weight
To overbear a heavy consequence,
That—shall a sciolist affect to see?
All he saw—that is, all such oaf should see,
Was just the mother's suffering."

"In my tale,
Be God the Hakim: in the husband's case,
Call ready acquiescence—aptitude
Angelic, understanding swift and sure:
Call the first son—a wise humanity,
Slow to conceive but duteous to adopt:

See in the second son—humanity,
Wrong-headed yet right-hearted, rash but kind.
Last comes the cackler of the brood, our chit
Who, aping wisdom all beyond his years,
Thinks to discard humanity itself:
Fares like the beast which should affect to fly
Because a bird with wings may spurn the ground,
So, missing heaven and losing earth—drops how
But hell-ward? No, be man and nothing more—
Man who, as man conceiving, hopes and fears,
And craves and deprecates, and loves, and loathes,
And bids God help him, till death touch his eyes
And show God granted most, denying all."

Man I am and man would be, Love—merest man and nothing more.
Bid me seem no other! Eagles boast of pinions—let them soar!
I may put forth angel's plumage, once unmanned, but not before.

Now on earth, to stand suffices,—nay, if kneeling serves, to kneel:
Here you front me, here I find the all of heaven that earth can feel:
Sense looks straight,—not over, under,—perfect sees beyond appeal.

Good you are and wise, full circle: what to me were more
outside?
Wiser wisdom, better goodness? Ah, such want the angel's
wide
Sense to take and hold and keep them! Mine at least has
never tried.

THE SUN.

"And what might that bold man's announcement be"—
Ferishtah questioned—"which so moved thine ire
That thou didst curse, nay, cuff and kick—in short,
Confute the announcer? Wipe those drops away
Which start afresh upon thy face at mere
Mention of such enormity: now, speak!"

"He scrupled not to say—(thou warrantest,
O patient Sir, that I unblamed repeat
Abominable words which blister tongue?)
God once assumed on earth a human shape:
(Lo, I have spitten!) Dared I ask the grace,
Fain would I hear, of thy subtility,
From out what hole in man's corrupted heart
Creeps such a maggot: fancies verminous
Breed in the clots there, but a monster born
Of pride and folly like this pest—thyself
Only canst trace to egg-shell it hath chipped."

The sun rode high. "During our ignorance"—
Began Ferishtah—"folk esteemed as God
Yon orb: for argument, suppose him so,—
Be it the symbol, not the symbolized,
I and thou safelier take upon our lips.
Accordingly, yon orb that we adore
—What is he? Author of all light and life:
Such one must needs be somewhere: this is he.
Like what? If I may trust my human eyes,
A ball composed of spirit-fire, whence springs
—What, from this ball, my arms could circle round?
All I enjoy on earth. By consequence,
Inspiring me with—what? Why, love and praise.
I eat a palatable fig—there 's love
In little: who first planted what I pluck,
Obtains my little praise, too: more of both
Keeps due proportion with more cause for each:
So, more and ever more, till most of all
Completes experience, and the orb, descried
Ultimate giver of all good, perforce
Gathers unto himself all love, all praise,
Is worshipped—which means loved and praised at height.
Back to the first good: 't was the gardener gave
Occasion to my palate's pleasure: grace,
Plain on his part, demanded thanks on mine.
Go up above this giver,—step by step,

Gain a conception of what—(how and why,
Matters not now)—occasioned him to give,
Appointed him the gardener of the ground,—
I mount by just progression slow and sure
To some prime giver—here assumed yon orb—
Who takes my worship. Whom have I in mind,
Thus worshipping, unless a man, my like
Howe'er above me? Man, I say—how else,
I being man who worship? Here 's my hand
Lifts first a mustard-seed, then weight on weight
Greater and ever greater, till at last
It lifts a melon, I suppose, then stops—
Hand-strength expended wholly : so, my love
First lauds the gardener for the fig his gift,
Then, looking higher, loves and lauds still more,
Who hires the ground, who owns the ground,
Sheikh, Shah,
On and away, away and ever on,
Till, at the last, it loves and lauds the orb
Ultimate cause of all to laud and love.
Where is the break, the change of quality
In hand's power, soul's impulsion? Gift was grace
The greatest as the smallest. Had I stopped
Anywhere in the scale, stayed love and praise
As so far only fit to follow gift,
Saying 'I thanked the gardener for his fig,

But now that, lo, the Shah has filled my purse
With tomans which avail to purchase me
A fig-tree forest, shall I pay the same
With love and praise, the gardener's proper fee?'
Justly would whoso bears a brain object
'Giving is giving, gift claims gift's return,
Do thou thine own part, therefore: let the Shah
Ask more from who has more to pay.' Perchance
He gave me from his treasure less by much
Than the soil's servant: let that be! My part
Is plain—to meet and match the gift and gift
With love and love, with praise and praise, till both
Cry 'All of us is thine, we can no more!'
So shall I do man's utmost—man to man:
For as our liege the Shah's sublime estate
Merely enhaloes, leaves him man the same,
So must I count that orb I call a fire
(Keep to the language of our ignorance)
Something that 's fire and more beside. Mere fire
—Is it a force which, giving, knows it gives,
And wherefore, so may look for love and praise
From me, fire's like so far, however less
In all beside? Prime cause this fire shall be,
Uncaused, all-causing: hence begin the gifts,
Thither must go my love and praise—to what?
Fire? Symbol fitly serves the symbolized

Herein,—that this same object of my thanks,
While to my mind nowise conceivable
Except as mind no less than fire, refutes
Next moment mind's conception: fire is fire—
While what I needs must thank, must needs include
Purpose with power,—humanity like mine,
Imagined, for the dear necessity,
One moment in an object which the next
Confesses unimaginable. Power!
—What need of will, then? nought opposes power:
Why, purpose? any change must be for worse:
And what occasion for beneficence
When all that is, so is and so must be?
Best being best now, change were for the worse.
Accordingly discard these qualities
Proper to imperfection, take for type
Mere fire, eject the man, retain the orb,—
The perfect and, so, inconceivable,—
And what remains to love and praise? A stone
Fair-coloured proves a solace to my eye,
Rolled by my tongue brings moisture curing drouth,
And struck by steel emits a useful spark:
Shall I return it thanks, the insentient thing?
No,—man once, man for ever—man in soul
As man in body: just as this can use
Its proper senses only, see and hear,

Taste, like or loathe according to its law
And not another creature's,—even so
Man's soul is moved by what, if it in turn
Must move, is kindred soul: receiving good
—Man's way—must make man's due acknowledgment,
No other, even while he reasons out
Plainly enough that, were the man unmanned,
Made angel of, angelic every way,
The love and praise that rightly seek and find
Their man-like object now,—instructed more,
Would go forth idly, air to emptiness.
Our human flower, sun-ripened, proffers scent
Though reason prove the sun lacks nose to feed
On what himself made grateful: flower and man,
Let each assume that scent and love alike
Being once born, must needs have use! Man's part
Is plain—to send love forth,—astray, perhaps:
No matter, he has done his part."

"Wherefrom
What is to follow—if I take thy sense—
But that the sun—the inconceivable
Confessed by man—comprises, all the same,
Man's every-day conception of himself—
No less remaining unconceived!"

"Agreed"!

"Yet thou, insisting on the right of man
To feel as man, not otherwise,—man, bound
By man's conditions neither less nor more,
Obliged to estimate as fair or foul,
Right, wrong, good, evil, what man's faculty
Adjudges such,—how canst thou,—plainly bound
To take man's truth for truth and only truth,—
Dare to accept, in just one case, as truth
Falsehood confessed? Flesh simulating fire—
Our fellow-man whom we his fellows know
For dust—instinct with fire unknowable!
Where 's thy man-needed truth — its proof, nay print
Of faintest passage on the tablets traced
By man, termed knowledge? 'T is conceded thee,
We lack such fancied union—fire with flesh:
But even so, to lack is not to gain
Our lack's suppliance: where 's the trace of such
Recorded?"

"What if such a tracing were?
If some strange story stood,—whate'er its worth,—
That the immensely yearned-for, once befell,
—The sun was flesh once?—(keep the figure!)"

"How?
An union inconceivable was fact?"

"Son, if the stranger have convinced himself
Fancy is fact—the sun, besides a fire,
Hoïds earthly substance somehow fire pervades
And yet consumes not,—earth, he understands,
With essence he remains a stranger to,—
Fitlier thou saidst 'I stand appalled before
Conception unattainable by me
Who need it most'—than this—'What? boast he holds
Conviction where I see conviction's need,
Alas,—and nothing else? then what remains
But that I straightway curse, cuff, kick the fool!'"

Fire is in the flint: true, once a spark escapes,
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—
Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
Splendours recognized as perfect in the star!—
In our flint their home was, housed as now they are.

MIHRAB SHAH.

QUOTH an inquirer, "Praise the Merciful!
My thumb which yesterday a scorpion nipped—
(It swelled and blackened)—lo, is sound again!
By application of a virtuous root
The burning has abated: that is well:
But now methinks I have a mind to ask,—
Since this discomfort came of culling herbs
Nor meaning harm,—why needs a scorpion be?
Yea, there began, from when my thumb last throbbed
Advance in question framing, till I asked
Wherefore should any evil hap to man—
From ache of flesh to agony of soul—
Since God's All-mercy mates All-potency?
Nay, why permits He evil to Himself—
Man's sin, accounted such? Suppose a world
Purged of all pain, with fit inhabitant—
Man pure of evil in thought, word and deed—
Were it not well? Then, wherefore otherwise?
Too good result? But He is wholly good!

Hard to effect? Ay, were He impotent!
Teach me, Ferishtah!"

Said the Dervish: "Friend,
My chance, escaped to-day, was worse than thine:
I, as I woke this morning, raised my head,
Which never tumbled but stuck fast on neck.
Was not I glad and thankful!"

"How could head
Tumble from neck, unchopped—inform me first!
Unless we take Firdausi's tale for truth,
Who ever heard the like?"

"The like might hap
By natural law: I let my staff fall thus—
It goes to ground, I know not why. Suppose,
Whene'er my hold was loosed, it skyward sprang
As certainly, and all experience proved
That, just as staves when unsupported sink,
So, unconfined, they soar?"

"Let such be law—
Why, a new chapter of sad accidents
Were added to humanity's mischance,
No doubt at all, and as a man's false step

Now lays him prone on earth, contrariwise,
Removal from his shoulder of a weight
Might start him upwards to perdition. Ay!
But, since such law exists in just thy brain,
I shall not hesitate to doff my cap
For fear my head take flight."

"Nor feel relief
Finding it firm on shoulder. Tell me, now!
What were the bond 'twixt man and man, dost judge,
Pain once abolished? Come, be true! Our Shah—
How stands he in thy favour? Why that shrug?
Is not he lord and ruler?"

"Easily!
His mother bore him, first of those four wives
Provided by his father, such his luck:
Since when his business simply was to breathe
And take each day's new bounty. There he stands—
Where else had I stood, were his birth-star mine?
No, to respect men's power, I needs must see
Men's bare hands seek, find, grasp and wield the sword
Nobody else can brandish! Bless his heart,
'T is said, he scarcely counts his fingers right!"

"Well, then—his princely doles! from every feast
Off go the feasted with the dish they ate

And cup they drank from,—nay, a change besides
Of garments" . . .

"Sir, put case, for service done,—
Or best, for love's sake,—such and such a slave
Sold his allowance of sour lentil soup
To therewith purchase me a pipe-stick,—nay,
If he, by but one hour, cut short his sleep
To clout my shoe,—that were a sacrifice!"

"All praise his gracious bearing."

"All praise mine—
Or would praise did they never make approach
Except on all-fours, crawling till I bade
'Now that with eyelids thou hast touched the earth,
Come close and have no fear, poor nothingness!'
What wonder that the lady-rose I woo
And palisade about from every wind,
Holds herself handsomely? The wilding, now,
Ruffled outside at pleasure of the blast,
That still lifts up with something of a smile
Its poor attempt at bloom" . . .

"A blameless life,
Where wrong might revel with impunity—
Remember that!"

"The falcon on his fist—
Reclaimed and trained and belled and beautified
Till she believes herself the Simorgh's match—
She only deigns destroy the antelope,
Stoops at no carrion-crow: thou marvellest?"

"So be it, then! He wakes no love in thee
For any one of divers attributes
Commonly deemed loveworthy. All the same,
I would he were not wasting, slow but sure,
With that internal ulcer" . . .

"Say'st thou so?
How should I guess? Alack, poor soul! But stay—
Sure in the reach of art some remedy
Must lie to hand: or if it lurk,—that leech
Of fame in Tebriz, why not seek his aid?
Couldst not thou, Dervish, counsel in the case?"

"My counsel might be—what imports a pang
The more or less, which puts an end to one
Odious in spite of every attribute
Commonly deemed loveworthy?"

"Attributes?
Faugh!—nay, Ferishtah,—'t is an ulcer, think!

Attributes, quotha? Here's poor flesh and blood,
Like thine and mine and every man's, a prey
To hell-fire! Hast thou lost thy wits for once?"

"Friend, here they are to find and profit by!
Put pain from out the world, what room were left
For thanks to God, for love to Man? Why thanks,—
Except for some escape, whate'er the style,
From pain that might be, name it as thou mayst?
Why love,—when all thy kind, save me, suppose,
Thy father, and thy son, and . . . well, thy dog,
To eke the decent number out—we few
Who happen—like a handful of chance stars
From the unnumbered host—to shine o'erhead
And lend thee light,—our twinkle all thy store,—
We only take thy love! Mankind, forsooth?
Who sympathizes with their general joy
Foolish as undeserved? But pain—see God's
Wisdom at work!—man's heart is made to judge
Pain deserved nowhere by the common flesh
Our birthright,—bad and good deserve alike
No pain, to human apprehension! Lust,
Greed, cruelty, injustice, crave (we hold)
Due punishment from somebody, no doubt:
But ulcer in the midriff! that brings flesh
Triumphant from the bar whereto arraigned

Soul quakes with reason. In the eye of God
Pain may have purpose and be justified:
Man's sense avails to only see, in pain,
A hateful chance no man but would avert
Or, failing, needs must pity. Thanks to God
And love to man,—from man take these away,
And what is man worth? Therefore, Mihrab Shah,
Tax me my bread and salt twice over, claim
Laila my daughter for thy sport,—go on!
Slay my son's self, maintain thy poetry
Beats mine,—thou meritest a dozen deaths!
But—ulcer in the stomach,—ah, poor soul,
Try a fig-plaster: may it ease thy pangs!"

So, the head aches and the limbs are faint!
Flesh is a burthen—even to you!
Can I force a smile with a fancy quaint?
Why are my ailments none or few?

In the soul of me sits sluggishness:
Body so strong and will so weak!
The slave stands fit for the labour—yes,
But the master's mandate is still to seek.

You, now—what if the outside clay
  Helped, not hindered the inside flame?
My dim to-morrow—your plain to-day,
  Yours the achievement, mine the aim?

So were it rightly, so shall it be!
  Only, while earth we pace together
For the purpose apportioned you and me,
  Closer we tread for a common tether.

You shall sigh "Wait for his sluggish soul!
  Shame he should lag, not lamed as I!"
May not I smile "Ungained her goal:
  Body may reach her—by-and-by?"

A CAMEL-DRIVER.

"How of his fate, the Pilgrims' soldier-guide
Condemned" (Ferishtah questioned), "for he slew
The merchant whom he convoyed with his bales
—A special treachery?"

"Sir, the proofs were plain:
Justice was satisfied: between two boards
The rogue was sawn asunder, rightly served."

"With all wise men's approval—mine at least."

"Himself, indeed, confessed as much. 'I die
Justly' (groaned he) 'through over-greediness
Which tempted me to rob: but grieve the most
That he who quickened sin at slumber,—ay,
Prompted and pestered me till thought grew deed,—
The same is fled to Syria and is safe,
Laughing at me thus left to pay for both.

My comfort is that God reserves for him
Hell's hottest' . . ."

"Idle words."

"Enlighten me!
Wherefore so idle? Punishment by man
Has thy assent,—the word is on thy lips.
By parity of reason, punishment
By God should likelier win thy thanks and praise."

"Man acts as man must: God, as God beseems.
A camel-driver, when his beast will bite,
Thumps her athwart the muzzle: why?"

"How else
Instruct the creature—mouths should munch, not bite?"

"True, he is man, knows but man's trick to teach.
Suppose some plain word, told her first of all,
Had hindered any biting?"

"Find him such,
And fit the beast with understanding first!
No understanding animals like Rakhsh

Nowadays, Master! Till they breed on earth,
For teaching—blows must serve."

"Who deals the blow—
What if by some rare method,—magic, say,—
He saw into the biter's very soul,
And knew the fault was so repented of
It could not happen twice?"

"That's something: still,
I hear, methinks, the driver say 'No less
Take thy fault's due! Those long-necked sisters, see,
Lean all a-stretch to know if biting meets
Punishment or enjoys impunity.
For their sakes—thwack!'"

"The journey home at end,
The solitary beast safe-stabled now,
In comes the driver to avenge a wrong
Suffered from six months since,—apparently
With patience, nay, approval: when the jaws
Met i' the small of the arm, 'Ha, Ladykin,
Still at thy frolics, girl of gold?' laughed he:
'Eat flesh? Rye-grass content thee rather with,
Whereof accept a bundle!' Now,—what change!
Laughter by no means! Now 't is 'Fiend, thy frisk

Was fit to find thee provender, didst judge?
Behold this red-hot twy-prong, thus I stick
To hiss i' the soft of thee!'"

"Behold? behold
A crazy noddle, rather! Sure the brute
Might wellnigh have plain speech coaxed out of tongue,
And grow as voluble as Rakhsh himself
At such mad outrage. 'Could I take thy mind,
Guess thy desire? If biting was offence
Wherefore the rye-grass bundle, why each day's
Patting and petting, but to intimate
My playsomeness had pleased thee? Thou endowed
With reason, truly!'"

"Reason aims to raise
Some makeshift scaffold-vantage midway, whence
Man dares, for life's brief moment, peer below:
But ape omniscience? Nay! The ladder lent
To climb by, step and step, until we reach
The little foothold-rise allowed mankind
To mount on and thence guess the sun's survey—
Shall this avail to show us world-wide truth
Stretched for the sun's descrying? Reason bids
'Teach, Man, thy beast his duty first of all
Or last of all, with blows if blows must be,—

How else accomplish teaching?' Reason adds
'Before man's First, and after man's poor Last,
God operated and will operate.'
—Process of which man merely knows this much,—
That nowise it resembles man's at all,
Teaching or punishing."

"It follows, then,
That any malefactor I would smite
With God's allowance, God himself will spare
Presumably. No scapegrace? Then, rejoice
Thou snatch-grace safe in Syria!"

"Friend, such view
Is but man's wonderful and wide mistake.
Man lumps his kind i' the mass: God singles thence
Unit by unit. Thou and God exist—
So think!—for certain: think the mass—mankind—
Disparts, disperses, leaves thyself alone!
Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee,—
Thee and no other,—stand or fall by them!
That is the part for thee: regard all else
For what it may be—Time's illusion. This
Be sure of—ignorance that sins, is safe.
No punishment like knowledge! Instance, now!
My father's choicest treasure was a book

Wherein he, day by day and year by year,
Recorded gains of wisdom for my sake
When I should grow to manhood. While a child,
Coming upon the casket where it lay
Unguarded,—what did I but toss the thing
Into a fire to make more flame therewith,
Meaning no harm? So acts man three-years old!
I grieve now at my loss by witlessness,
But guilt was none to punish. Man mature—
Each word of his I lightly held, each look
I turned from—wish that wished in vain—nay, will
That willed and yet went all to waste—'t is these
Rankle like fire. Forgiveness? rather grant
Forgetfulness! The past is past and lost.
However near I stand in his regard,
So much the nearer had I stood by steps
Offered the feet which rashly spurned their help.
That I call Hell; why further punishment?"

When I vexed you and you chid me,
  And I owned my fault and turned
My cheek the way you bid me,
  And confessed the blow well earned,—

My comfort all the while was
—Fault was faulty—near, not quite!
Do you wonder why the smile was?
O'erpunished wrong grew right.

But faults you ne'er suspected,
Nay, praised, no faults at all,—
Those would you had detected—
Crushed eggs whence snakes could crawl!

TWO CAMELS.

QUOTH one: "Sir, solve a scruple! No true sage
I hear of, but instructs his scholar thus:
'Wouldst thou be wise? Then mortify thyself!
Baulk of its craving every bestial sense!
Say "If I relish melons—so do swine!
Horse, ass and mule consume their provender
Nor leave a pea-pod: fasting feeds the soul."'
Thus they admonish: while thyself, I note,
Eatest thy ration with an appetite,
Nor fallest foul of whoso licks his lips
And sighs—'Well-saffroned was that barley soup!'
Can wisdom co-exist with—gorge-and-swill,
I say not,—simply sensual preference
For this or that fantastic meat and drink?
Moreover, wind blows sharper than its wont
This morning, and thou hast already donned
Thy sheepskin over-garment: sure the sage
Is busied with conceits that soar above

A petty change of season and its chance
Of causing ordinary flesh to sneeze?
I always thought, Sir" . .

"Son," Ferishtah said
"Truth ought to seem as never thought before.
How if I give it birth in parable?
A neighbour owns two camels, beasts of price
And promise, destined each to go, next week.
Swiftly and surely with his merchandise
From Nishapur to Sebzevar, no truce
To tramp, but travel, spite of sands and drouth,
In days so many, lest they miss the Fair.
Each falls to meditation o'er his crib
Piled high with provender before the start.
Quoth this: 'My soul is set on winning praise
From goodman lord and master,—hump to hoof,
I dedicate me to his service. How?
Grass, purslane, lupines and I know not what,
Crammed in my manger? Ha, I see—I see!
No, master, spare thy money! I shall trudge
The distance and yet cost thee not a doit
Beyond my supper on this mouldy bran.'
'Be magnified, O master, for the meal
So opportunely liberal!' quoth that.
'What use of strength in me but to surmount

Sands and simooms, and bend beneath thy bales
No knee until I reach the glad bazaar?
Thus I do justice to thy fare: no sprig
Of toothsome chervil must I leave unchewed!
Too bitterly should I reproach myself
Did I sink down in sight of Sebzevar,
Remembering how the merest mouthful more
Had heartened me to manage yet a mile!'
And so it proved: the too-abstemious brute
Midway broke down, his pack rejoiced the thieves,
His carcass fed the vultures: not so he
The wisely thankful, who, good market-drudge,
Let down his lading in the market-place,
No damage to a single pack. Which beast,
Think ye, had praise and patting and a brand
Of good-and-faithful-servant fixed on flank?
So, with thy squeamish scruple. What imports
Fasting or feasting? Do thy day's work, dare
Refuse no help thereto, since help refused
Is hindrance sought and found. Win but the race—
Who shall object 'He tossed three wine cups off,
And, just at starting, Lilith kissed his lips'?

"More soberly,—consider this, my Son
Put case I never have myself enjoyed,
Known by experience what enjoyment means,

How shall I—share enjoyment?—no, indeed!—
Supply it to my fellows,—ignorant,
As so I should be of the thing they crave,
How it affects them, works for good or ill.
Style my enjoyment self-indulgence—sin—
Why should I labour to infect my kind
With sin's occasion, bid them too enjoy,
Who else might neither catch nor give again
Joy's plague, but live in righteous misery?
Just as I cannot, till myself convinced,
Impart conviction, so, to deal forth joy
Adroitly, needs must I know joy myself.
Renounce joy for my fellows' sake? That 's joy
Beyond joy; but renounced for mine, not theirs?
Why, the physician called to help the sick,
Cries 'Let me, first of all, discard my health!'
No, Son: the richness hearted in such joy
Is in the knowing what are gifts we give,
Not in a vain endeavour not to know
Therefore, desire joy and thank God for it!
The Adversary said,—a Jew reports,—
החנם ירא איוב אלהים׃
In Persian phrase, 'Does Job fear God for nought?'
Job's creatureship is not abjured, thou fool!
He nowise isolates himself and plays
The independent equal, owns no more

Than himself gave himself, so why thank God?
A proper speech were this מאלהים
'Equals we are, Job, labour for thyself,
Nor bid me help thee: bear, as best flesh may,
Pains I inflict not nor avail to cure:
Beg of me nothing thou thyself mayst win
By work, or waive with magnanimity,
Since we are peers acknowledged,—scarcely peers,
Had I implanted any want of thine
Only my power could meet and gratify.'
No: rather hear, at man's indifference—
'Wherefore did I contrive for thee that ear
Hungry for music, and direct thine eye
To where I hold a seven-stringed instrument,
Unless I meant thee to beseech me play?'"

Once I saw a chemist take a pinch of powder
—Simple dust it seemed—and half-unstop a phial.
—Outdropped harmless dew. "Mixed nothings make"—
quoth he—
"Something!" So they did: a thunderclap, but louder—
Lightning-flash, but fiercer—put spectators' nerves to trial:
Sure enough, we learned what was, imagined what might
be.

Had I no experience how a lip's mere tremble,
Look's half hesitation, cheek's just change of colour,
These effect a heartquake,—how should I conceive
What a heaven there may be? Let it but resemble
Earth myself have known! No bliss that 's finer, fuller,
Only—bliss that lasts, they say, and fain would I believe.

CHERRIES.

"WHAT, I disturb thee at thy morning-meal:
Cherries so ripe already? Eat apace!
I recollect thy lesson yesterday.
Yet—thanks, Sir, for thy leave to interrupt" . . .

"Friend, I have finished my repast, thank God!"

"There now, thy thanks for breaking fast on fruit!—
Thanks being praise, or tantamount thereto.
Prithee consider, have not things degree,
Lofty and low? Are things not great and small,
Thence claiming praise and wonder more or less?
Shall we confuse them, with thy warrant too,
Whose doctrine otherwise begins and ends
With just this precept 'Never faith enough
In man as weakness, God as potency'?
When I would pay soul's tribute to that same,
Why not look up in wonder, bid the stars
Attest my praise of the All-mighty One?

What are man's puny members and as mean
Requirements weighed with Star-King Mushtari?
There is the marvel!"

"Not to man—that 's me.
List to what happened late, in fact or dream.
A certain stranger, bound from far away,
Still the Shah's subject, found himself before
Ispahan palace-gate. As duty bade,
He enters in the courts, will, if he may,
See so much glory as befits a slave
Who only comes, of mind to testify
How great and good is shown our lord the Shah.
In he walks, round he casts his eye about,
Looks up and down, admires to heart's content,
Ascends the gallery, tries door and door,
None says his reverence nay: peeps in at each,
Wonders at all the unimagined use,
Gold here and jewels there,—so vast, that hall—
So perfect yon pavilion!—lamps above
Bidding look up from luxuries below,—
Evermore wonder topping wonder,—last—
Sudden he comes upon a cosy nook,
A nest-like little chamber, with his name,
His own, yea, his and no mistake at all,
Plain o'er the entry: what, and he descries

Just those arrangements inside,—oh, the care!—
Suited to soul and body both,—so snug
The cushion—nay, the pipe-stand furnished so!
Whereat he cries aloud,—what think'st thou, Friend?
'That these my slippers should be just my choice,
Even to the colour that I most affect,
Is nothing: ah, that lamp, the central sun,
What must it light within its minaret
I scarce dare guess the good of! Who lives there?
That let me wonder at,—no slipper-toys
Meant for the foot, forsooth, which kicks them—thus!'

"Never enough faith in omnipotence,—
Never too much, by parity, of faith
In impuissance, man's—which turns to strength
When once acknowledged weakness every way.
How? Hear the teaching of another tale.

"Two men once owed the Shah a mighty sum
Beggars they both were: this one crossed his arms
And bowed his head,—'whereof,'—sighed he,—'each hair
Proved it a jewel, how the host's amount
Were idly strewn for payment at thy feet!'
'Lord, here they lie, my havings poor and scant!
All of the berries on my currant-bush,

What roots of garlic have escaped the mice,
And some five pippins from the seedling tree,—
Would they were half-a-dozen! anyhow,
Accept my all, poor beggar that I am!'
'Received in full of all demands!' smiled back
The apportioner of every lot of ground
From inch to acre. Littleness of love
Befits the littleness of loving thing.
What if he boasted 'Seeing I am great,
Great must my corresponding tribute be?'
Mushtari,—well, suppose him seven times seven
The sun's superior, proved so by some sage:
Am I that sage? To me his twinkle blue
Is all I know of him and thank him for,
And therefore I have put the same in verse—
'Like yon blue twinkle, twinks thine eye, my Love!'

"Neither shalt thou be troubled overmuch
Because thy offering,—littleness itself,—
Is lessened by admixture sad and strange
Of mere man's-motives,—praise with fear, and love
With looking after that same love's reward.
Alas, Friend, what was free from this alloy,—
Some smatch thereof,—in best and purest love
Proffered thy earthly father? Dust thou art,
Dust shalt be to the end. Thy father took

The dust, and kindly called the handful—gold,
Nor cared to count what sparkled here and there,
Sagely unanalytic. Thank, praise, love
(Sum up thus) for the lowest favours first,
The commonest of comforts! aught beside
Very omnipotence had overlooked
Such needs, arranging for thy little life.
Nor waste thy power of love in wonderment
At what thou wiselier lettest shine unsoiled
By breath of word. That this last cherry soothes
A roughness of my palate, that I know:
His Maker knows why Mushtari was made."

Verse-making was least of my virtues: I viewed with despair
Wealth that never yet was but might be—all that verse-making were
If the life would but lengthen to wish, let the mind be laid bare.
So I said "To do little is bad, to do nothing is worse"—
And made verse.

Love-making,—how simple a matter! No depths to explore,
No heights in a life to ascend! No disheartening Before,
No affrighting Hereafter,—love now will be love evermore.
So I felt "To keep silence were folly:"—all language above,
I made love.

PLOT-CULTURE.

"Av, but, Ferishtah,"—a disciple smirked,—
"That verse of thine 'How twinks thine eye, my Love,
Blue as yon star-beam!' much arrides myself
Who haply may obtain a kiss therewith
This eve from Laila where the palms abound—
My youth, my warrant—so the palms be close!
Suppose when thou art earnest in discourse
Concerning high and holy things,—abrupt
I out with—'Laila's lip, how honey-sweet!'—
What say'st thou, were it scandalous or no?
I feel thy shoe sent flying at my mouth
For daring—prodigy of impudence—
Publish what, secret, were permissible.
Well,—one slide further in the imagined slough,—
Knee-deep therein, (respect thy reverence!)—
Suppose me well aware thy very self
Stooped prying through the palm-screen, while I dared
Solace me with caressings all the same?

Unutterable, nay—unthinkable,
Undreamable a deed of shame! Alack,
How will it fare shouldst thou impress on me
That certainly an Eye is over all
And each, to mark the minute's deed, word, thought,
As worthy of reward or punishment?
Shall I permit my sense an Eye-viewed shame,
Broad daylight perpetration,—so to speak,—
I had not dared to breathe within the Ear,
With black night's help about me? Yet I stand
A man, no monster, made of flesh not cloud:
Why made so, it my making prove offence
To Maker's eye and ear?"

"Thou wouldst not stand
Distinctly Man,"—Ferishtah made reply,
"Not the mere creature,—did no limit-line
Round thee about, apportion thee thy place
Clean-cut from out and off the illimitable,—
Minuteness severed from immensity.
All of thee for the Maker,—for thyself,
Workings inside the circle that evolve
Thine all,—the product of thy cultured plot.
So much of grain the ground's lord bids thee yield
Bring sacks to granary in Autumn! spare
Daily intelligence of this manure,

That compost, how they tend to feed the soil:
There thou art master sole and absolute
—Only, remember doomsday! Twitt'st thou me
Because I turn away my outraged nose
Shouldst thou obtrude thereon a shovelful
Of fertilizing kisses? Since thy sire
Wills and obtains thy marriage with the maid,
Enough! Be reticent, I counsel thee,
Nor venture to acquaint him, point by point,
What he procures thee. Is he so obtuse?
Keep thy instruction to thyself! My ass—
Only from him expect acknowledgment
The while he champs my gift, a thistle-bunch,
How much he loves the largess: of his love
I only tolerate so much as tells
By wrinkling nose and inarticulate grunt,
The meal, that heartens him to do my work,
Tickles his palate as I meant it should."

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no Soul like mine
Lap thee around nor leave the poor Sense room!
Soul,—travel-worn, toil-weary,—would confine
Along with Soul, Soul's gains from glow and gloom,

Captures from soarings high and divings deep.
Spoil-laden Soul, how should such memories sleep?
Take Sense, too—let me love entire and whole—
Not with my Soul!

Eyes shall meet eyes and find no eyes between,
Lips feed on lips, no other lips to fear!
No past, no future—so thine arms but screen
The present from surprise! not there, 't is here—
Not then, 't is now:—back, memories that intrude!
Make, Love, the universe our solitude,
And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—
Sense quenching Soul!

A PILLAR AT SEBZEVAR.

"KNOWLEDGE deposed, then!"—groaned whom that most grieved
As foolishest of all the company.
"What, knowledge, man's distinctive attribute,
He doffs that crown to emulate an ass
Because the unknowing long-ears loves at least
Husked lupines, and belike the feeder's self
—Whose purpose in the dole what ass divines?"

"Friend," quoth Ferishtah, "all I seem to know
Is—I know nothing save that love I can
Boundlessly, endlessly. My curls were crowned
In youth with knowledge,—off, alas, crown slipped
Next moment, pushed by better knowledge still
Which nowise proved more constant: gain, to-day,
Was toppling loss to-morrow, lay at last
—Knowledge, the golden?—lacquered ignorance!
As gain—mistrust it! Not as means to gain:
Lacquer we learn by: cast in fining-pot,

We learn,—when what seemed ore assayed proves dross,—
Surelier true gold's worth, guess how purity
I' the lode were precious could one light on ore
Clarified up to test of crucible.
The prize is in the process : knowledge means
Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach,
But love is victory, the prize itself :
Love—trust to ! Be rewarded for the trust
In trust's mere act. In love success is sure,
Attainment—no delusion, whatsoe'er
The prize be : apprehended as a prize,
A prize it is. Thy child as surely grasps
An orange as he fails to grasp the sun
Assumed his capture. What if soon he finds
The foolish fruit unworthy grasping ? Joy
In shape and colour,—that was joy as true—
Worthy in its degree of love—as grasp
Of sun were, which had singed his hand beside.
What if he said the orange held no juice
Since it was not that sun he hoped to suck ?
This constitutes the curse that spoils our life
And sets man maundering of his misery,
That there 's no meanest atom he obtains
Of what he counts for knowledge but he cries
'Hold here,—I have the whole thing,—know, this time,

Nor need search farther!' Whereas, strew his path
With pleasures, and he scorns them while he stoops:
'This fitly call'st thou pleasure, pick up this
And praise it, truly? I reserve my thanks
For something more substantial.' Fool not thus
In practising with life and its delights!
Enjoy the present gift, nor wait to know
The unknowable. Enough to say 'I feel
Love's sure effect, and, being loved, must love
The love its cause behind,—I can and do!'
Nor turn to try thy brain-power on the fact,
(Apart from as it strikes thee, here and now—
Its how and why, i' the future and elsewhere)
Except to—yet once more, and ever again,
Confirm thee in thy utter ignorance:
Assured that, whatsoe'er the quality
Of love's cause, save that love was caused thereby,
This—nigh upon revealment as it seemed
A minute since—defies thy longing looks,
Withdrawn into the unknowable once more.
Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
As wholly love allied to ignorance!
There lies thy truth and safety. Love is praise,
And praise is love! Refine the same, contrive
An intellectual tribute—ignorance
Appreciating ere approbative

Of knowledge that is infinite? With us
The small, who use the knowledge of our kind
Greater than we, more wisely ignorance
Restricts its apprehension, sees and knows
No more than brain accepts in faith of sight,
Takes first what comes first, only sure so far.
By Sebzevar a certain pillar stands
So aptly that its gnomon tells the hour;
What if the townsmen said 'Before we thank
Who placed it, for his serviceable craft,
And go to dinner since its shade tells noon,
Needs must we have the craftsman's purpose clear
On half a hundred more recondite points
Than a mere summons to a vulgar meal!'
Better they say 'How opportune the help!
Be loved and praised, thou kindly-hearted sage
Whom Hudhud taught,—the gracious spirit-bird—
How to construct the pillar, teach the time!'
So let us say—not 'Since we know, we love,'
But rather 'Since we love, we know enough.'
Perhaps the pillar by a spell controlled
Mushtari in his courses? Added grace
Surely I count it that the sage devised,
Beside celestial service, ministry
To all the land, by one sharp shade at noon
Falling as folk foresee. Once more then, Friend—

(What ever in those careless ears of thine
Withal I needs must round thee)—knowledge doubt
Even wherein it seems demonstrable!
Love,—in the claim for love, that 's gratitude
For apprehended pleasure, nowise doubt!
Pay its due tribute,—sure that pleasure is,
While knowledge may be, at the most. See, now!
Eating my breakfast, I thanked God.—'For love
Shown in the cherries' flavour? Consecrate
So petty an example?' There 's the fault!
We circumscribe omnipotence. Search sand
To unearth water: if first handful scooped
Yields thee a draught, what need of digging down
Full fifty fathoms deep to find a spring
Whereof the pulse might deluge half the land?
Drain the sufficient drop, and praise what checks
The drouth that glues thy tongue,—what more would help
A brimful cistern? Ask the cistern's boon
When thou wouldst solace camels: in thy case,
Relish the drop and love the loveable!"

"And what may be unloveable?"

"Why, hate!
If out of sand comes sand and nought but sand

Affect not to be quaffing at mirage,
Nor nickname pain as pleasure. That, belike,
Constitutes just the trial of thy wit
And worthiness to gain promotion,—hence,
Proves the true purpose of thine actual life.
Thy soul's environment of things perceived,
Things visible and things invisible,
Fact, fancy—all was purposed to evolve
This and this only—was thy wit of worth
To recognize the drop's use, love the same,
And loyally declare against mirage
Though all the world asseverated dust
Was good to drink? Say, 'what made moist my lip,
That I acknowledged moisture:' thou art saved!

"For why? The creature and creator stand
Rightly related so. Consider well!
Were knowledge all thy faculty, then God
Must be ignored: love gains him by first leap.
Frankly accept the creatureship: ask good
To love for: press bold to the tether's end
Allotted to this life's intelligence!
'So we offend?' Will it offend thyself
If,—impuissance praying potency,—
Thy child beseech that thou command the sun
Rise bright to-morrow—thou, he thinks supreme

In power and goodness, why shouldst thou refuse?
Afterward, when the child matures, perchance
The fault were greater if, with wit full-grown,
The stripling dared to ask for a dinar,
Than that the boy cried 'Pluck Sitara down
And give her me to play with!' 'T is for him
To have no bounds to his belief in thee:
For thee it also is to let her shine
Lustrous and lonely, so best serving him!"

Ask not one least word of praise!
Words declare your eyes are bright?
What then meant that summer day's
Silence spent in one long gaze?
Was my silence wrong or right?

Words of praise were all to seek!
Face of you and form of you,
Did they find the praise so weak
When my lips just touched your cheek—
Touch which let my soul come through?

A BEAN-STRIPE: ALSO, APPLE-EATING.

"Look, I strew beans" . . .

(Ferishtah, we premise,
Strove this way with a scholar's cavilment
Who put the peevish question: "Sir, be frank!
A good thing or a bad thing—Life is which?
Shine and shade, happiness and misery
Battle it out there: which force beats, I ask?
If I pick beans from out a bushelful—
This one, this other,—then demand of thee
What colour names each justly in the main,—
'Black' I expect, and 'White' ensues reply:
No hesitation for what speck, spot, splash
Of either colour's opposite, intrudes
To modify thy judgment. Well, for beans
Substitute days,—show, ranged in order, Life—
Then, tell me its true colour! Time is short,
Life's days compose a span,—as brief be speech!
Black I pronounce for, like the Indian Sage,—

Black—present, past and future, interspersed
With blanks, no doubt, which simple folk style Good
Because not Evil: no, indeed? Forsooth
Black's shade on White is White too! What's the worst
Of Evil but that, past, it overshades
The else-exempted present?—memory,
We call the plague! 'Nay, but our memory fades
And leaves the past unsullied!' Does it so?
Why, straight the purpose of such breathing-space,
Such respite from past ill, grows plain enough!
What follows on remembrance of the past?
Fear of the future! Life, from birth to death,
Means—either looking back on harm escaped,
Or looking forward to that harm's return
With tenfold power of harming. Black, not White,
Never the whole consummate quietude
Life should be, troubled by no fear!—nor hope—
I 'll say, since lamplight dies in noontide, hope
Loses itself in certainty. Such lot
Man's might have been: I leave the consequence
To bolder critics of the Primal Cause;
Such am not I: but, man—as man I speak:
Black is the bean-throw: evil is the Life!"

"Look, I strew beans"—resumed Ferishtah—"beans

Blackish and whitish; what they figure forth
Shall be man's sum of moments, bad and good,
That make up Life,—each moment when he feels
Pleasure or pain, his poorest fact of sense,
Consciousness anyhow: there 's stand the first;
Whence next advance shall be from points to line,
Singulars to a series, parts to whole,
And moments to the Life. How look they now,
Viewed in the large, those little joys and griefs
Ranged duly all a-row at last, like beans
—These which I strew? This bean was white, this—
black,
Set by itself,—but see if, good and bad
Each following either in companionship,
Black have not grown less black and white less
white,
Till blackish seems but dun, and whitish—grey,
And the whole line turns—well, or black to thee
Or white belike to me—no matter which:
The main result is—both are modified
According to our eye's scope, power of range
Before and after. Black dost call this bean?
What, with a whiteness in its wake, which—see—
Suffuses half its neighbour?—and, in turn,
Lowers its pearliness late absolute,
Frowned upon by the jet which follows hard—

Else wholly white my bean were. Choose a joy!
Bettered it was by sorrow gone before,
And sobered somewhat by the shadowy sense
Of sorrow which came after or might come.
Joy, sorrow,—by precedence, subsequence—
Either on each, make fusion, mix in Life
That 's both and neither wholly: grey or dun?
Dun thou decidest? grey prevails, say I:
Wherefore? Because my view is wide enough,
Reaches from first to last nor winks at all:
Motion achieves it: stop short—fast we stick,—
Probably at the bean that 's blackest.

"Since—
Son, trust me,—this I know and only this—
I am in motion, and all things beside
That circle round my passage through their midst,—
Motionless, these are, as regarding me:
—Which means, myself I solely recognize.
They too may recognize themselves, not me,
For aught I know or care: but plain they serve
This, if no other purpose—stuff to try
And test my power upon of raying light
And lending hue to all things as I go
Moonlike through vapour. Mark the flying orb!
Think'st thou the halo, painted still afresh

At each new cloud-fleece pierced and passaged through,
This was and is and will be evermore
Coloured in permanence? The glory swims
Girdling the glory-giver, swallowed straight
By night's abysmal gloom, unglorified
Behind as erst before the advancer: gloom?
Faced by the onward-faring, see, succeeds
From the abandoned heaven a next surprise,
And where 's the gloom now?—silver-smitten straight,
One glow and variegation! So with me,
Who move and make,—myself,—the black, the white,
The good, the bad, of life's environment.
Stand still! black stays black: start again! there 's white
Asserts supremacy: the motion 's all
That colours me my moment: seen as joy?
I have escaped from sorrow, or that was
Or might have been: as sorrow?—thence shall be
Escape as certain: white preceded black,
Black shall give way to white as duly,—so,
Deepest in black means white most imminent.
Stand still,—have no before, no after!—life
Proves death, existence grows impossible
To man like me. 'What else is blessed sleep
But death, then?' Why, a rapture of release
From toil,—that 's sleep's approach: as certainly,
The end of sleep means, toil is triumphed o'er:

These round the blank inconsciousness between
Brightness and brightness, either pushed to blaze
Just through that blank's interposition. Hence
The use of things external: man—that 's I—
Practise thereon my power of casting light,
And calling substance,—when the light I cast
Breaks into colour,—by its proper name
—A truth and yet a falsity: black, white,
Names each bean taken from what lay so close
And threw such tint: pain might mean pain indeed
Seen in the passage past it,—pleasure prove
No mere delusion while I paused to look,—
Though what an idle fancy was that fear
Which overhung and hindered pleasure's hue!
While how, again, pain's shade enhanced the shine
Of pleasure, else no pleasure! Such effects
Came of such causes. Passage at an end,—
Past, present, future pains and pleasures fused
So that one glance may gather blacks and whites
Into a life-time,—like my bean-streak there,
Why, white they whirl into, not black—for me!"

"Ay, but for me? The indubitable blacks,
Immeasurable miseries, here, there
And everywhere i' the world—world outside thine
Paled off so opportunely,—body's plague,

Torment of soul,—where 's found thy fellowship
With wide humanity all round about
Reeling beneath its burden? What 's despair?
Behold that man, that woman, child—nay, brute!
Will any speck of white unblacken life
Splashed, splotched, dyed hell-deep now from end to end
For him or her or it—who knows? Not I!"

"Nor I, Son! 'It' shall stand for bird, beast, fish,
Reptile, and insect even: take the last!
There 's the palm-aphis, minute miracle
As wondrous every whit as thou or I:
Well, and his world 's the palm-frond, there he 's born,
Lives, breeds and dies in that circumference,
An inch of green for cradle, pasture-ground,
Purlieu and grave: the palm's use, ask of him!
'To furnish these,' replies his wit: ask thine—
Who see the heaven above, the earth below,
Creation everywhere,—these, each and all
Claim certain recognition from the tree
For special service rendered branch and bole,
Top-tuft and tap-root:—for thyself, thus seen,
Palms furnish dates to eat, and leaves to shade,
—Maybe, thatch huts with,—have another use
Than strikes the aphis. So with me, my Son!
I know my own appointed patch i' the world,

What pleasures me or pains there: all outside—
How he, she, it, and even thou, Son, live,
Are pleased or pained, is past conjecture, once
I pry beneath the semblance,—all that 's fit,
To practise with,—reach where the fact may lie
Fathom-deep lower. There 's the first and last
Of my philosophy. Blacks blur thy white?
Not mine! The aphis feeds, nor finds his leaf
Untenable because a lance-thrust, nay,
Lightning strikes sere a moss-patch close beside,
Where certain other aphids live and love.
Restriction to his single inch of white,
That 's law for him, the aphis: but for me,
The man, the larger-souled, beside my stretch
Of blacks and whites, I see a world of woe
All round about me: one such burst of black
Intolerable o'er the life I count
White in the main, and, yea—white's faintest trace
Were clean abolished once and evermore.
Thus fare my fellows, swallowed up in gloom
So far as I discern: how far is that?
God's care be God's! 'T is mine—to boast no joy
Unsobered by such sorrows of my kind
As sully with their shade my life that shines."

" Reflected possibilities of pain,

Forsooth, just chasten pleasure! Pain itself,—
Fact and not fancy, does not this affect
The general colour?"

"Here and there a touch
Taught me, betimes, the artifice of things—
That all about, external to myself,
Was meant to be suspected,—not revealed
Demonstrably a cheat,—but half seen through,
Lest white should rule unchecked along the line:
Therefore white may not triumph. All the same,
Of absolute and irretrievable
And all-subduing black,—black's soul of black
Beyond white's power to disintensify,—
Of that I saw no sample: such may wreck
My life and ruin my philosophy
To-morrow, doubtless: hence the constant shade
Cast on life's shine,—the tremor that intrudes
When firmest seems my faith in white. Dost ask
'Who is Ferishtah, hitherto exempt
From black experience? Why, if God be just,
Were sundry fellow-mortals singled out
To undergo experience for his sake,
Just that the gift of pain, bestowed on them,
In him might temper to the due degree
Joy's else-excessive largess?' Why, indeed!

Back are we brought thus to the starting-point—
Man's impotency, God's omnipotence,
These stop my answer. Aphis that I am,
How leave my inch-allotment, pass at will
Into my fellow's liberty of range,
Enter into his sense of black and white,
As either, seen by me from outside, seems
Predominatingly the colour? Life,
Lived by my fellow, shall I pass into
And myself live there? No—no more than pass
From Persia, where in sun since birth I bask
Daily, to some ungracious land afar,
Told of by travellers, where the might of snow
Smothers up day, and fluids lose themselves
Frozen to marble. How I bear the sun,
Beat though he may unduly, that I know:
How blood once curdled ever creeps again,
Baffles conjecture: yet since people live
Somehow, resist a clime would conquer me,
Somehow provided for their sake must dawn
Compensative resource. 'No sun, no grapes,—
Then, no subsistence!'—were it wisely said?
Or this well-reasoned—'Do I dare feel warmth
And please my palate here with Persia's vine,
Though, over-mounts,—to trust the traveller,—
Snow, feather thick, 's falling while I feast?

What if the cruel winter force his way
Here also?' Son, the wise reply were this:
When cold from over-mounts spikes through and
through
Blood, bone and marrow of Ferishtah,—then,
Time to look out for shelter—time, at least,
To wring the hands and cry 'No shelter serves!'
Shelter, of some sort, no experienced chill
Warrants that I despair to find."

"No less,
Doctors have differed here; thou say'st thy say;
Another man's experience masters thine,
Flat controverted by the sourly-Sage,
The Indian witness who, with faculty
Fine as Ferishtah's, found no white at all
Chequer the world's predominating black,
No good oust evil from supremacy,
So that Life's best was that it led to death.
How of his testimony?"

"Son, suppose
My camel told me: 'Threescore days and ten
I traversed hill and dale, yet never found
Food to stop hunger, drink to stay my drouth;
Yet, here I stand alive, which take in proof

That to survive was found impossible!'
'Nay, rather take thou, non-surviving beast'
(Reply were prompt), 'on flank this thwack of staff
Nowise affecting flesh that 's dead and dry!
Thou wincest? Take correction twice, amend
Next time thy nomenclature! Call white—white!'
The sourly-Sage, for whom life's best was death,
Lived out his seventy years, looked hale, laughed loud,
Liked—above all—his dinner,—lied, in short."

"Lied is a rough phrase: say he fell from truth
In climbing towards it!—sure less faulty so
Than had he sat him down and stayed content
With thy safe orthodoxy, 'White, all white,
White everywhere for certain I should see
Did I but understand how white is black,
As clearer sense than mine would.' Clearer sense,—
Whose may that be? Mere human eyes I boast,
And such distinguish colours in the main,
However any tongue, that 's human too,
Please to report the matter. Dost thou blame
A soul that strives but to see plain, speak true,
Truth at all hazards? Oh, this false for real,
This emptiness which feigns solidity,—
Ever some grey that 's white, and dun that 's black,—
When shall we rest upon the thing itself

Not on its semblance?—Soul—too weak, forsooth,
To cope with fact—wants fiction everywhere!
Mine tires of falsehood: truth at any cost!"

"Take one and try conclusions—this, suppose!
God is all-good, all-wise, all-powerful: truth?
Take it and rest there. What is man? Not God:
None of these absolutes therefore,—yet himself,
A creature with a creature's qualities.
Make them agree, these two conceptions! Each
Abolishes the other. Is man weak,
Foolish and bad? He must be Ahriman,
Co-equal with an Ormuzd, Bad with Good,
Or else a thing made at the Prime Sole Will,
Doing a maker's pleasure—with results
Which—call, the wide world over, 'what must be'—
But, from man's point of view, and only point
Possible to his powers, call—evidence
Of goodness, wisdom, strength? we mock ourselves
In all that 's best of us,—man's blind but sure
Craving for these in very deed not word,
Reality and not illusion. Well,—
Since these nowhere exist—nor there where cause
Must have effect, nor here where craving means
Craving unfollowed by fit consequence
And full supply, aye sought for, never found—

These—what are they but man's own rule of right?
A scheme of goodness recognized by man,
Although by man unrealizable,—
Not God's with whom to will were to perform:
Nowise performed here, therefore never willed.
What follows but that God, who could the best,
Has willed the worst,—while man, with power to match
Will with performance, were deservedly
Hailed the supreme—provided . . . here 's the touch
That breaks the bubble . . . this concept of man's
Were man's own work, his birth of heart and brain,
His native grace, no alien gift at all.
The bubble breaks here. Will of man create?
No more than this my hand which strewed the beans
Produced them also from its finger-tips.
Back goes creation to its source, source prime
And ultimate, the single and the sole."

"How reconcile discordancy,—unite
Notion and notion—God that only can
Yet does not,—man that would indeed
But just as surely cannot,—both in one?
What help occurs to thy intelligence?"

"Ah, the beans,—or,—example better yet,—

A carpet-web I saw once leave the loom
And lie at gorgeous length in Ispahan!
The weaver plied his work with lengths of silk
Dyed each to match some jewel as it might,
And wove them, this by that. 'How comes it,
friend,'—
(Quoth I)—'that while, apart, this fiery hue,
That watery dimness, either shocks the eye,
So blinding bright, or else offends again
By dulness,—yet the two, set each by each,
Somehow produce a colour born of both,
A medium profitable to the sight?'
'Such medium is the end whereat I aim,'—
Answered my craftsman: 'there 's no single tinct
Would satisfy the eye's desire to taste
The secret of the diamond: join extremes,
Results a serviceable medium-ghost,
The diamond's simulation. Even so
I needs must blend the quality of man
With quality of God, and so assist
Mere human sight to understand my Life,
What is, what should be,—understand thereby
Wherefore I hate the first and love the last,—
Understand why things so present themselves
To me, placed here to prove I understand.
Thus, from beginning runs the chain to end.

And binds me plain enough. By consequence,
I bade thee tolerate,—not kick and cuff
The man who held that natures did in fact
Blend so, since so thyself must have them blend
In fancy, if it take a flight so far."

"A power, confessed past knowledge, nay, past thought,
—Thus thought thus known!"

"To know of, think about—
Is all man's sum of faculty effects
When exercised on earth's least atom, Son!
What was, what is, what may such atom be?
No answer! Still, what seems it to man's sense?
An atom with some certain properties
Known about, thought of as occasion needs,
—Man's—but occasions of the universe?
Unthinkable, unknowable to man.
Yet, since to think and know fire through and through
Exceeds man, is the warmth of fire unknown,
Its uses—are they so unthinkable?
Pass from such obvious power to powers unseen,
Undreamed of save in their sure consequence:
Take that, we spoke of late, which draws to ground

The staff my hand lets fall: it draws, at least—
Thus much man thinks and knows, if nothing more."

"Ay, but man puts no mind into such power!
He neither thanks it, when an apple drops,
Nor prays it spare his pate while underneath.
Does he thank Summer though it plumped the rind?
Why thank the other force—whate'er its name—
Which gave him teeth to bite and tongue to taste
And throat to let the pulp pass? Force and force,
No end of forces! Have they mind like man?"

"Suppose thou visit our lord Shalim-Shah,
Bringing thy tribute as appointed. 'Here
Come I to pay my due!' Whereat one slave
Obsequious spreads a carpet for thy foot,
His fellow offers sweetmeats, while a third
Prepares a pipe: what thanks or praise have they?
Such as befit prompt service. Gratitude
Goes past them to the Shah whose gracious nod
Set all the sweet civility at work;
But for his ordinance, I much suspect,
My scholar had been left to cool his heels
Uncarpeted, or warm them—likelier still—
With bastinado for intrusion. Slaves
Needs must obey their master: 'force and force,

No end of forces,' act as bids some force
Supreme o'er all and each: where find that one?
How recognize him? Simply as thou didst
The Shah—by reasoning 'Since I feel a debt,
Behoves me pay the same to one aware
I have my duty, he his privilege.'
Didst thou expect the slave who charged thy pipe
Would serve as well to take thy tribute-bag
And save thee further trouble?"

"Be it so!
The sense within me that I owe a debt
Assures me—somewhere must be somebody
Ready to take his due. All comes to this—
Where due is, there acceptance follows: find
Him who accepts the due! and why look far?
Behold thy kindred compass thee about!
Ere thou wast born and after thou shalt die,
Heroic man stands forth as Shahan-Shah.
Rustem and Gew, Gudarz and all the rest,
How come they short of lordship that 's to seek
Dead worthies! but men live undoubtedly
Gifted as Sindokht, sage Sulayman's match,
Valiant like Kawah: ay, and while earth lasts
Such heroes shall abound there—all for thee
Who profitest by all the present, past,

And future operation of thy race.
Why, then, o'erburdened with a debt of thanks,
Look wistful for some hand from out the clouds
To take it, when, all round, a multitude
Would ease thee in a trice?"

"Such tendered thanks
Would tumble back to who craved riddance, Son!
—Who but my sorry self? See! stars are out—
Stars which, unconscious of thy gaze beneath,
Go glorifying, and glorify thee too
—Those Seven Thrones, Zurah's beauty, weird Parwin!
Whether shall love and praise to stars be paid
Or—say—some Mubid who, for good to thee
Blind at thy birth, by magic all his own
Opened thine eyes, and gave the sightless sight,
Let the stars' glory enter? Say his charm
Worked while thyself lay sleeping: as he went
Thou wakedst: 'What a novel sense have I!
Whom shall I love and praise?' 'The stars, each orb
Thou standest rapt beneath,' proposes one:
'Do not they live their life, and please themselves,
And so please thee? What more is requisite?'
Make thou this answer: 'If indeed no mage
Opened my eyes and worked a miracle,
Then let the stars thank me who apprehend

That such an one is white, such other blue!
But for my apprehension both were blank.
Cannot I close my eyes and bid my brain
Make whites and blues, conceive without stars' help,
New qualities of colour? were my sight
Lost or misleading, would yon red—I judge
A ruby's benefaction—stand for aught
But green from vulgar glass? Myself appraise
Lustre and lustre; should I overlook
Fomalhaut and declare some fen-fire king,
Who shall correct me, lend me eyes he trusts
No more than I trust mine? My mage for me!
I never saw him: if he never was,
I am the arbitrator!' No, my Son!
Let us sink down to thy similitude:
I eat my apple, relish what is ripe—
The sunny side, admire its rarity
Since half the tribe is wrinkled, and the rest
Hide commonly a maggot in the core,—
And down Zerdusht goes with due smack of lips:
But—thank an apple? He who made my mouth
To masticate, my palate to approve,
My maw to further the concoction—Him
I thank,—but for whose work, the orchard's wealth
Might prove so many gall-nuts—stocks or stones
For aught that I should think, or know, or care."

"Why from the world," Ferishtah smiled, "should thanks
Go to this work of mine? If worthy praise,
Praised let it be and welcome: as verse ranks,
So rate my verse: if good therein outweighs
Aught faulty judged, judge justly! Justice says:
Be just to fact, or blaming or approving:
But—generous? No, nor loving!

"Loving! what claim to love has work of mine?
Concede my life were emptied of its gains
To furnish forth and fill work's strict confine,
Who works so for the world's sake—he complains
With cause when hate, not love, rewards his pains.
I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty:
Sought, found and did my duty."

EPILOGUE.

Oh, Love—no, Love! All the noise below, Love,
Groanings all and moanings—none of Life I lose!
All of Life 's a cry just of weariness and woe, Love—
"Hear at least, thou happy one!" How can I, Love,
but choose?

Only, when I do hear, sudden circle round me
—Much as when the moon's might frees a space from
cloud—
Iridescent splendours: gloom—would else confound
me—
Barriered off and banished far—bright-edged the
blackest shroud!

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they, the
faces
Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones of
old?

"What"—they smile—"our names, our deeds so soon erases
Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies enrolled?

"Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe and mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or whined?
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings left and right:
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
Lay the blame or lit the praise: no care for cowards: fight!"

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that 's under
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success:
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

Only, at heart's utmost joy and triumph, terror
Sudden turns the blood to ice: a chill wind disencharms
All the late enchantment! What if all be error—
If the halo irised round my head were, Love, thine arms?

Palazzo Giustinian-Recanati, Venice:
December 1, 1883.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE

OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY:

TO WIT: BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE,
DANIEL BARTOLI,
CHRISTOPHER SMART,
GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON.
FRANCIS FURINI,
GERARD DE LAIRESSE,
AND CHARLES AVISON.

INTRODUCED BY

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN APOLLO AND THE FATES;

CONCLUDED BY

ANOTHER BETWEEN JOHN FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

IN MEMORIAM

J. MILSAND

OBIIT IV. SEPT. MDCCCLXXXVI.

Adsens absentem auditque videtque.

PARLEYINGS WITH CERTAIN PEOPLE.

1887.

APOLLO AND THE FATES.

A PROLOGUE.

(Hymn. in Mercurium, v. 559. Eumenides, vv. 693-4, 697-8. Alcestis, vv. 12, 33.)

APOLLO. [*From above.*

Flame at my footfall, Parnassus! Apollo,
Breaking a-blaze on thy topmost peak,
Burns thence, down to the depths—dread hollow—
Haunt of the Dire Ones. Haste! They wreak
Wrath on Admetus whose respite I seek.

THE FATES. [*Below. Darkness.*

Dragonwise couched in the womb of our Mother,
Coiled at thy nourishing heart's core, Night!

Dominant Dreads, we, one by the other,
Deal to each mortal his dole of light
On earth—the upper, the glad, the bright.

CLOTHO.

Even so: thus from my loaded spindle
Plucking a pinch of the fleece, lo, "Birth"
Brays from my bronze lip: life I kindle:
Look, 't is a man! go, measure on earth
The minute thy portion, whatever its worth!

LACHESIS.

Woe-purfled, weal-prankt,—if it speed, if it linger,—
Life's substance and show are determined by me,
Who, meting out, mixing with sure thumb and finger,
Lead life the due length: is all smoothness and glee,
All tangle and grief? Take the lot, my decree!

ATROPOS.

—Which I make an end of: the smooth as the tangled
My shears cut asunder: each snap shrieks "One more
Mortal makes sport for us Moirai who dangled
The puppet grotesquely till earth's solid floor
Proved film he fell through, lost in Nought as before."

CLOTHO.

I spin thee a thread. Live, Admetus! Produce him!

LACHESIS.

Go,—brave, wise, good, happy! Now chequer the thread!
He is slaved for, yet loved by a god. I unloose him
A goddess-sent plague. He has conquered, is wed,
Men crown him, he stands at the height,—

ATROPOS.

He is . . .

APOLLO. [*Entering: Light.*

"Dead?"

Nay, swart spinsters! So I surprise you
Making and marring the fortunes of Man?
Huddling—no marvel, your enemy eyes you—
Head by head bat-like, blots under the ban
Of daylight earth's blessing since time began!

THE FATES.

Back to thy blest earth, prying Apollo!
Shaft upon shaft transpierce with thy beams

Earth to the centre,—spare but this hollow
Hewn out of Night's heart, where our mystery seems
Mewed from day's malice: wake earth from her dreams!

APOLLO.

Crones, 't is your dusk selves I startle from slumber:
Day's god deposes you—queens Night-crowned!
—Plying your trade in a world ye encumber,
Fashioning Man's web of life—spun, wound,
Left the length ye allot till a clip strews the ground!

Behold I bid truce to your doleful amusement—
Annulled by a sunbeam!

THE FATES.

Boy, are not we peers?

APOLLO.

You with the spindle grant birth: whose inducement
But yours—with the niggardly digits—endears
To mankind chance and change, good and evil? Your
shears . . .

ATROPOS.

Ay, mine end the conflict: so much is no fable.

We spin, draw to length, cut asunder: what then?
So it was, and so is, and so shall be: art able
To alter life's law for ephemeral men?

APOLLO.

Nor able nor willing. To threescore and ten

Extend but the years of Admetus! Disaster
O'ertook me, and, banished by Zeus, I became
A servant to one who forbore me though master:
True lovers were we. Discontinue your game,
Let him live whom I loved, then hate on, all the same!

THE FATES.

And what if we granted—law-flouter, use-trampler—
His life at the suit of an upstart? Judge, thou—
Of joy were it fuller, of span because ampler?
For love's sake, not hate's, end Admetus—ay, now—
Not a gray hair on head, nor a wrinkle on brow!

For, boy, 't is illusion: from thee comes a glimmer
Transforming to beauty life blank at the best.
Withdraw—and how looks life at worst, when to shimmer

Succeeds the sure shade, and Man's lot frowns—confessed
Mere blackness chance-brightened? Whereof shall attest

The truth this same mortal, the darling thou stylest,
Whom love would advantage,—eke out, day by day,
A life which 't is solely thyself reconcilest
Thy friend to endure,—life with hope: take away
Hope's gleam from Admetus, he spurns it. For, say—

What 's infancy? Ignorance, idleness, mischief:
Youth ripens to arrogance, foolishness, greed:
Age—impotence, churlishness, rancour: call *this* chief
Of boons for thy loved one? Much rather bid speed
Our function, let live whom thou hatest indeed!

Persuade thee, bright boy-thing! Our eld be instructive!

APOLLO.

And certes youth owns the experience of age.
Ye hold then, grave seniors, my beams are productive
—They solely—of good that 's mere semblance, engage
Man's eye—gilding evil, Man's true heritage?

THE FATES.

So, even so! From without,—at due distance
If viewed,—set a-sparkle, reflecting thy rays,—
Life mimics the sun: but withdraw such assistance,
The counterfeit goes, the reality stays—
An ice-ball disguised as a fire-orb.

APOLLO.

What craze

Possesses the fool then whose fancy conceits him
As happy?

THE FATES.

Man happy?

APOLLO.

If otherwise—solve
This doubt which besets me! What friend ever greets him
Except with "Live long as the seasons revolve,"
Not "Death to thee straightway"? Your doctrines absolve

Such hailing from hatred: yet Man should know best.
He talks it, and glibly, as life were a load
Man fain would be rid off: when put to the test,
He whines "Let it lie, leave me trudging the road
That is rugged so far, but methinks . . . "

THE FATES.

Ay, 't is owed

To that glamour of thine, he bethinks him "Once past
The stony, some patch, nay, a smoothness of sward
Awaits my tired foot: life turns easy at last"—
Thy largess so lures him, he looks for reward
Of the labour and sorrow.

APOLLO.

It seems, then—debarred

Of illusion—(I needs must acknowledge the plea)
Man desponds and despairs. Yet,—still further to draw
Due profit from counsel,—suppose there should be
Some power in himself, some compensative law
By virtue of which, independently . . .

THE FATES.

Faugh!

Strength hid in the weakling!
What bowl-shape hast there,
Thus laughingly proffered? A gift to our shrine?
Thanks—worsted in argument! Not so? Declare
Its purpose!

APOLLO.

I proffer earth's product, not mine.
Taste, try, and approve Man's invention of—WINE!

THE FATES.

We feeding suck honeycombs.

APOLLO.

Sustenance meagre!
Such fare breeds the fumes that show all things amiss.
Quaff wine,—how the spirits rise nimble and eager,
Unscale the dim eyes! To Man's cup grant one kiss
Of your lip, then allow—no enchantment like this!

CLOTHO.

Unhook wings, unhood brows! Dost hearken?

LACHESIS.

I listen:
I see—smell the food these fond mortals prefer
To our feast, the bee's bounty!

ATROPOS.

The thing leaps! But—glisten
Its best, I withstand it—unless all concur
In adventure so novel.

APOLLO.

Ye drink?

THE FATES.

We demur.

APOLLO.

Sweet Trine, be indulgent nor scout the contrivance
Of Man—Bacchus-prompted! The juice, I uphold,
Illuminates gloom without sunny connivance,
Turns fear into hope and makes cowardice bold,—
Touching all that is leadlike in life turns it gold!

THE FATES.

Faith foolish as false!

APOLLO.

But essay it, soft sisters!
Then mock as ye may. Lift the chalice to lip!
Good: thou next—and thou! Seems the web, to you twisters
Of life's yarn, so worthless?

CLOTHO.

Who guessed that one sip
Would impart such a lightness of limb?

LACHESIS.

I could skip
In a trice from the pied to the plain in my woof!
What parts each from either? A hair's breadth, no inch.
Once learn the right method of stepping aloof,
Though on black next foot falls, firm I fix it, nor flinch,
—Such my trust white succeeds!

ATROPOS.

One could live—at a pinch!

APOLLO.

What beldames? Earth's yield, by Man's skill, can effect
Such a cure of sick sense that ye spy the relation
Of evil to good? But drink deeper, correct
Blear sight more convincingly still! Take your station
Beside me, drain dregs! Now for edification!

Whose gift have ye gulped? Thank not me but my brother,
Blithe Bacchus, our youngest of godships. 'T was he
Found all boons to all men, by one god or other
Already conceded, so judged there must be
New guerdon to grace the new advent, you see!

Else how would a claim to Man's homage arise?
The plan lay arranged of his mixed woe and weal,
So disposed—such Zeus' will—with design to make wise
The witless that false things were mingled with real,
Good with bad: such the lot whereto law set the seal.

Now, human of instinct—since Semele's son,
  Yet minded divinely—since fathered by Zeus,
With nought Bacchus tampered, undid not things done,
  Owned wisdom anterior, would spare wont and use,
Yet change—without shock to old rule—introduce.

Regard how your cavern from crag-tip to base
  Frowns sheer, height and depth adamantine, one
    death!
I rouse with a beam the whole rampart, displace
  No splinter—yet see how my flambeau, beneath
And above, bids this gem wink, that crystal unsheath!

Withdraw beam—disclosure once more Night forbids you
  Of spangle and sparkle—Day's chance-gift, surmised
Rock's permanent birthright: my potency rids you
  No longer of darkness, yet light—recognized—
Proves darkness a mask: day lives on though disguised.

If Bacchus by wine's aid avail so to fluster
  Your sense, that life's fact grows from adverse and
    thwart
To helpful and kindly by means of a cluster—
  Mere hand-squeeze, earth's nature sublimed by Man's
    art—
Shall Bacchus claim thanks wherein Zeus has no part?

Zeus wisdom anterior? No, maids, be admonished!
If morn's touch at base worked such wonders, much more
Had noontide in absolute glory astonished
Your den, filled a-top to o'erflowing. I pour
No such mad confusion. 'T is Man's to explore

Up and down, inch by inch, with the taper his reason:
No torch, it suffices – held deftly and straight.
Eyes, purblind at first, feel their way in due season,
Accept good with bad, till unseemly debate
Turns concord—despair, acquiescence in fate.

Who works this but Zeus? Are not instinct and impulse,
Not concept and incept his work through Man's soul
On Man's sense? Just as wine ere it reach brain must brim pulse,
Zeus' flash stings the mind that speeds body to goal,
Bids pause at no part but press on, reach the whole.

For petty and poor is the part ye envisage
When -(quaff away, cummers!)—ye view, last and first,
As evil Man's earthly existence. Come! *Is* age,
Is infancy—manhood—so uninterspersed
With good—some faint sprinkle?

CLOTHO.

I 'd speak if I durst.

APOLLO.

Draughts dregward loose tongue-tie.

LACHESIS.

I 'd see, did no web
Set eyes somehow winking.

APOLLO.

Drains-deep lies their purge
—True collyrium!

ATROPOS.

Words, surging at high-tide, soon ebb
From starved ears.

APOLLO.

Drink but down to the source, they resurge.
Join hands! Yours and yours too! A dance or a dirge?

CHORUS.

Quashed be our quarrel! Sourly and smilingly,
Bare and gowned, bleached limbs and browned,
Drive we a dance, three and one, reconcilingly,
Thanks to the cup where dissension is drowned,
Defeat proves triumphant and slavery crowned.

Infancy? What if the rose-streak of morning
Pale and depart in a passion of tears?
Once to have hoped is no matter for scorning!
Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears!
A minute's success pays the failure of years.

Manhood—the actual? Nay, praise the potential!
(Bound upon bound, foot it around!)
What *is*? No, what *may* be—sing! that's Man's essential!
(Ramp, tramp, stamp and compound
Fancy with fact—the lost secret is found!)

Age? Why, fear ends there: the contest concluded,
Man *did* live his life, *did* escape from the fray:
Not scratchless but unscathed, he somehow eluded
Each blow fortune dealt him, and conquers to-day:

To-morrow—new chance and fresh strength,—might we say?

Laud then Man's life—no defeat but a triumph!

[*Explosion from the earth's centre.*

CLOTHO.

Ha, loose hands!

LACHESIS.

I reel in a swound.

ATROPOS.

Horror yawns under me, while from on high—humph!
Lightnings astound, thunders resound,
Vault-roof reverberates, groans the ground! [*Silence.*

APOLLO.

I acknowledge.

THE FATES.

Hence, trickster! Straight sobered are we!
The portent assures 't was our tongue spoke the truth,
Not thine. While the vapour encompassed us three
We conceived and bore knowledge—a bantling uncouth,
Old brains shudder back from: so—take it, rash youth!

Lick the lump into shape till a cry comes!

APOLLO.

I hear.

THE FATES.

Dumb music, dead eloquence! Say it, or sing!
What was quickened in us and thee also?

APOLLO.

I fear.

THE FATES.

Half female, half male—go, ambiguous thing!
While we speak—perchance sputter—pick up what we fling!

Known yet ignored, nor divined nor unguessed,
Such is Man's law of life. Do we strive to declare
What is ill, what is good in our spinning? Worst, best,
Change hues of a sudden: now here and now there
Flits the sign which decides: all about yet nowhere.

'T is willed so,— that Man's life be lived, first to last,
Up and down, through and through,—not in portions, forsooth,

To pick and to choose from. Our shuttles fly fast,
Weave living, not life sole and whole: as age—youth,
So death completes living, shows life in its truth.

Man learningly lives: till death helps him—no lore!
It is doom and must be. Dost submit?

APOLLO.

I assent—
Concede but Admetus! So much if no more
Of my prayer grant as peace-pledge! Be gracious
though, blent,
Good and ill, love and hate streak your life-gift!

THE FATES.

Content!

Such boon we accord in due measure. Life's term
We lengthen should any be moved for love's sake
To forego life's fulfilment, renounce in the germ
Fruit mature—bliss or woe—either infinite. Take
Or leave thy friend's lot: on his head be the stake!

APOLLO.

On mine, griesly gammers! Admetus, I know thee!
Thou prizest the right these unwittingly give

Thy subjects to rush, pay obedience they owe thee!
Importunate one with another they strive
For the glory to die that their king may survive.

Friends rush: and who first in all Pheræ appears
But thy father to serve as thy substitute?

CLOTHO.

Bah!

APOLLO.

Ye wince? Then his mother, well-stricken in years,
Advances her claim—or his wife—

LACHESIS.

Tra-la-la!

APOLLO.

But he spurns the exchange, rather dies!

ATROPOS.

Ha, ha, ha!

[*Apollo ascends.* *Darkness.*

WITH BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE.

I.

Ay, this same midnight, by this chair of mine,
Come and review thy counsels: art thou still
Staunch to their teaching?—not as fools opine
Its purport might be, but as subtler skill
Could, through turbidity, the loaded line
Of logic casting, sound deep, deeper, till
It touched a quietude and reached a shrine
And recognized harmoniously combine
Evil with good, and hailed truth's triumph—thine,
Sage dead long since, Bernard de Mandeville!

II.

Only, 't is no fresh knowledge that I crave,
Fuller truth yet, new gainings from the grave;
Here we alive must needs deal fairly, turn
To what account Man may Man's portion, learn

Man's proper play with truth in part, before
Entrusted with the whole. I ask no more
Than smiling witness that I do my best
With doubtful doctrine: afterward the rest!
So, silent face me while I think and speak!
A full disclosure? Such would outrage law.
Law deals the same with soul and body: seek
Full truth my soul may, when some babe, I saw
A new-born weakling, starts up strong—not weak
Man every whit, absolved from earning awe,
Pride, rapture, if the soul attains to wreak
Its will on flesh, at last can thrust, lift, draw,
As mind bids muscle—mind which long has striven,
Painfully urging body's impotence
To effort whereby—once law's barrier riven,
Life's rule abolished—body might dispense
With infancy's probation, straight be given
—Not by foiled darings, fond attempts back-driven,
Fine faults of growth, brave sins which saint when shriven—
To stand full-statured in magnificence.

III.

No: as with body so deals law with soul
That 's stung to strength through weakness, strives for good

Through evil,—earth its race-ground, heaven its goal,
Presumably: so far I understood
Thy teaching long ago. But what means this
—Objected by a mouth which yesterday
Was magisterial in antithesis
To half the truths we hold, or trust we may,
Though tremblingly the while? "No sign"—groaned
he—
"No stirring of God's finger to denote
He wills that right should have supremacy
On earth, not wrong! How helpful could we quote
But one poor instance when he interposed
Promptly and surely and beyond mistake
Between oppression and its victim, closed
Accounts with sin for once, and bade us wake
From our long dream that justice bears no sword,
Or else forgets whereto its sharpness serves!
So might we safely mock at what unnerves
Faith now, be spared the sapping fear's increase
That haply evil's strife with good shall cease
Never on earth. Nay, after earth, comes peace
Born out of life-long battle? Man's lip curves
With scorn: there, also, what if justice swerves
From dealing doom, sets free by no swift stroke
Right fettered here by wrong, but leaves life's yoke—
Death should loose man from—fresh laid, past release?"

IV.

Bernard de Mandeville, confute for me
This parlous friend who captured or set free
Thunderbolts at his pleasure, yet would draw
Back, panic-stricken by some puny straw
Thy gold-rimmed amber-headed cane had whisked
Out of his pathway if the object risked
Encounter, 'scaped thy kick from buckled shoe!
As when folk heard thee in old days pooh-pooh
Addison's tye-wig preachment, grant this friend—
(Whose groan I hear, with guffaw at the end
Disposing of mock-melancholy)—grant
His bilious mood one potion, ministrant
Of homely wisdom, healthy wit! For, hear!
"With power and will, let preference appear
By intervention ever and aye, help good
When evil's mastery is understood
In some plain outrage, and triumphant wrong
Tramples weak right to nothingness: nay, long
Ere such sad consummation brings despair
To right's adherents, ah, what help it were
If wrong lay strangled in the birth—each head
Of the hatched monster promptly crushed, instead
Of spared to gather venom! We require
No great experience that the inch-long worm,

Free of our heel, would grow to vomit fire,
And one day plague the world in dragon form.
So should wrong merely peep abroad to meet
Wrong's due quietus, leave our world's way safe
For honest walking."

v.

Sage, once more repeat
Instruction! 'T is a sore to soothe not chafe.
Ah, Fabulist, what luck, could I contrive
To coax from thee another "Grumbling Hive"!
My friend himself wrote fables short and sweet:
Ask him—"Suppose the Gardener of Man's ground
Plants for a purpose, side by side with good,
Evil—(and that he does so—look around!
What does the field show?)—were it understood
That purposely the noxious plant was found
Vexing the virtuous, poison close to food,
If, at first stealing-forth of life in stalk
And leaflet-promise, quick his spud should baulk
Evil from budding foliage, bearing fruit?
Such timely treatment of the offending root
Might strike the simple as wise husbandry,
But swift sure extirpation scarce would suit
Shrewder observers. Seed once sown thrives: why

Frustrate its product, miss the quality
Which sower binds himself to count upon?
Had seed fulfilled the destined purpose, gone
Unhindered up to harvest – what know I
But proof were gained that every growth of good
Sprang consequent on evil's neighbourhood?"
So said your shrewdness: true—so did not say
That other sort of theorists who held
Mere unintelligence prepared the way
For either seed's upsprouting: you repelled
Their notion that both kinds could sow themselves.
True! but admit 't is understanding delves
And drops each germ, what else but folly thwarts
The doer's settled purpose? Let the sage
Concede a use to evil, though there starts
Full many a burgeon thence, to disengage
With thumb and finger lest it spoil the yield
Too much of good's main tribute! But our main
Tough-tendoned mandrake-monster — purge the field
Of him for once and all? It follows plain
Who set him there to grow beholds repealed
His primal law: his ordinance proves vain:
And what beseems a king who cannot reign,
But to drop sceptre valid arm should wield?

VI.

"Still there 's a parable"—retorts my friend—
"Shows agriculture with a difference!
What of the crop and weeds which solely blend
Because, once planted, none may pluck them thence?
The Gardener contrived thus? Vain pretence!
An enemy it was who unawares
Ruined the wheat by interspersing tares.
Where 's our desiderated forethought? Where 's
Knowledge, where power and will in evidence
'T is Man's-play merely! Craft foils rectitude,
Malignity defeats beneficence.
And grant, at very last of all, the feud
'Twixt good and evil ends, strange thoughts intrude
Though good be garnered safely and good's foe
Bundled for burning. Thoughts steal: 'even so—
Why grant tares leave to thus o'ertop, o'ertower
Their field-mate, boast the stalk and flaunt the flower,
Triumph one sunny minute? Knowledge, power
And will thus worked? Man's fancy makes the fault!
Man, with the narrow mind, must cram inside
His finite God's infinitude,—earth's vault
He bids comprise the heavenly far and wide.
Since Man may claim a right to understand
What passes understanding. So, succinct

And trimly set in order, to be scanned
And scrutinized, lo—the divine lies linked
Fast to the human, free to move as moves
Its proper match: awhile they keep the grooves,
Discreetly side by side together pace,
Till sudden comes a stumble incident
Likely enough to Man's weak-footed race,
And he discovers—wings in rudiment,
Such as he boasts, which full-grown, free-distent
Would lift him skyward, fail of flight while pent
Within humanity's restricted space.
Abjure each fond attempt to represent
The formless, the illimitable! Trace
No outline, try no hint of human face
Or form or hand!"

VII.

Friend, here's a tracing meant
To help a guess at truth you never knew.
Bend but those eyes now, using mind's eye too,
And note—sufficient for all purposes—
The ground-plan—map you long have yearned for—yes,
Made out in markings—more what artist can?—
Goethe's Estate in Weimar,—just a plan!
A. is the House, and B. the Garden-gate,
And C. the Grass-plot—you 've the whole estate

Letter by letter, down to Y. the Pond,
And Z. the Pig-stye. Do you look beyond
The algebraic signs, and captious say
"Is A. the House? But where 's the Roof to A.,
Where 's Door, where 's Window? Needs must House
have such!"
Ay, that were folly. Why so very much
More foolish than our mortal purblind way
Of seeking in the symbol no mere point
To guide our gaze through what were else inane,
But things—their solid selves? "Is, joint by joint,
Orion man-like,—as these dots explain
His constellation? Flesh composed of suns—
How can such be?" exclaim the simple ones.
Look through the sign to the thing signified—
Shown nowise, point by point at best descried,
Each an orb's topmost sparkle: all beside
Its shine is shadow: turn the orb one jot—
Up flies the new flash to reveal 't was not
The whole sphere late flamboyant in your ken!

VIII.

"What need of symbolizing? Fitlier men
Would take on tongue mere facts—few, faint and far,
Still facts not fancies: quite enough they are,

That Power, that Knowledge, and that Will,—add then
Immensity, Eternity: these jar
Nowise with our permitted thought and speech.
Why human attributes?"

A myth may teach:
Only, who better would expound it thus
Must be Euripides not Æschylus.

IX.

Boundingly up through Night's wall dense and dark,
Embattled crags and clouds, outbroke the Sun
Above the conscious earth, and one by one
Her heights and depths absorbed to the last spark
His fluid glory, from the far fine ridge
Of mountain-granite which, transformed to gold,
Laughed first the thanks back, to the vale's dusk fold
On fold of vapour-swathing, like a bridge
Shattered beneath some giant's stamp. Night wist
Her work done and betook herself in mist
To marsh and hollow there to bide her time
Blindly in acquiescence. Everywhere
Did earth acknowledge Sun's embrace sublime
Thrilling her to the heart of things: since there

No ore ran liquid, no spar branched anew,
No arrowy crystal gleamed, but straightway grew
Glad through the inrush—glad nor more nor less
Than, 'neath his gaze, forest and wilderness,
Hill, dale, land, sea, the whole vast stretch and spread,
The universal world of creatures bred
By Sun's munificence, alike gave praise—
All creatures but one only: gaze for gaze,
Joyless and thankless, who—all scowling can—
Protests against the innumerous praises? Man,
Sullen and silent.

Stand thou forth then, state
Thy wrong, thou sole aggrieved—disconsolate—
While every beast, bird, reptile, insect, gay
And glad acknowledges the bounteous day!

X.

Man speaks now: "What avails Sun's earth-felt thrill
To me? Sun penetrates the ore, the plant—
They feel and grow: perchance with subtler skill
He interfuses fly, worm, brute, until
Each favoured object pays life's ministrant
By pressing, in obedience to his will,
Up to completion of the task prescribed,

So stands and stays a type. Myself imbibed
Such influence also, stood and stand complete—
The perfect Man,—head, body, hands and feet,
True to the pattern: but does that suffice?
How of my superadded mind which needs
—Not to be, simply, but to do, and pleads
For—more than knowledge that by some device
Sun quickens matter: mind is nobly fain
To realize the marvel, make—for sense
As mind—the unseen visible, condense
—Myself—Sun's all-pervading influence
So as to serve the needs of mind, explain
What now perplexes. Let the oak increase
His corrugated strength on strength, the palm
Lift joint by joint her fan-fruit, ball and balm,—
Let the coiled serpent bask in bloated peace,—
The eagle, like some skyey derelict,
Drift in the blue, suspended, glorying,—
The lion lord it by the desert-spring,—
What know or care they of the power which pricked
Nothingness to perfection? I, instead,
When all-developed still am found a thing
All-incomplete: for what though flesh had force
Transcending theirs—hands able to unring
The tightened snake's coil, eyes that could outcourse
The eagle's soaring, voice whereat the king

Of carnage couched discrowned? Mind seeks to see,
Touch, understand, by mind inside of me,
The outside mind—whose quickening I attain
To recognize—I only. All in vain
Would mind address itself to render plain
The nature of the essence. Drag what lurks
Behind the operation—that which works
Latently everywhere by outward proof—
Drag that mind forth to face mine? No! aloof
I solely crave that one of all the beams
Which do Sun's work in darkness, at my will
Should operate—myself for once have skill
To realize the energy which streams
Flooding the universe. Above, around,
Beneath—why mocks that mind my own thus found
Simply of service, when the world grows dark,
To half-surmise—were Sun's use understood,
I might demonstrate him supplying food,
Warmth, life, no less the while? To grant one spark
Myself may deal with—make it thaw my blood
And prompt my steps, were truer to the mark
Of mind's requirement than a half-surmise
That somehow secretly is operant
A power all matter feels, mind only tries
To comprehend! Once more—no idle vaunt
'Man comprehends the Sun's self!' Mysteries

At source why probe into? Enough: display,
Make demonstrable, how, by night as day,
Earth's centre and sky's outspan, all 's informed
Equally by Sun's efflux!—source from whence
If just one spark I drew, full evidence
Were mine of fire ineffably enthroned—
Sun's self made palpable to Man!"

XI.

Thus moaned
Man till Prometheus helped him,—as we learn,—
Offered an artifice whereby he drew
Sun's rays into a focus,—plain and true,
The very Sun in little: made fire burn
And henceforth do Man service—glass-conglobed
Though to a pin-point circle—all the same
Comprising the Sun's self, but Sun disrobed
Of that else-unconceived essential flame
Borne by no naked sight. Shall mind's eye strive
Achingly to companion as it may
The supersubtle effluence, and contrive
To follow beam and beam upon their way
Hand-breadth by hand-breadth, till sense faint—confessed
Frustrate, eluded by unknown unguessed
Infinitude of action? Idle quest!

Rather ask aid from optics. Sense, descry
The spectrum—mind, infer immensity!
Little? In little, light, warmth, life are blessed—
Which, in the large, who sees to bless? Not I
More than yourself: so, good my friend, keep still
Trustful with—me? with thee, sage Mandeville!

*WITH DANIEL BARTOLI.**

I.

Don, the divinest women that have walked
Our world were scarce those saints of whom we talked.
My saint, for instance—worship if you will!
'Tis pity poets need historians' skill:
What legendary 's worth a chronicle?

II.

Come, now! A great lord once upon a time
Visited—oh a king, of kings the prime,
To sign a treaty such as never was:
For the king's minister had brought to pass

* A learned and ingenious writer. "Fu Gesuita e Storico della Compagnia; onde scrisse lunghissime storie, le quali sarebbero lette se non fossero ripiene traboccanti di tutte le superstizioni . . . Egli vi ha ficcati dentro tanti miracoloni, che diviene una noia insopportabile a chiunque voglia leggere quelle storie: e anche a me, non mi bastò l animo di proseguire molto avanti."—Angelo Cerutti.

That this same duke—so style him—must engage
Two of his dukedoms as an heritage
After his death to this exorbitant
Craver of kingship. "Let who lacks go scant,
Who owns much, give the more to!" Why rebuke?
So bids the devil, so obeys the duke.

III.

Now, as it happened, at his sister's house
—Duchess herself—indeed the very spouse
Of the king's uncle,—while the deed of gift
Whereby our duke should cut his rights adrift
Was drawing, getting ripe to sign and seal—
What does the frozen heart but uncongeal
And, shaming his transcendent kin and kith,
Whom do the duke's eyes make acquaintance with?
A girl. "What, sister, may this wonder be?"
"Nobody! Good as beautiful is she,
With gifts that match her goodness, no faint flaw
I' the white: she were the pearl you think you saw,
But that she is—what corresponds to white?
Some other stone, the true pearl's opposite,
As cheap as pearls are costly. She 's—now, guess
Her parentage! Once—twice—thrice? Foiled, confess!

Drugs, duke, her father deals in—faugh, the scents !—
Manna and senna—such medicaments
For payment he compounds you. Stay—stay—stay !
I 'll have no rude speech wrong her ! Whither away,
The hot-head ? Ah, the scapegrace ! She deserves
Respect compassion, rather ! Right it serves
My folly, trusting secrets to a fool !
Already at it, is he ? She keeps cool —
Helped by her fan's spread. Well, our state atones
For thus much license, and words break no bones ! "
(Hearts, though, sometimes.)

IV.

Next morn 't was " Reason, rate,
Rave, sister, on till doomsday ! Sure as fate,
I wed that woman—what a woman is
Now that I know, who never knew till this ! "
So swore the duke. " I wed her : once again—
Rave, rate, and reason—spend your breath in vain !

V.

At once was made a contract firm and fast,
Published the banns were, only marriage, last,
Required completion when the Church's rite
Should bless and bid depart, make happy quite

The coupled man and wife for evermore:
Which rite was soon to follow. Just before –
All things at all but end the folk o' the bride
Flocked to a summons. Pomp the duke defied:
"Of ceremony—so much as empowers,
Nought that exceeds, suits best a tie like ours—"
He smiled—"all else were mere futility.
We vow, God hears us: God and you and I—
Let the world keep at distance! This is why
We choose the simplest forms that serve to bind
Lover and lover of the human kind,
No care of what degree of kings or clowns—
Come blood and breeding. Courtly smiles and frowns
Miss of their mark, would idly soothe or strike
My style and yours—in one style merged alike—
God's man and woman merely. Long ago
'T was rounded in my ears 'Duke, wherefore slow
To use a privilege? Needs must one who reigns
Pay reigning's due: since statecraft so ordains –
Wed for the commonweal's sake! law prescribes
One wife: but to submission license bribes
Unruly nature: mistresses accept
—Well, at discretion!' Prove I so inept
A scholar, thus instructed? Dearest, be
Wife and all mistresses in one to me,
Now, henceforth, and forever!" So smiled he.

VI.

Good: but the minister, the crafty one,
Got ear of what was doing—all but done—
Not sooner, though, than the king's very self,
Warned by the sister on how sheer a shelf
Royalty's ship was like to split. "I bar
The abomination! Mix with muck my star?
Shall earth behold prodigiously enorbed
An upstart marsh-born meteor sun-absorbed?
Nuptial me no such nuptials!" "Past dispute,
Majesty speaks with wisdom absolute,"
Admired the minister: "yet, all the same,
I would we may not—while we play his game,
The ducal meteor's—also lose our own,
The solar monarch's: we relieve your throne
Of an ungracious presence, like enough:
Baulked of his project he departs in huff,
And so cuts short—dare I remind the king?—
Our not so unsuccessful bargaining.
The contract for eventual heritage
Happens to *pari passu* reach the stage
Attained by just this other contract,—each
Unfixed by signature though fast in speech.
Off goes the duke in dudgeon—off withal
Go with him his two dukedoms past recall.

You save a fool from tasting folly's fruit,
Obtain small thanks thereby, and lose to boot
Sagacity's reward. The jest is grim:
The man will mulct you—for amercing him?
Nay, for . . . permit a poor similitude!
A witless wight in some fantastic mood
Would drown himself: you plunge into the wave,
Pluck forth the undeserving: he, you save,
Pulls you clean under also for your pains.
Sire, little need that I should tax my brains
To help your inspiration!" "Let him sink!
Always contriving"—hints the royal wink—
"To keep ourselves dry while we claim his clothes."

VII.

Next day, the appointed day for plighting troths
At eve,—so little time to lose, you see,
Before the Church should weld indissolubly
Bond into bond, wed these who, side by side,
Sit each by other, bold groom, blushing bride,—
At the preliminary banquet, graced
By all the lady's kinsfolk come in haste
To share her triumph,—lo, a thunderclap!
"Who importunes now?" "Such is my mishap—
In the king's name! No need that any stir
Except this lady!" bids the minister:

"With her I claim a word apart, no more:
For who gainsays—a guard is at the door.
Hold, duke! Submit you, lady, as I bow
To him whose mouthpiece speaks his pleasure now!
It well may happen I no whit arrest
Your marriage: be it so,—we hope the best!
By your leave, gentles! Lady, pray you, hence!
Duke, with my soul and body's deference!"

VIII.

Doors shut, mouth opens and persuasion flows
Copiously forth. "What flesh shall dare oppose
The king's command? The matter in debate
—How plain it is! Yourself shall arbitrate,
Determine. Since the duke affects to rate
His prize in you beyond all goods of earth,
Accounts as nought old gains of rank and birth,
Ancestral obligation, recent fame,
(We know his feats)—nay, ventures to disclaim
Our will and pleasure almost—by report—
Waives in your favour dukeliness, in short,—
We—('t is the king speaks)—who might forthwith stay
Such suicidal purpose, brush away
A bad example shame would else record,—
Lean to indulgence rather. At his word

We take the duke: allow him to complete
The cession of his dukedoms, leave our feet
Their footstool when his own head, safe in vault,
Sleeps sound. Nay, would the duke repair his fault
Handsomely, and our forfeited esteem
Recover,—what if wisely he redeem
The past,—in earnest of good faith, at once
Give us such jurisdiction for the nonce
As may suffice—prevent occasion slip—
And constitute our actual ownership?
Concede this—straightway be the marriage blessed
By warrant of this paper! Things at rest,
This paper duly signed, down drops the bar,
To-morrow you become—from what you are,
The druggist's daughter—not the duke's mere spouse,
But the king's own adopted: heart and house
Open to you—the idol of a court
'Which heaven might copy'—sing our poet-sort.
In this emergency, on you depends
The issue: plead what bliss the king intends!
Should the duke frown, should arguments and prayers
Nay, tears if need be, prove in vain,—who cares?
We leave the duke to his obduracy,
Companionless,—you, madam, follow me
Without, where divers of the body-guard
Wait signal to enforce the king's award

Of strict seclusion : over you at least
Vibratingly the sceptre threats increased
Precipitation ! How avert its crash ? "

IX.

" Re-enter, sir ! A hand that 's calm, not rash,
Averts it ! " quietly the lady said.
" Yourself shall witness."
At the table's head
Where, mid the hushed guests, still the duke sat glued
In blank bewilderment, his spouse pursued
Her speech to end—syllabled quietude.

X.

" Duke, I, your duchess of a day, could take
The hand you proffered me for love's sole sake,
Conscious my love matched yours ; as you, myself
Would waive, when need were, all but love—from pelf
To potency. What fortune brings about
Haply in some far future, finds me out,
Faces me on a sudden here and now.
The better ! Read—if beating heart allow—
Read this, and bid me rend to rags the shame !
I and your conscience—hear and grant our claim !

Never dare alienate God's gift you hold
Simply in trust for him! Choose muck for gold?
Could you so stumble in your choice, cajoled
By what I count my least of worthiness
—The youth, the beauty,—you renounce them—yes,
With all that 's most too: love as well you lose,
Slain by what slays in you the honour! Choose!
Dear—yet my husband—dare I love you yet?"

XI.

How the duke's wrath o'erboiled,—words, words and yet
More words,—I spare you such fool's fever-fret.
They were not of one sort at all, one size,
As souls go—he and she. 'T is said, the eyes
Of all the lookers-on let tears fall fast.
The minister was mollified at last:
"Take a day,—two days even, ere through pride
You perish,—two days' counsel—then decide!"

XII.

—"If I shall save his honour and my soul?
Husband,—this one last time,—you tear the scroll?
Farewell, duke! Sir, I follow in your train!"

XIII.

So she went forth: they never met again
The duke and she. The world paid compliment
(Is it worth noting?) when, next day, she sent
Certain gifts back—"jewelry fit to deck
Whom you call wife." I know not round what neck
They took to sparkling, in good time—weeks thence.

XIV.

Of all which was the pleasant consequence,
So much and no more—that a fervid youth,
Big-hearted boy,—but ten years old, in truth,—
Laid this to heart and loved, as boyhood can,
The unduchessed lady: boy and lad grew man:
He loved as man perchance may: did meanwhile
Good soldier-service, managed to beguile
The years, no few, until he found a chance:
Then, as at trumpet-summons to advance,
Outbroke the love that stood at arms so long,
Brooked no withstanding longer. They were wed.
Whereon from camp and court alike he fled,
Renounced the sun-king, dropped off into night,
Evermore lost, a ruined satellite:
And, oh, the exquisite deliciousness
That lapped him in obscurity! You guess

Such joy is fugitive: she died full soon.
He did his best to die—as sun, so moon
Left him, turned dusk to darkness absolute.
Failing of death—why, saintship seemed to suit:
Yes, your sort, Don! He trembled on the verge
Of monkhood: trick of cowl and taste of scourge
He tried: then, kicked not at the pricks perverse,
But took again, for better or for worse,
The old way in the world, and, much the same
Man o' the outside, fairly played life's game.

XV.

"Now, Saint Scholastica, what time she fared
In Paynimrie, behold, a lion glared
Right in her path! Her waist she promptly strips
Of girdle, binds his teeth within his lips,
And, leashed all lamblike, to the Soldan's court
Leads him." Ay, many a legend of the sort
Do you praiseworthily authenticate:
Spare me the rest. This much of no debate
Admits: my lady flourished in grand days
When to be duchess was to dance the hays
Up, down, across the heaven amid its host:
While to be hailed the sun's own self almost—
So close the kinship—was—was—

Saint, for this,
Be yours the feet I stoop to—kneel and kiss!
So human? Then the mouth too, if you will!
Thanks to no legend but a chronicle.

XVI.

One leans to like the duke, too: up we 'll patch
Some sort of saintship for him—not to match
Hers—but man's best and woman's worst amount
So nearly to the same thing, that we count
In man a miracle of faithfulness
If, while unfaithful somewhat, he lay stress
On the main fact that love, when love indeed,
Is wholly solely love from first to last—
Truth—all the rest a lie. Too likely, fast
Enough that necklace went to grace the throat
—Let 's say, of such a dancer as makes doat
The senses when the soul is satisfied—
Trogalia, say the Greeks—a sweetmeat tried
Approvingly by sated tongue and teeth,
Once body's proper meal consigned beneath
Such unconsidered munching.

XVII.

Fancy's flight
Makes me a listener when, some sleepless night,

The duke reviewed his memories, and aghast
Found that the Present intercepts the Past
With such effect as when a cloud enwraps
The moon and, moon-suffused, plays moon perhaps
To who walks under, till comes, late or soon,
A stumble: up he looks, and lo, the moon
Calm, clear, convincingly herself once more!
How could he 'scape the cloud that thrust between
Him and effulgence? Speak, fool—duke, I mean!

XVIII.

"Who bade you come, brisk-marching bold she-shape,
A terror with those black-balled worlds of eyes,
That black hair bristling solid-built from nape
To crown it coils about? O dread surmise!
Take, tread on, trample under past escape
Your capture, spoil and trophy! Do—devise
Insults for one who, fallen once, ne'er shall rise!

"Mock on, triumphant o'er the prostrate shame!
Laugh 'Here lies he among the false to Love—
Love's loyal liegeman once: the very same
Who, scorning his weak fellows, towered above
Inconstancy: yet why his faith defame?
Our eagle's victor was at least no dove,
No dwarfish knight picked up our giant's glove—

"'When, putting prowess to the proof, faith urged
Her champion to the challenge: had it chanced
That merely virtue, wisdom, beauty—merged
All in one woman—merely these advanced
Their claim to conquest,—hardly had he purged
His mind of memories, dearnesses enhanced
Rather than harmed by death, nor, disentranced,

"'Promptly had he abjured the old pretence
To prove his kind's superior first to last
Display erect on his heart's eminence
An altar to the never-dying Past.
For such feat faith might boast fit play of fence
And easily disarm the iconoclast
Called virtue, wisdom, beauty: impudence

"'Fought in their stead, and how could faith but fall?
There came a bold she-shape brisk-marching, bent
No inch of her imperious stature, tall
As some war-engine from whose top was sent
One shattering volley out of eye's black ball,
And prone lay faith's defender!' Mockery spent?
Malice discharged in full? In that event,

"My queenly impudence, I cover close,
I wrap me round with love of your black hair,

Black eyes, black every wicked inch of those
Limbs' war-tower tallness: so much truth lives there
'Neath the dead heap of lies. And yet—who knows?
What if such things are? No less, such things were.
Then was the man your match whom now you dare

"Treat as existent still. A second truth!
They held—this heap of lies you rightly scorn—
A man who had approved himself in youth
More than a match for—you? for sea-foam-born
Venus herself: you conquer him forsooth?
'T is me his ghost: he died since left and lorn,
As needs must Samson when his hair is shorn.

"Some day, and soon, be sure himself will rise,
Called into life by her who long ago
Left his soul whiling time in flesh-disguise.
Ghosts tired of waiting can play tricks, you know!
Tread, trample me—such sport we ghosts devise,
Waiting the morn-star's re-appearance—though
You think we vanish scared by the cock's crow."

WITH CHRISTOPHER SMART

I.

It seems as if . . . or did the actual chance
Startle me and perplex? Let truth be said!
How might this happen? Dreaming, blindfold led
By visionary hand, did soul's advance
Precede my body's, gain inheritance
Of fact by fancy—so that when I read
At length with waking eyes your Song, instead
Of mere bewilderment, with me first glance
Was but full recognition that in trance
Or merely thought's adventure some old day
Of dim and done-with boyishness, or—well,
Why might it not have been, the miracle
Broke on me as I took my sober way
Through veritable regions of our earth
And made discovery, many a wondrous one?

II.

Anyhow, fact or fancy, such its birth:
I was exploring some huge house, had gone
Through room and room complacently, no dearth
Anywhere of the signs of decent taste,
Adequate culture: wealth had run to waste
Nowise, nor penury was proved by stint:
All showed the Golden Mean without a hint
Of brave extravagance that breaks the rule.
The master of the mansion was no fool
Assuredly, no genius just as sure!
Safe mediocrity had scorned the lure
Of now too much and now too little cost,
And satisfied me sight was never lost
Of moderate design's accomplishment
In calm completeness. On and on I went,
With no more hope than fear of what came next,
Till lo, I push a door, sudden uplift
A hanging, enter, chance upon a shift
Indeed of scene! So—thus it is thou deck'st,
High heaven, our low earth's brick-and-mortar
work?

III.

It was the Chapel. That a star, from murk
Which hid, should flashingly emerge at last,

Were small surprise: but from broad day I passed
Into a presence that turned shine to shade.
There fronted me the Rafael Mother-Maid,
Never to whom knelt votarist in shrine
By Nature's bounty helped, by Art's divine
More varied—beauty with magnificence—
Than this: from floor to roof one evidence
Of how far earth may rival heaven. No niche
Where glory was not prisoned to enrich
Man's gaze with gold and gems, no space but glowed
With colour, gleamed with carving—hues which owed
Their outburst to a brush the painter fed
With rainbow-substance—rare shapes never wed
To actual flesh and blood, which, brain-born once,
Became the sculptor's dowry, Art's response
To earth's despair. And all seemed old yet new:
Youth,—in the marble's curve, the canvas' hue,
Apparent,—wanted not the crowning thrill
Of age the consecrator. Hands long still
Had worked here—could it be, what lent them skill
Retained a power to supervise, protect,
Enforce new lessons with the old, connect
Our life with theirs? No merely modern touch
Told me that here the artist, doing much,
Elsewhere did more, perchance does better, lives—
So needs must learn.

IV.

Well, these provocatives
Having fulfilled their office, forth I went
Big with anticipation—well-nigh fear—
Of what next room and next for startled eyes
Might have in store, surprise beyond surprise.
Next room and next and next—what followed here?
Why, nothing! not one object to arrest
My passage—everywhere too manifest
The previous decent null and void of best
And worst, mere ordinary right and fit,
Calm commonplace which neither missed, nor hit
Inch-high, inch-low, the placid mark proposed.

V.

Armed with this instance, have I diagnosed
Your case, my Christopher? The man was sound
And sane at starting: all at once the ground
Gave way beneath his step, a certain smoke
Curled up and caught him, or perhaps down broke
A fireball wrapping flesh and spirit both
In conflagration. Then—as heaven were loth
To linger—let earth understand too well
How heaven at need can operate—off fell

The flame-robe, and the untransfigured man
Resumed sobriety,—as he began,
So did he end nor alter pace, not he!

VI.

Now, what I fain would know is—could it be
That he—whoe'er he was that furnished forth
The Chapel, making thus, from South to North,
Rafael touch Leighton, Michelagnolo
Join Watts, was found but once combining so
The elder and the younger, taking stand
On Art's supreme,—or that yourself who sang
A Song where flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang,
And stations you for once on either hand
With Milton and with Keats, empowered to claim
Affinity on just one point—(or blame
Or praise my judgment, thus it fronts you full)—
How came it you resume the void and null,
Subside to insignificance,—live, die
—Proved plainly two mere mortals who drew nigh
One moment—that, to Art's best hierarchy,
This, to the superhuman poet-pair?
What if, in one point only, then and there
The otherwise all-unapproachable
Allowed impingement? Does the sphere pretend
To span the cube's breadth, cover end to end

The plane with its embrace? No, surely! Still,
Contact is contact, sphere's touch no whit less
Than cube's superimposure. Such success
Befell Smart only out of throngs between
Milton and Keats that donned the singing-dress—
Smart, solely of such songmen, pierced the screen
'Twixt thing and word, lit language straight from soul,—
Left no fine film-flake on the naked coal
Live from the censer—shapely or uncouth,
Fire-suffused through and through, one blaze of truth
Undeadened by a lie,—(you have my mind)—
For, think! this blaze outleapt with black behind
And blank before, when Hayley and the rest . . .
But let the dead successors worst and best
Bury their dead: with life be my concern—
Yours with the fire-flame: what I fain would learn
Is just—(suppose me haply ignorant
Down to the common knowledge, doctors vaunt)
Just this—why only once the fire-flame was:
No matter if the marvel came to pass
The way folk judged—if power too long suppressed
Broke loose and maddened, as the vulgar guessed,
Or simply brain-disorder (doctors said)
A turmoil of the particles disturbed
Brain's workaday performance in your head,
Spurred spirit to wild action health had curbed:

And so verse issued in a cataract
Whence prose, before and after, unperturbed
Was wont to wend its way. Concede the fact
That here a poet was who always could—
Never before did—never after would—
Achieve the feat: how were such fact explained?

VII.

Was it that when, by rarest chance, there fell
Disguise from Nature, so that Truth remained
Naked, and whoso saw for once could tell
Us others of her majesty and might
In large, her lovelinesses infinite
In little,—straight you used the power wherewith
Sense, penetrating as through rind to pith
Each object, thoroughly revealed might view
And comprehend the old things thus made new,
So that while eye saw, soul to tongue could trust
Thing which struck word out, and once more adjust
Real vision to right language, till heaven's vault
Pompous with sunset, storm-stirred sea's assault
On the swilled rock-ridge, earth's embosomed brood
Of tree and flower and weed, with all the life
That flies or swims or crawls, in peace or strife,
Above, below,—each had its note and name

For Man to know by,—Man who, now—the same
As erst in Eden, needs that all he sees
Be named him ere he note by what degrees
Of strength and beauty to its end Design
Ever thus operates—(your thought and mine,
No matter for the many dissident)—
So did you sing your Song, so truth found vent
In words for once with you?

VIII.

Then—back was furled
The robe thus thrown aside, and straight the world
Darkened into the old oft-catalogued
Repository of things that sky, wave, land,
Or show or hide, clear late, accretion-clogged
Now, just as long ago, by tellings and
Re-tellings to satiety, which strike
Muffled upon the ear's drum. Very like
None was so startled as yourself when friends
Came, hailed your fast-returning wits: "Health mends
Importantly, for—to be plain with you—
This scribble on the wall was done—in lieu
Of pen and paper—with—ha, ha!—your key
Denting it on the wainscot! Do you see
How wise our caution was? Thus much we stopped
Of babble that had else grown print: and lopped

From your trim bay-tree this unsightly bough—
Smart's who translated Horace! Write us now" . . .
Why, what Smart did write—never afterward
One line to show that he, who paced the sward,
Had reached the zenith from his madhouse cell.

IX.

Was it because you judged (I know full well
You never had the fancy)—judged—as some—
That who makes poetry must reproduce
Thus ever and thus only, as they come,
Each strength, each beauty, everywhere diffuse
Throughout creation, so that eye and ear,
Seeing and hearing, straight shall recognize,
At touch of just a trait, the strength appear,—
Suggested by a line's lapse see arise
All evident the beauty,—fresh surprise
Startling at fresh achievement? "So, indeed,
Wallows the whale's bulk in the waste of brine,
Nor otherwise its feather-tufts make fine
Wild Virgin's Bower when stars faint off to seed!"
(My prose—your poetry I dare not give,
Purpling too much my mere grey argument.)
—Was it because you judged—when fugitive
Was glory found, and wholly gone and spent

Such power of startling up deaf ear, blind eye,
At truth's appearance,—that you humbly bent
The head and, bidding vivid work good-bye,
Doffed lyric dress and trod the world once more
A drab-clothed decent proseman as before?
Strengths, beauties, by one word's flash thus laid bare
—That was effectual service: made aware
Of strengths and beauties, Man but hears the text,
Awaits your teaching. Nature? What comes next?
Why all the strength and beauty?—to be shown
Thus in one word's flash, thenceforth let alone
By Man who needs must deal with aught that 's known
Never so lately and so little? Friend,
First give us knowledge, then appoint its use!
Strength, beauty are the means: ignore their end?
As well you stopped at proving how profuse
Stones, sticks, nay stubble lie to left and right
Ready to help the builder,—careless quite
If he should take, or leave the same to strew
Earth idly,—as by word's flash bring in view
Strength, beauty, then bid who beholds the same
Go on beholding. Why gains unemployed?
Nature was made to be by Man enjoyed
First; followed duly by enjoyment's fruit,
Instruction—haply leaving joy behind:
And you, the instructor, would you slack pursuit

Of the main prize, as poet help mankind
Just to enjoy, there leave them? Play the fool,
Abjuring a superior privilege?
Please simply when your function is to rule—
By thought incite to deed? From edge to edge
Of earth's round, strength and beauty everywhere
Pullulate—and must you particularize
All, each and every apparition? Spare
Yourself and us the trouble! Ears and eyes
Want so much strength and beauty, and no less
Nor more, to learn life's lesson by. Oh, yes—
The other method 's favoured in our day!
The end ere the beginning: as you may,
Master the heavens before you study earth,
Make you familiar with the meteor's birth
Ere you descend to scrutinize the rose!
I say, o'erstep no least one of the rows
That lead man from the bottom where he plants
Foot first of all, to life's last ladder-top:
Arrived there, vain enough will seem the vaunts
Of those who say—"We scale the skies, then drop
To earth—to find, how all things there are loth
To answer heavenly law: we understand
The meteor's course, and lo, the rose's growth—
How other than should be by law's command!"
Would not you tell such—"Friends, beware lest fume

Offuscate sense: learn earth first ere presume
To teach heaven legislation. Law must be
Active in earth or nowhere: earth you see,—
Or there or not at all, Will, Power and Love
Admit discovery,—as below, above
Seek next law's confirmation! But reverse
The order, where 's the wonder things grow worse
Than, by the law your fancy formulates,
They should be? Cease from anger at the fates
Which thwart themselves so madly. Live and learn,
Not first learn and then live, is our concern.

WITH GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON.

I.

Ah, George Bubb Dodington Lord Melcombe,—no,
Yours was the wrong way!—always understand,
Supposing that permissibly you planned
How statesmanship—your trade—in outward show
Might figure as inspired by simple zeal
For serving country, king, and commonweal,
(Though service tire to death the body, tease
The soul from out an o'ertasked patriot-drudge)
And yet should prove zeal's outward show agrees
In all respects—right reason being judge—
With inward care that, while the statesman spends
Body and soul thus freely for the sake
Of public good, his private welfare take
No harm by such devotedness. Intends
Scripture aught else—let captious folk inquire—
Which teaches "Labourers deserve their hire,

And who neglects his household bears the bell
Away of sinning from an infidel"?
Wiselier would fools that carp bestow a thought
How birds build nests; at outside, roughly wrought,
Twig knots with twig, loam plasters up each chink,
Leaving the inmate rudely lodged—you think?
Peep but inside! That specious rude-and-rough
Covers a domicile where downy fluff
Embeds the ease-deserving architect,
Who toiled and moiled not merely to effect
'Twixt sprig and spray a stop-gap in the teeth
Of wind and weather, guard what swung beneath
From upset only, but contrived himself
A snug interior, warm and soft and sleek.
Of what material? Oh, for that, you seek
How nature prompts each volatile! Thus—pelf
Smoothens the human mudlark's lodging, power
Demands some hardier wrappage to embrace
Robuster heart-beats: rock, not tree nor tower,
Contents the building eagle: rook shoves close
To brother rook on branch, while crow morose
Apart keeps balance perched on topmost bough.
No sort of bird but suits his taste somehow
Nay, Darwin tells of such as love the bower—
His bower-birds opportunely yield us yet
The lacking instance when at loss to get

A feathered parallel to what we find
The secret motor of some mighty mind
That worked such wonders—all for vanity!
Worked them to haply figure in the eye
Of intimates as first of—doers' kind?
Actors', that work in earnest sportively,
Paid by a sourish smile. How says the Sage?
Birds born to strut prepare a platform-stage
With sparkling stones and speckled shells, all sorts
Of slimy rubbish, odds and ends and orts,
Whereon to pose and posture and engage
The priceless female simper.

II.

I have gone
Thus into detail, George Bubb Dodington,
Lest, when I take you presently to task
For the wrong way of working, you should ask
"What fool conjectures that profession means
Performance? that who goes behind the scenes
Finds,—acting over,—still the soot-stuff screens
Othello's visage, still the self-same cloak's
Bugle-bright-blackness half reveals half chokes
Hamlet's emotion, as ten minutes since?"
No, each resumes his garb, stands—Moor or prince
Decently draped: just so with statesmanship

All outside show, in short, is sham—why wince?
Concede me—while our parley lasts! You trip
Afterwards—lay but this to heart! (there lurks
Somewhere in all of us a lump which irks
Somewhat the sprightliest-scheming brain that 's bent
On brave adventure, would but heart consent!)
—Here trip you, that—your aim allowed as right—
Your means thereto were wrong. Come, we, this night,
Profess one purpose, hold one principle,
Are at odds only as to—not the will
But way of winning solace for ourselves
—No matter if the ore for which zeal delves
Be gold or coprolite, while zeal's pretence
Is—we do good to men at—whose expense
But ours? who tire the body, tease the soul,
Simply that, running, we may reach fame's goal
And wreathe at last our brows with bay—the State's
Disinterested slaves, nay—please the Fates—
Saviours and nothing less: such lot has been!
Statesmanship triumphs pedestalled, serene,—
O happy consummation!—brought about
By managing with skill the rabble-rout
For which we labour (never mind the name—
People or populace, for praise or blame)
Making them understand—their heaven, their hell,
Their every hope and fear is ours as well.

Man's cause—what other can we have at heart?
Whence follows that the necessary part
High o'er Man's head we play,—and freelier breathe
Just that the multitude which gasps beneath
May reach the level where unstifled stand
Ourselves at vantage to put forth a hand,
Assist the prostrate public. 'T is by right
Merely of such pretence, we reach the height
Where storms abound, to brave—nay, court their stress,
Though all too well aware—of pomp the less,
Of peace the more! But who are we, to spurn
For peace' sake, duty's pointing? Up, then—earn
Albeit no prize we may but martyrdom!
Now, such fit height to launch salvation from,
How get and gain? Since help must needs be craved
By would-be saviours of the else-unsaved,
How coax them to co-operate, lend a lift,
Kneel down and let us mount?

III.

You say "Make shift
By sham—the harsh word: preach and teach, persuade
Somehow the Public—not despising aid
Of salutary artifice—we seek
Solely their good: our strength would raise the weak,
Our cultivated knowledge supplement

Their rudeness, rawness: why to us were lent
Ability except to come in use?
Who loves his kind must by all means induce
That kind to let his love play freely, press
In Man's behalf to full performance!"

IV.

Yes—

Yes, George, we know!—whereat they hear, believe,
And bend the knee, and on the neck receive
Who fawned and cringed to purpose? Not so, George!
Try simple falsehood on shrewd folk who forge
Lies of superior fashion day by day
And hour by hour? With craftsmen versed as they
What chance of competition when the tools
Only a novice wields? Are knaves such fools?
Disinterested patriots, spare your tongue
The tones thrice-silvery, cheek save smiles it flung
Pearl-like profuse to swine—a herd, whereof
No unit needs be taught, his neighbour's trough
Scarce holds for who but grunts and whines the husks
Due to a wrinkled snout that shows sharp tusks.
No animal—much less our lordly Man—
Obeys its like: with strength all rule began,
The stoutest awes the pasture. Soon succeeds
Discrimination,—nicer power Man needs

To rule him than is bred of bone and thew:
Intelligence must move strength's self. This too
Lasts but its time: the multitude at length
Looks inside for intelligence and strength
And finds them here and there to pick and choose:
"All at your service, mine, see!" Ay, but who's
My George, at this late day, to make his boast
"In strength, intelligence, I rule the roast,
Beat, all and some, the ungraced who crowd your ranks?'
"Oh, but I love, would lead you, gain your thanks
By unexampled yearning for Man's sake—
Passion that solely waits your help to take
Effect in action!" George, which one of us
But holds with his own heart communion thus:
"I am, if not of men the first and best,
Still—to receive enjoyment—properest:
Which since by force I cannot, nor by wit
Most likely—craft must serve in place of it.
Flatter, cajole! If so I bring within
My net the gains which wit and force should win,
What hinders?" 'T is a trick we know of old:
Try, George, some other of tricks manifold!
The multitude means mass and mixture—right
Are mixtures simple, pray, or composite?
Dive into Man, your medley: see the waste!
Sloth-stifled genius, energy disgraced

By ignorance, high aims with sorry skill,
Will without means and means in want of will
—Sure we might fish, from out the mothers' sons
That welter thus, a dozen Dodingtons!
Why call up Dodington, and none beside,
To take his seat upon our backs and ride
As statesman conquering and to conquer? Well,
The last expedient, which must needs excel
Those old ones—this it is,—at any rate
To-day's conception thus I formulate:
As simple force has been replaced, just so
Must simple wit be: men have got to know
Such wit as what you boast is nowise held
The wonder once it was, but, paralleled
Too plentifully, counts not, —puts to shame
Modest possessors like yourself who claim,
By virtue of it merely, power and place
—Which means the sweets of office. Since our race
Teems with the like of you, some special gift,
Your very own, must coax our hands to lift,
And backs to bear you: is it just and right
To privilege your nature?

V.

"State things quite
Other than so"—make answer! "I pretend

No such community with men. Perpend
My key to domination! Who would use
Man for his pleasure needs must introduce
The element that awes Man. Once for all,
His nature owns a Supernatural
In fact as well as phrase—which found must be
—Where, in this doubting age? Old mystery
Has served its turn - seen through and sent adrift
To nothingness: new wizard-craft makes shift
Nowadays shorn of help by robe and book,—
Otherwise, elsewhere, for success must look
Than chalked-ring, incantation-gibberish.
Somebody comes to conjure: that 's he? Pish!
He 's like the roomful of rapt gazers,—there 's
No sort of difference in the garb he wears
From ordinary dressing,—gesture, speech,
Deportment, just like those of all and each
That eye their master of the minute. Stay!
What of the something—call it how you may—
Uncanny in the—quack? That 's easy said!
Notice how the Professor turns no head
And yet takes cognizance of who accepts,
Denies, is puzzled as to the adept's
Supremacy, yields up or lies in wait
To trap the trickster! Doubtless, out of date
Are dealings with the devil: yet, the stir

Of mouth, its smile half smug half sinister,
Mock-modest boldness masked in diffidence,—
What if the man have—who knows how or whence?—
Confederate potency unguessed by us—
Prove no such cheat as he pretends?"

VI.

Ay, thus
Had but my George played statesmanship's new card
That carries all! "Since we"—avers the Bard—
"All of us have one human heart"—as good
As say—by all of us is understood
Right and wrong, true and false—in rough, at least,
We own a common conscience. God, man, beast—
How should we qualify the statesman-shape
I fancy standing with our world agape?
Disguise, flee, fight against with tooth and nail
The outrageous designation! "Quack" men quail
Before? You see, a little year ago
They heard him thunder at the thing which, lo,
To-day he vaunts for unscathed, while what erst
Heaven-high he lauded, lies hell-low, accursed!
And yet where 's change? Who, awe-struck, cares to point
Critical finger at a dubious joint
In armour, true *æs triplex*, breast and back
Binding about, defiant of attack,

An imperturbability that 's—well,
Or innocence or impudence—how tell
One from the other? Could ourselves broach lies,
Yet brave mankind with those unaltered eyes,
Those lips that keep the quietude of truth?
Dare we attempt the like? What quick uncouth
Disturbance of thy smug economy,
O coward visage! Straight would all descry
Back on the man's brow the boy's blush once more!
No: he goes deeper—could our sense explore—
Finds conscience beneath conscience such as ours.
Genius is not so rare,—prodigious powers—
Well, others boast such,—but a power like this
Mendacious intrepidity—*quid vis*?
Besides, imposture plays another game,
Admits of no diversion from its aim
Of captivating hearts, sets zeal a-flare
In every shape at every turn,—nowhere
Allows subsidence into ash. By stress
Of what does guile succeed but earnestness,
Earnest word, look and gesture? Touched with aught
But earnestness, the levity were fraught
With ruin to guile's film-work. Grave is guile;
Here no act wants its qualifying smile,
Its covert pleasantry to neutralize
The outward ardour. Can our chief despise

Even while most he seems to adulate?
As who should say "What though it be my fate
To deal with fools? Among the crowd must lurk
Some few with faculty to judge my work
Spite of its way which suits, they understand,
The crass majority:—the Sacred Band,
No duping them forsooth!" So tells a touch
Of subintelligential nod and wink—
Turning foes friends. Coarse flattery moves the gorge:
Mine were the mode to awe the many, George!
They guess you half despise them while most bent
On demonstrating that your sole intent
Strives for their service. Sneer at them? Yourself
'T is you disparage,—tricksy as an elf,
Scorning what most you strain to bring to pass,
Laughingly careless,—triply cased in brass,—
While pushing strenuous to the end in view.
What follows? Why, you formulate within
The vulgar headpiece this conception "Win
A master-mind to serve us needs we must,
One who, from motives we but take on trust,
Acts strangelier—haply wiselier than we know—
Stronglier, for certain. Did he say 'I throw
Aside my good for yours, in all I do
Care nothing for myself and all for you'—
We should both understand and disbelieve:

Said he 'Your good I laugh at in my sleeve,
My own it is I solely labour at,
Pretending yours the while'—that, even that
We, understanding well, give credence to,
And so will none of it. But here 't is through
Our recognition of his service, wage
Well earned by work, he mounts to such a stage
Above competitors as all save Bubb
Would agonize to keep. Yet,—here 's the rub—
So slightly does he hold by our esteem
Which solely fixed him fast there, that we seem
Mocked every minute to our face, by gibe
And jest—scorn insuppressive: what ascribe
The rashness to? Our pay and praise to boot—
Do these avail him to tread underfoot
Something inside us all and each, that stands
Somehow instead of somewhat which commands
'Lie not'? Folk fear to jeopardize their soul,
Stumble at times, walk straight upon the whole,—
That 's nature's simple instinct: what may be
The portent here, the influence such as we
Are strangers to?"—

VII.

Exact the thing I call
Man's despot, just the Supernatural

Which, George, was wholly out of—far beyond
Your theory and practice. You had conned
But to reject the precept "To succeed
In gratifying selfishness and greed,
Asseverate such qualities exist
Nowise within yourself! then make acquist
By all means, with no sort of fear!" Alack,
That well-worn lie is obsolete! Fall back
On still a working pretext—"Hearth and Home,
The Altar, love of England, hate of Rome"—
That 's serviceable lying—that perchance
Had screened you decently: but 'ware advance
By one step more in perspicacity
Of these our dupes! At length they get to see
As through the earlier, this the latter plea—
And find the greed and selfishness at source!
Ventum est ad triarios: last resource
Should be to what but—exquisite disguise
Disguise-abjuring, truth that looks like lies,
Frankness so sure to meet with unbelief?
Say—you hold in contempt—not them in chief—
But first and foremost your own self! No use
In men but to make sport for you, induce
The puppets now to dance, now stand stock-still,
Now knock their heads together, at your will
For will's sake only—while each plays his part

Submissive: why? through terror at the heart:
"Can it be—this bold man, whose hand we saw
Openly pull the wires, obeys some law
Quite above Man's—nay, God's?" On face fall they.
This was the secret missed, again I say,
Out of your power to grasp conception of,
Much less employ to purpose. Hence the scoff
That greets your very name: folk see but one
Fool more, as well as knave, in Dodington.

WITH FRANCIS FURINI.

I.

Nay, *that*, Furini, never I at least
Mean to believe! What man you were I know,
While you walked Tuscan earth, a painter-priest,
Something about two hundred years ago.
Priest—you did duty punctual as the sun
That rose and set above Saint Sano's church,
Blessing Mugello: of your flock not one
But showed a whiter fleece because of smirch,
Your kind hands wiped it clear from: were they poor?
Bounty broke bread apace,—did marriage lag
For just the want of moneys that ensure
Fit hearth-and-home provision?—straight your bag
Unplumped itself,—reached hearts by way of palms
Goodwill's shake had but tickled. All about
Mugello valley, felt some parish qualms
At worship offered in bare walls without
The comfort of a picture?—prompt such need
Our painter would supply, and throngs to see

Witnessed that goodness—no unholy greed
Of gain—had coaxed from Don Furini—he
Whom princes might in vain implore to toil
For worldly profit—such a masterpiece.
Brief—priest, you poured profuse God's wine and oil
Praiseworthily, I know: shall praising cease
When, priestly vesture put aside, mere man,
You stand for judgment? Rather—what acclaim
—"Good son, good brother, friend in whom we scan
No fault nor flaw"—salutes Furini's name,
The loving as the liberal! Enough:
Only to ope a lily, though for sake
Of setting free its scent, disturbs the rough
Loose gold about its anther. I shall take
No blame in one more blazon, last of all—
Good painter were you: if in very deed
I styled you great—what modern art dares call
My word in question? Let who will take heed
Of what he seeks and misses in your brain
To balance that precision of the brush
Your hand could ply so deftly: all in vain
Strives poet's power for outlet when the push
Is lost upon a barred and bolted gate
Of painter's impotency. Agnolo—
Thine were alike the head and hand, by fate
Doubly endowed! Who boasts head only—woe

To hand's presumption should brush emulate
Fancy's free passage by the pen, and show
Thought wrecked and ruined where the inexpert
Foolhardy fingers half grasped, half let go
Film-wings the poet's pen arrests unhurt!
No—painter such as that miraculous
Michael, who deems you? But the ample gift
Of gracing walls else blank of this our house
Of life with imagery, one bright drift
Poured forth by pencil,—man and woman mere,
Glorified till half owned for gods,—the dear
Fleshly perfection of the human shape,—
This was apportioned you whereby to praise
Heaven and bless earth. Who clumsily essays,
By slighting painter's craft, to prove the ape
Of poet's pen-creation, just betrays
Two-fold ineptitude.

II.

By such sure ways
Do I return, Furini, to my first
And central confidence—that he I proved
Good priest, good man, good painter, and rehearsed
Praise upon praise to show—not simply loved
For virtue, but for wisdom honoured too
Needs must Furini be,—it follows—who

Shall undertake to breed in me belief
That, on his death-bed, weakness played the thief
With wisdom, folly ousted reason quite?
List to the chronicler! With main and might—
So fame runs—did the poor soul beg his friends
To buy and burn his hand-work, make amends
For having reproduced therein—(Ah me!
Sighs fame—that 's friend Filippo)—nudity!
Yes, I assure you: he would paint—not men
Merely—a pardonable fault—but when
He had to deal with—oh, not mother Eve
Alone, permissibly in Paradise
Naked and unashamed,—but dared achieve
Dreadful distinction, at soul-safety's price
By also painting women—(why the need?)
Just as God made them: there, you have the truth!
Yes, rosed from top to toe in flush of youth,
One foot upon the moss-fringe, would some Nymph
Try, with its venturous fellow, if the lymph
Were chillier than the slab-stepped fountain-edge;
The while a-heap her garments on its ledge
Of boulder lay within hand's easy reach,
—No one least kid-skin cast around her! Speech
Shrinks from enumerating case and case
Of—were it but Diana at the chase,
With tunic tucked discreetly hunting-high!

No, some Queen Venus set our necks awry,
Turned faces from the painter's all-too-frank
Triumph of flesh! For—whom had he to thank
—This self-appointed nature-student? Whence
Picked he up practice? By what evidence
Did he unhandsomely become adept
In simulating bodies? How except
By actual sight of such? Himself confessed
The enormity: quoth Philip "When I pressed
The painter to acknowledge his abuse
Of artistry else potent—what excuse
Made the infatuated man? I give
His very words: 'Did you but know, as I,
—O scruple-splitting sickly-sensitive
Mild-moral-monger, what the agony
Of Art is ere Art satisfy herself
In imitating Nature—(Man, poor elf,
Striving to match the finger-mark of Him
The immeasurably matchless)—gay or grim,
Pray, would your smile be? Leave mere fools to tax
Art's high-strung brain's intentness as so lax
That, in its mid-throe, idle fancy sees
The moment for admittance!' Pleadings these—
Specious, I grant." So adds, and seems to wince
Somewhat, our censor—but shall truth convince
Blockheads like Baldinucci?

III.

I resume
My incredulity: your other kind
Of soul, Furini, never was so blind,
Even through death-mist, as to grope in gloom
For cheer beside a bonfire piled to turn
Ashes and dust all that your noble life
Did homage to life's Lord by,—bid them burn
—These Baldinucci blockheads—pictures rife
With record, in each rendered loveliness,
That one appreciative creature's debt
Of thanks to the Creator more or less,
Was paid according as heart's-will had met
Hand's-power in Art's endeavour to express
Heaven's most consummate of achievements, bless
Earth by a semblance of the seal God set
On woman his supremest work. I trust
Rather, Furini, dying breath had vent
In some fine fervour of thanksgiving just
For this—that soul and body's power you spent—
Agonized to adumbrate, trace in dust
That marvel which we dream the firmament
Copies in star-device when fancies stray
Outlining, orb by orb, Andromeda—
God's best of beauteous and magnificent
Revealed to earth—the naked female form.

Nay, I mistake not: wrath that 's but lukewarm
Would boil indeed were such a critic styled
Himself an artist: artist! Ossa piled
Topping Olympus—the absurd which crowns
The extravagant—whereat one laughs, not frowns.
Paints he? One bids the poor pretender take
His sorry self, a trouble and disgrace,
From out the sacred presence, void the place
Artists claim only. What—not merely wake
Our pity that suppressed concupiscence—
A satyr masked as matron—makes pretence
To the coarse blue-fly's instinct—can perceive
No better reason why she should exist—
—God's lily limbed and blush-rose-bosomed Eve—
Than as a hot-bed for the sensualist
To fly-blow with his fancies, make pure stuff
Breed him back filth—this were not crime enough?
But further—fly to style itself—nay, more—
To steal among the sacred ones, crouch down
Though but to where their garments sweep the floor—
—Still catching some faint sparkle from the crown
Crowning transcendent Michael, Leonard,
Rafael,—to sit beside the feet of such,
Unspurned because unnoticed, then reward
Their toleration—mercy overmuch—
By stealing from the throne-step to the fools

Curious outside the gateway, all-agape
To learn by what procedure, in the schools
Of Art, a merest man in outward shape
May learn to be Correggio! Old and young,
These learners got their lesson: Art was just
A safety-screen—(Art, which Correggio's tongue
Calls "Virtue")—for a skulking vice: mere lust
Inspired the artist when his Night and Morn
Slept and awoke in marble on that edge
Of heaven above our awestruck earth: lust-born
His Eve low bending took the privilege
Of life from what our eyes saw—God's own palm
That put the flame forth—to the love and thanks
Of all creation save this recreant!

IV.

Calm
Our phrase, Furini! Not the artist-ranks
Claim riddance of an interloper: no—
This Baldinucci did but grunt and sniff
Outside Art's pale—ay, grubbed, where pine-trees grow,
For pignuts only.

V.

You the Sacred! If
Indeed on you has been bestowed the dower

Of Art in fulness, graced with head and hand,
Head – to look up not downwards, hand—of power
To make head's gain the portion of a world
Where else the uninstructed ones too sure
Would take all outside beauty—film that 's furled
About a star—for the star's self, endure
No guidance to the central glory,—nay,
(Sadder) might apprehend the film was fog,
Or (worst) wish all but vapour well away,
And sky's pure product thickened from earth's bog—
Since so, nor seldom, have your worthiest failed
To trust their own soul's insight—why? except
For warning that the head of the adept
May too much prize the hand, work unassailed
By scruple of the better sense that finds
An orb within each halo, bids gross flesh
Free the fine spirit-pattern, nor enmesh
More than is meet a marvel custom blinds
Only the vulgar eye to. Now, less fear
That you, the foremost of Art's fellowship,
Will oft—will ever so offend! But—hip
And thigh—smite the Philistine! *You*—slunk here—
Connived at, by too easy tolerance,
Not to scrape palette simply or squeeze brush,
But dub your very self an Artist? Tush—
You, of the daubings, is it, dare advance

This doctrine that the Artist-mind must needs
Own to affinity with yours—confess
Provocative acquaintance, more or less,
With each impurely-peevish worm that breeds
Inside your brain's receptacle?

VI.

Enough.
Who owns "I dare not look on diadems
Without an itch to pick out, purloin gems
Others contentedly leave sparkling"—gruff
Answers the guard of the regalia: "Why—
Consciously kleptomaniac—thrust yourself
Where your illicit craving after pelf
Is tempted most—in the King's treasury?
Go elsewhere! Sort with thieves, if thus you feel—
When folk clean-handed simply recognize
Treasure whereof the mere sight satisfies—
But straight your fingers are on itch to steal!
Hence with you!"
Pray, Furini!

VII.

"Bounteous God,
Deviser and Dispenser of all gifts
To soul through sense,—in Art the soul uplifts

Man's best of thanks! What but Thy measuring-rod
Meted forth heaven and earth? more intimate,
Thy very hands were busied with the task
Of making, in this human shape, a mask—
A match for that divine. Shall love abate
Man's wonder? Nowise! True—true—all too true—
No gift but, in the very plenitude
Of its perfection, goes maimed, misconstrued
By wickedness or weakness: still, some few
Have grace to see Thy purpose, strength to mar
Thy work by no admixture of their own,
—Limn truth not falsehood, bid us love alone
The type untampered with, the naked star!"

VIII.

And, prayer done, painter—what if you should preach?
Not as of old when playing pulpiteer
To simple-witted country folk, but here
In actual London try your powers of speech
On us the cultured, therefore sceptical—
What would you? For, suppose he has his word
In faith's behalf, no matter how absurd,
This painter-theologian? One and all
We lend an ear—nay, Science takes thereto—
Encourages the meanest who has racked
Nature until he gains from her some fact,

To state what truth is from his point of view,
Mere pin-point though it be: since many such
Conduce to make a whole, she bids our friend
Come forward unabashed and haply lend
His little life-experience to our much
Of modern knowledge. Since she so insists,
Up stands Furini.

IX.

"Evolutionists!
At truth I glimpse from depths, you glance from heights,
Our stations for discovery opposites,—
How should ensue agreement? I explain:
'T is the tip-top of things to which you strain
Your vision, until atoms, protoplasm,
And what and whence and how may be the spasm
Which sets all going, stop you: down perforce
Needs must your observation take its course,
Since there 's no moving upwards: link by link
You drop to where the atoms somehow think,
Feel, know themselves to be: the world 's begun,
Such as we recognize it. Have you done
Descending? Here 's ourself,—Man, known to-day,
Duly evolved at last,—so far, you say,
The sum and seal of being's progress. Good!
Thus much at least is clearly understood—

Of power does Man possess no particle:
Of knowledge—just so much as shows that still
It ends in ignorance on every side:
But righteousness—ah, Man is deified
Thereby, for compensation! Make survey
Of Man's surroundings, try creation—nay,
Try emulation of the minimized
Minuteness fancy may conceive! Surprised
Reason becomes by two defeats for one—
Not only power at each phenomenon
Baffled, but knowledge also in default—
Asking what *is* minuteness—yonder vault
Speckled with suns, or this the millionth—thing,
How shall I call?—that on some insect's wing
Helps to make out in dyes the mimic star?
Weak, ignorant, accordingly we are:
What then? The worse for Nature! Where began
Righteousness, moral sense except in Man?
True, he makes nothing, understands no whit:
Had the initiator-spasm seen fit
Thus doubly to endow him, none the worse
And much the better were the universe.
What does Man see or feel or apprehend
Here, there, and everywhere, but faults to mend,
Omissions to supply,—one wide disease
Of things that are, which Man at once would ease

Had will but power and knowledge? failing both—
Things must take will for deed—Man, nowise loth,
Accepts pre-eminency: mere blind force—
Mere knowledge undirected in its course
By any care for what is made or marred
In either's operation—*these* award
The crown to? Rather let it deck thy brows,
Man, whom alone a righteousness endows
Would cure the wide world's ailing! Who disputes
Thy claim thereto? Had Spasm more attributes
Than power and knowledge in its gift, before
Man came to pass? The higher that we soar,
The less of moral sense like Man's we find:
No sign of such before,—what comes behind,
Who guesses? But until there crown our sight
The quite new—not the old mere infinite
Of changings,—some fresh kind of sun and moon,—
Then, not before, shall I expect a boon
Of intuition just as strange, which turns
Evil to good, and wrong to right, unlearns
All Man's experience learned since Man was he.
Accept in Man, advanced to this degree,
The Prime Mind, therefore! neither wise nor strong—
Whose fault? but were he both, then right, not wrong
As now, throughout the world were paramount
According to his will,—which I account

The qualifying faculty. He stands
Confessed supreme—the monarch whose commands
Could he enforce, how bettered were the world!
He 's at the height this moment—to be hurled
Next moment to the bottom by rebound
Of his own peal of laughter. All around
Ignorance wraps him,—whence and how and why
Things are,—yet cloud breaks and lets blink the
sky
Just overhead, not elsewhere! What assures
His optics that the very blue which lures
Comes not of black outside it, doubly dense?
Ignorance overwraps his moral sense,
Winds him about, relaxing, as it wraps,
So much and no more than lets through perhaps
The murmured knowledge—'Ignorance exists.'

X.

"I at the bottom, Evolutionists,
Advise beginning, rather. I profess
To know just one fact—my self-consciousness,—
'Twixt ignorance and ignorance enisled,—
Knowledge: before me was my Cause—that 's styled
God: after, in due course succeeds the rest,—
All that my knowledge comprehends—at best—

At worst, conceives about in mild despair.
Light needs must touch on either darkness: where?
Knowledge so far impinges on the Cause
Before me, that I know—by certain laws
Wholly unknown, whate'er I apprehend
Within, without me, had its rise: thus blend
I, and all things perceived, in one Effect.
How far can knowledge any ray project
On what comes after me—the universe?
Well, my attempt to make the cloud disperse
Begins—not from above but underneath:
I climb, you soar,—who soars soon loses breath
And sinks, who climbs keeps one foot firm on fact
Ere hazarding the next step: soul's first act
(Call consciousness the soul—some name we need)
Getting itself aware, through stuff decreed
Thereto (so call the body)—who has stept
So far, there let him stand, become adept
In body ere he shift his station thence
One single hair's breadth. Do I make pretence
To teach, myself unskilled in learning? Lo,
My life's work! Let my pictures prove I know
Somewhat of what this fleshly frame of ours
Or is or should be, how the soul empowers
The body to reveal its every mood
Of love and hate, pour forth its plenitude

Of passion. If my hand attained to give
Thus permanence to truth else fugitive,
Did not I also fix each fleeting grace
Of form and feature—save the beauteous face—
Arrest decay in transitory might
Of bone and muscle—cause the world to bless
For ever each transcendent nakedness
Of man and woman? Were such feats achieved
By sloth, or strenuous labour unrelieved,
—Yet lavished vainly? Ask that underground
(So may I speak) of all on surface found
Of flesh-perfection! Depths on depths to probe
Of all-inventive artifice, disrobe
Marvel at hiding under marvel, pluck
Veil after veil from Nature—were the luck
Ours to surprise the secret men so name,
That still eludes the searcher—all the same,
Repays his search with still fresh proof—'Externe,
Not inmost, is the Cause, fool! Look and learn!'
Thus teach my hundred pictures: firm and fast
There did I plant my first foot. And the next?
Nowhere! 'T was put forth and withdrawn, perplexed
At touch of what seemed stable and proved stuff
Such as the coloured clouds are: plain enough
There lay the outside universe: try Man—
My most immediate! and the dip began

From safe and solid into that profound
Of ignorance I tell you surges round
My rock-spit of self-knowledge. Well and ill,
Evil and good irreconcilable
Above, beneath, about my every side,—
How did this wild confusion far and wide
Tally with my experience when my stamp—
So far from stirring—struck out, each a lamp,
Spark after spark of truth from where I stood—
Pedestalled triumph? Evil there was good,
Want was the promise of supply, defect
Ensured completion,—where and when and how?
Leave that to the First Cause! Enough that now,
Here where I stand, this moment's me and mine,
Shows me what is, permits me to divine
What shall be. Wherefore? Nay, how otherwise?
Look at my pictures! What so glorifies
The body that the permeating soul
Finds there no particle elude control
Direct, or fail of duty,—most obscure
When most subservient? Did that Cause ensure
The soul such raptures as its fancy stings
Body to furnish when, uplift by wings
Of passion, here and now, it leaves the earth,
Loses itself above, where bliss has birth—
(Heaven, be the phrase)—did that same Cause contrive

Such solace for the body, soul must dive
At drop of fancy's pinion, condescend
To bury both alike on earth, our friend
And fellow, where minutely exquisite
Low lie the pleasures, now and here—no herb
But hides its marvel, peace no doubts perturb
In each small mystery of insect life—
—Shall the soul's Cause thus gift the soul, yet strife
Continue still of fears with hopes,—for why?
What if the Cause, whereof we now descry
So far the wonder-working, lack at last
Will, power, benevolence—a protoplast,
No consummator, sealing up the sum
Of all things,—past and present and to come
Perfection? No, I have no doubt at all!
There 's my amount of knowledge—great or small,
Sufficient for my needs: for see! advance
Its light now on that depth of ignorance
I shrank before from—yonder where the world
Lies wreck-strewn,—evil towering, prone good—hurled
From pride of place, on every side. For me
(Patience, beseech you!) knowledge can but be
Of good by knowledge of good's opposite—
Evil,—since, to distinguish wrong from right,
Both must be known in each extreme, beside—
(Or what means knowledge—to aspire or bide

Content with half-attaining? Hardly so!)
Made to know on, know ever, I must know
All to be known at any halting-stage
Of my soul's progress, such as earth, where wage
War, just for soul's instruction, pain with joy,
Folly with wisdom, all that works annoy
With all that quiets and contents,—in brief,
Good strives with evil.

Now then for relief,
Friends, of your patience kindly curbed so long.
'What?' snarl you, 'Is the fool's conceit thus strong—
Must the whole outside world in soul and sense
Suffer, that he grow sage at its expense?'
By no means! 'T is by merest touch of toe
I try—not trench on—ignorance, just know—
And so keep steady footing: how you fare,
Caught in the whirlpool—that 's the Cause's care,
Strong, wise, good,—this I know at any rate
In my own self,—but how may operate
With you—strength, wisdom, goodness—no least blink
Of knowledge breaks the darkness round me. Think!
Could I see plain, be somehow certified
All was illusion,—evil far and wide
Was good disguised,—why, out with one huge wipe
Goes knowledge from me. Type needs antitype:

As night needs day, as shine needs shade, so good
Needs evil: how were pity understood
Unless by pain? Make evident that pain
Permissibly masks pleasure—you abstain
From outstretch of the finger-tip that saves
A drowning fly. Who proffers help of hand
To weak Andromeda exposed on strand
At mercy of the monster? Were all true,
Help were not wanting: 'But 't is false,' cry you,
'Mere fancy-work of paint and brush!' No less,
Were mine the skill, the magic, to impress
Beholders with a confidence they saw
Life,—veritable flesh and blood in awe
Of just as true a sea-beast,—would they stare
Simply as now, or cry out, curse and swear,
Or call the gods to help, or catch up stick
And stone, according as their hearts were quick
Or sluggish? Well, some old artificer
Could do as much,—at least, so books aver,—
Able to make-believe, while I, poor wight,
Make-fancy, nothing more. Though wrong were right,
Could we but know—still wrong must needs seem
wrong
To do right's service, prove men weak or strong,
Choosers of evil or of good. 'No such
Illusion possible!' Ah, friends, you touch

Just here my solid standing-place amid
The wash and welter, whence all doubts are bid
Back to the ledge they break against in foam,
Futility: my soul, and my soul's home
This body,—how each operates on each,
And how things outside, fact or feigning, teach
What good is and what evil,—just the same,
Be feigning or be fact the teacher,—blame
Diffidence nowise if, from this I judge
My point of vantage, not an inch I budge.
All—for myself—seems ordered wise and well
Inside it,—what reigns outside, who can tell?
Contrariwise, who needs be told 'The space
Which yields thee knowledge,—do its bounds embrace
Well-willing and wise-working, each at height?
Enough: beyond thee lies the infinite—
Back to thy circumscription!'

"Back indeed!
Ending where I began—thus: retrocede,
Who will,—what comes first, take first, I advise!
Acquaint you with the body ere your eyes
Look upward: this Andromeda of mine—
Gaze on the beauty, Art hangs out for sign
There 's finer entertainment underneath.
Learn how they ministrate to life and death—

Those incommensurably marvellous
Contrivances which furnish forth the house
Where soul has sway! Though Master keep aloof,
Signs of His presence multiply from roof
To basement of the building. Look around,
Learn thoroughly,—no fear that you confound
Master with messuage! He 's away, no doubt,
But what if, all at once, you come upon
A startling proof—not that the Master gone
Was present lately—but that something—whence
Light comes—has pushed Him into residence?
Was such the symbol's meaning,—old, uncouth—
That circle of the serpent, tail in mouth?
Only by looking low, ere looking high,
Comes penetration of the mystery."

XI.

Thanks! After sermonizing, psalmody!
Now praise with pencil, Painter! Fools attaint
Your fame, forsooth, because its power inclines
To livelier colours, more attractive lines
Than suit some orthodox sad sickly saint
—Grey male emaciation, haply streaked
Carmine by scourgings—or they want, far worse—
Some self-scathed woman, framed to bless not curse

Nature that loved the form whereon hate wreaked
The wrongs you see. No, rather paint some full
Benignancy, the first and foremost boon
Of youth, health, strength,—show beauty's May, ere June
Undo the bud's blush, leave a rose to cull
—No poppy, neither! yet less perfect-pure,
Divinely-precious with life's dew besprent.
Show saintliness that 's simply innocent
Of guessing sinnership exists to cure
All in good time! In time let age advance
And teach that knowledge helps—not ignorance—
The healing of the nations. Let my spark
Quicken your tinder! Burn with—Joan of Arc!
Not at the end, nor midway when there grew
The brave delusions, when rare fancies flew
Before the eyes, and in the ears of her
Strange voices woke imperiously astir:
No,—paint the peasant girl all peasant-like,
Spirit and flesh—the hour about to strike
When this should be transfigured, that inflamed,
By heart's admonishing "Thy country shamed,
Thy king shut out of all his realm except
One sorry corner!" and to life forth leapt
The indubitable lightning "Can there be
Country and king's salvation—all through me?"

Memorize that burst's moment, Francis! Tush—
None of the nonsense-writing! Fitlier brush
Shall clear off fancy's film-work and let show
Not what the foolish feign but the wise know—
Ask Sainte-Beuve else!—or better, Quicherat,
The downright-digger into truth that 's—Bah,
Bettered by fiction? Well, of fact thus much
Concerns you, that "of prudishness no touch
From first to last defaced the maid; anon,
Camp-use compelling"—what says D'Alençon
Her fast friend?—"though I saw while she undressed
How fair she was—especially her breast—
Never had I a wild thought!"—as indeed
I nowise doubt. Much less would she take heed—
When eve came, and the lake, the hills around
Were all one solitude and silence,—found
Barriered impenetrably safe about,—
Take heed of interloping eyes shut out,
But quietly permit the air imbibe
Her naked beauty till . . . but hear the scribe!
Now as she fain would bathe, one even-tide,
God's maid, this Joan, from the pool's edge she spied
The fair blue bird clowns call the Fisher-king:
And "'Las," sighed she, "my Liege is such a thing
As thou, lord but of one poor lonely place
Out of his whole wide France: were mine the grace

To set my Dauphin free as thou, blue bird!"
Properly Martin-fisher—that 's the word,
Not yours nor mine: folk said the rustic oath
In common use with her was—"By my troth"?
No,—"By my Martin"! Paint this! Only, turn
Her face away—that face about to burn
Into an angel s when the time is ripe!
That task 's beyond you. Finished, Francis? Wipe
Pencil, scrape palette, and retire content!
"*Omnia non omnibus*"—no harm is meant!

WITH GERARD DE LAIRESSE.

i.

Ah, but—because you were struck blind, could bless
Your sense no longer with the actual view
Of man and woman, those fair forms you drew
In happier days so duteously and true,—
Must I account my Gerard de Lairesse
All sorrow-smitten? He was hindered too
—Was this no hardship?—from producing, plain
To us who still have eyes, the pageantry
Which passed and passed before his busy brain
And, captured on his canvas, showed our sky
Traversed by flying shapes, earth stocked with brood
Of monsters,—centaurs bestial, satyrs lewd,—
Not without much Olympian glory, shapes
Of god and goddess in their gay escapes
From the severe serene: or haply paced
The antique ways, god-counselled, nymph-embraced.

Some early human kingly personage.
Such wonders of the teeming poet's-age
Were still to be: nay, these indeed began—
Are not the pictures extant?—till the ban
Of blindness struck both palette from his thumb
And pencil from his finger.

II.

Blind—not dumb,
Else, Gerard, were my inmost bowels stirred
With pity beyond pity: no, the word
Was left upon your unmolested lips:
Your mouth unsealed, despite of eyes' eclipse,
Talked all brain's yearning into birth. I lack
Somehow the heart to wish your practice back
Which boasted hand's achievement in a score
Of veritable pictures, less or more,
Still to be seen: myself have seen them,—moved
To pay due homage to the man I loved
Because of that prodigious book he wrote
On Artistry's Ideal, by taking note,
Making acquaintance with his artist-work.
So my youth's piety obtained success
Of all-too dubious sort: for, though it irk
To tell the issue, few or none would guess
From extant lines and colours, De Lairesse,

Your faculty, although each deftly-grouped
And aptly ordered figure-piece was judged
Worthy a prince's purchase in its day.
Bearded experience bears not to be duped
Like boyish fancy: 't was a boy that budged
No foot's breadth from your visioned steps away
The while that memorable "Walk" he trudged
In your companionship,—the Book must say
Where, when and whither,—"Walk," come what come may,
No measurer of steps on this our globe
Shall ever match for marvels. Faustus' robe,
And Fortunatus' cap were gifts of price:
But—oh, your piece of sober sound advice
That artists should descry abundant worth
In trivial commonplace, nor groan at dearth
If fortune bade the painter's craft be plied
In vulgar town and country! Why despond
Because hemmed round by Dutch canals? Beyond
The ugly actual, lo, on every side
Imagination's limitless domain
Displayed a wealth of wondrous sounds and sights
Ripe to be realized by poet's brain
Acting on painter's brush! "Ye doubt? Poor wights,
What if I set example, go before,
While you come after, and we both explore

Holland turned Dreamland, taking care to note
Objects whereto my pupils may devote
Attention with advantage?"

III.

So commenced
That "Walk" amid true wonders—none to you,
But huge to us ignobly common-sensed,
Purblind, while plain could proper optics view
In that old sepulchre by lightning split,
Whereof the lid bore carven,—any dolt
Imagines why,—Jove's very thunderbolt:
You who could straight perceive, by glance at it,
This tomb must needs be Phaeton's! In a trice,
Confirming that conjecture, close on hand,
Behold, half out, half in the ploughed-up sand,
A chariot-wheel explained its bolt-device:
What other than the Chariot of the Sun
Ever let drop the like? Consult the tome—*
I bid inglorious tarriers-at-home—
For greater still surprise the while that "Walk"
Went on and on, to end as it begun,
Choke-full of chances, changes, every one
No whit less wondrous. What was there to baulk

* *The Art of Painting, &c.*, by Gerard de Lairesse. Translated by J. F. Fritsch. 1778.

Us, who had eyes, from seeing? You with none
Missed not a marvel: wherefore? Let us talk.

IV.

Say am I right? Your sealed sense moved your mind,
Free from obstruction, to compassionate
Art's power left powerless, and supply the blind
With fancies worth all facts denied by fate.
Mind could invent things, and to—take away,
At pleasure, leave out trifles mean and base
Which vex the sight that cannot say them nay
But, where mind plays the master, have no place.
And bent on banishing was mind, be sure,
All except beauty from its mustered tribe
Of objects apparitional which lure
Painter to show and poet to describe—
That imagery of the antique song
Truer than truth's self. Fancy's rainbow-birth
Conceived mid clouds in Greece, could glance along
Your passage o'er Dutch veritable earth,
As with ourselves, who see, familiar throng
About our pacings men and women worth
Nowise a glance—so poets apprehend—
Since nought avails portraying them in verse:
While painters turn upon the heel, intend

To spare their work the critic's ready curse
Due to the daily and undignified.

v.

I who myself contentedly abide
Awake, nor want the wings of dream,—who tramp
Earth's common surface, rough, smooth, dry or damp,
—I understand alternatives, no less
—Conceive your soul's leap, Gerard de Lairesse!
How were it could I mingle false with true,
Boast, with the sights I see, your vision too?
Advantage would it prove or detriment
If I saw double? Could I gaze intent
On Dryope plucking the blossoms red,
As you, whereat her lote-tree writhed and bled,
Yet lose no gain, no hard fast wide-awake
Having and holding nature for the sake
Of nature only—nymph and lote-tree thus
Gained by the loss of fruit not fabulous,
Apple of English homesteads, where I see
Nor seek more than crisp buds a struggling bee
Uncrumples, caught by sweet he clambers through?
Truly, a moot point: make it plain to me,
Who, bee-like, sate sense with the simply true,
Nor seek to heighten that sufficiency

By help of feignings proper to the page—
Earth's surface-blank whereon the elder age
Put colour, poetizing—poured rich life
On what were else a dead ground—nothingness—
Until the solitary world grew rife
With Joves and Junos, nymphs and satyrs. Yes,
The reason was, fancy composed the strife
'Twixt sense and soul: for sense, my De Lairesse,
Cannot content itself with outward things,
Mere beauty: soul must needs know whence there springs—
How, when and why—what sense but loves, nor lists
To know at all.

VI.

Not one of man's acquists
Ought he resignedly to lose, methinks:
So, point me out which was it of the links
Snapt first, from out the chain which used to bind
Our earth to heaven, and yet for you, since blind,
Subsisted still efficient and intact?
Oh, we can fancy too! but somehow fact
Has got to—say, not so much push aside
Fancy, as to declare its place supplied
By fact unseen but no less fact the same,
Which mind bids sense accept. Is mind to blame

Or sense,—does that usurp, this abdicate?
First of all, as you "walked"—were it too late
For us to walk, if so we willed? Confess
We have the sober feet still, De Lairesse!
Why not the freakish brain too, that must needs
Supplement nature—not see flowers and weeds
Simply as such, but link with each and all
The ultimate perfection—what we call
Rightly enough the human shape divine?
The rose? No rose unless it disentwine
From Venus' wreath the while she bends to kiss
Her deathly love?

VII.

Plain retrogression, this!
No, no: we poets go not back at all:
What you did we could do—from great to small
Sinking assuredly: if this world last
One moment longer when Man finds its Past
Exceed its Present—blame the Protoplast!
If we no longer see as you of old,
'T is we see deeper. Progress for the bold!
You saw the body, 't is the soul we see.
Try now! Bear witness while you walk with me,
I see as you: if we loose arms, stop pace,
'T is that you stand still, I conclude the race

Without your company. Come, walk once more
The "Walk": if I to-day as you of yore
See just like you the blind—then sight shall cry
—The whole long day quite gone through—victory!

VIII.

Thunders on thunders, doubling and redoubling
Doom o'er the mountain, while a sharp white fire
Now shone, now sheared its rusty herbage, troubling
Hardly the fir-boles, now discharged its ire
Full where some pine-tree's solitary spire
Crashed down, defiant to the last: till—lo,
The motive of the malice!—all a-glow,
Circled with flame there yawned a sudden rift
I' the rock-face, and I saw a form erect
Front and defy the outrage, while—as checked,
Chidden, beside him dauntless in the drift—
Cowered a heaped creature, wing and wing outspread
In deprecation o'er the crouching head
Still hungry for the feast foregone awhile.
O thou, of scorn's unconquerable smile,
Was it when this—Jove's feathered fury—slipped
Gore-glutted from the heart's core whence he ripped—
This eagle-hound—neither reproach nor prayer—
Baffled, in one more fierce attempt to tear

Fate's secret from thy safeguard,—was it then
That all these thunders rent earth, ruined air
To reach thee, pay thy patronage of men?
He thundered,—to withdraw, as beast to lair,
Before the triumph on thy pallid brow.
Gather the night again about thee now,
Hate on, love ever! Morn is breaking there—
The granite ridge pricks through the mist, turns gold
As wrong turns right. O laughters manifold
Of ocean's ripple at dull earth's despair!

IX.

But morning's laugh sets all the crags alight
Above the baffled tempest: tree and tree
Stir themselves from the stupor of the night
And every strangled branch resumes its right
To breathe, shakes loose dark's clinging dregs, waves free
In dripping glory. Prone the runnels plunge,
While earth, distent with moisture like a sponge,
Smokes up, and leaves each plant its gem to see,
Each grass-blade's glory-glitter. Had I known
The torrent now turned river?—masterful
Making its rush o'er tumbled ravage—stone
And stub which barred the froths and foams: no bull

Ever broke bounds in formidable sport
More overwhelmingly, till lo, the spasm
Sets him to dare that last mad leap: report
Who may—his fortunes in the deathly chasm
That swallows him in silence! Rather turn
Whither, upon the upland, pedestalled
Into the broad day-splendour, whom discern
These eyes but thee, supreme one, rightly called
Moon-maid in heaven above and, here below,
Earth's huntress-queen? I note the garb succinct
Saving from smirch that purity of snow
From breast to knee—snow's self with just the tinct
Of the apple-blossom's heart-blush. Ah, the bow
Slack-strung her fingers grasp, where, ivory-linked
Horn curving blends with horn, a moonlike pair
Which mimic the brow's crescent sparkling so—
As if a star's live restless fragment winked
Proud yet repugnant, captive in such hair!
What hope along the hillside, what far bliss
Lets the crisp hair-plaits fall so low they kiss
Those lucid shoulders? Must a morn so blithe,
Needs have its sorrow when the twang and hiss
Tell that from out thy sheaf one shaft makes writhe
Its victim, thou unerring Artemis?
Why did the chamois stand so fair a mark
Arrested by the novel shape he dreamed

Was bred of liquid marble in the dark
Depths of the mountain's womb which ever teemed
With novel births of wonder? Not one spark
Of pity in that steel-grey glance which gleamed
At the poor hoof's protesting as it stamped
Idly the granite? Let me glide unseen
From thy proud presence: well mayst thou be queen
Of all those strange and sudden deaths which damped
So oft Love's torch and Hymen's taper lit
For happy marriage till the maidens paled
And perished on the temple-step, assailed
By—what except to envy must man's wit
Impute that sure implacable release
Of life from warmth and joy? But death means peace.

X.

Noon is the conqueror,—not a spray, nor leaf,
Nor herb, nor blossom but has rendered up
Its morning dew: the valley seemed one cup
Of cloud-smoke, but the vapour's reign was brief,
Sun-smitten, see, it hangs—the filmy haze—
Grey-garmenting the herbless mountain-side,
To soothe the day's sharp glare: while far and wide
Above unclouded burns the sky, one blaze
With fierce immitigable blue, no bird

Ventures to spot by passage. E'en of peaks
Which still presume there, plain each pale point speaks
In wan transparency of waste incurred
By over-daring: far from me be such!
Deep in the hollow, rather, where combine
Tree, shrub and briar to roof with shade and cool
The remnant of some lily-strangled pool,
Edged round with mossy fringing soft and fine.
Smooth lie the bottom slabs, and overhead
Watch elder, bramble, rose, and service-tree
And one beneficent rich barberry
Jewelled all over with fruit-pendents red.
What have I seen! O Satyr, well I know
How sad thy case, and what a world of woe
Was hid by the brown visage furry-framed
Only for mirth: who otherwise could think—
Marking thy mouth gape still on laughter's brink,
Thine eyes a-swim with merriment unnamed
But haply guessed at by their furtive wink?
And all the while a heart was panting sick
Behind that shaggy bulwark of thy breast—
Passion it was that made those breath-bursts thick
I took for mirth subsiding into rest.
So, it was Lyda—she of all the train
Of forest-thridding nymphs,—'t was only she
Turned from thy rustic homage in disdain,

Saw but that poor uncouth outside of thee,
And, from her circling sisters, mocked a pain
Echo had pitied—whom Pan loved in vain—
For she was wishful to partake thy glee,
Mimic thy mirth—who loved her not again,
Savage for Lyda's sake. She crouches there—
Thy cruel beauty, slumberously laid
Supine on heaped-up beast-skins, unaware
Thy steps have traced her to the briery glade,
Thy greedy hands disclose the cradling lair,
Thy hot eyes reach and revel on the maid!

XI.

Now, what should this be for? The sun's decline
Seems as he lingered lest he lose some act
Dread and decisive, some prodigious fact
Like thunder from the safe sky's sapphirine
About to alter earth's conditions, packed
With fate for nature's self that waits, aware
What mischief unsuspected in the air
Menaces momently a cataract.
Therefore it is that yonder space extends
Untrenched upon by any vagrant tree,
Shrub, weed well nigh; they keep their bounds, leave free

The platform for what actors? Foes or friends,
Here come they trooping silent: heaven suspends
Purpose the while they range themselves. I see!
Bent on a battle, two vast powers agree
This present and no after-contest ends
One or the other's grasp at rule in reach
Over the race of man—host fronting host,
As statue statue fronts—wrath-molten each,
Solidified by hate,—earth halved almost,
To close once more in chaos. Yet two shapes
Show prominent, each from the universe
Of minions round about him, that disperse
Like cloud-obstruction when a bolt escapes.
Who flames first? Macedonian is it thou?
Ay, and who fronts thee, King Darius, drapes
His form with purple, fillet-folds his brow.

XII.

What, then the long day dies at last? Abrupt
The sun that seemed, in stooping, sure to melt
Our mountain ridge, is mastered: black the belt
Of westward crags, his gold could not corrupt,
Barriers again the valley, lets the flow
Of lavish glory waste itself away
—Whither? For new climes, fresh eyes breaks the day!

Night was not to be baffled. If the glow
Were all that 's gone from us! Did clouds, afloat
So filmily but now, discard no rose,
Sombre throughout the fleeciness that grows
A sullen uniformity. I note
Rather displeasure,—in the overspread
Change from the swim of gold to one pale lead
Oppressive to malevolence,—than late
Those amorous yearnings when the aggregate
Of cloudlets pressed that each and all might sate
Its passion and partake in relics red
Of day's bequeathment: now, a frown instead
Estranges, and affrights who needs must fare
On and on till his journey ends: but where?
Caucasus? Lost now in the night. Away
And far enough lies that Arcadia.
The human heroes tread the world's dark way
No longer. Yet I dimly see almost—
Yes, for my last adventure! 'T is a ghost.
So drops away the beauty! There he stands
Voiceless, scarce strives with deprecating hands

XIII.

Enough! Stop further fooling, De Lairesse!
My fault, not yours! Some fitter way express

Heart's satisfaction that the Past indeed
Is past, gives way before Life's best and last,
The all-including Future! What were life
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal
Of some all-reconciling Future? Soul,
Nothing has been which shall not bettered be
Hereafter,—leave the root, by law's decree
Whence springs the ultimate and perfect tree!
Busy thee with unearthing root? Nay, climb—
Quit trunk, branch, leaf and flower—reach, rest sublime
Where fruitage ripens in the blaze of day!
O'erlook, despise, forget, throw flower away,
Intent on progress? No whit more than stop
Ascent therewith to dally, screen the top
Sufficiency of yield by interposed
Twistwork bold foot gets free from. Wherefore glozed
The poets—"Dream afresh old godlike shapes,
Recapture ancient fable that escapes,
Push back reality, repeople earth
With vanished falseness, recognize no worth
In fact new-born unless 't is rendered back
Pallid by fancy, as the western rack
Of fading cloud bequeaths the lake some gleam
Of its gone glory!"

XIV.

Let things be—not seem,
I counsel rather,—do, and nowise dream!
Earth's young significance is all to learn:
The dead Greek lore lies buried in the urn
Where who seeks fire finds ashes. Ghost, forsooth!
What was the best Greece babbled of as truth?
"A shade, a wretched nothing,—sad, thin, drear,
Cold, dark, it holds on to the lost loves here,
If hand have haply sprinkled o'er the dead
Three charitable dust-heaps, made mouth red
One moment by the sip of sacrifice:
Just so much comfort thaws the stubborn ice
Slow-thickening upward till it choke at length
The last faint flutter craving—not for strength,
Not beauty, not the riches and the rule
O'er men that made life life indeed." Sad school
Was Hades! Gladly,—might the dead but slink
To life back,—to the dregs once more would drink
Each interloper, drain the humblest cup
Fate mixes for humanity.

XV.

Cheer up,—
Be death with me, as with Achilles erst,

Of Man's calamities the last and worst:
Take it so! By proved potency that still
Makes perfect, be assured, come what come will,
What once lives never dies—what here attains
To a beginning, has no end, still gains
And never loses aught: when, where, and how—
Lies in Law's lap. What 's death then? Even now
With so much knowledge is it hard to bear
Brief interposing ignorance? Is care
For a creation found at fault just there—
There where the heart breaks bond and outruns time,
To reach, not follow what shall be?

XVI.

Here 's rhyme
Such as one makes now,—say, when Spring repeats
That miracle the Greek Bard sadly greets:
"Spring for the tree and herb—no Spring for us!"
Let Spring come: why, a man salutes her thus·

Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There 's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows!

WITH CHARLES AVISON.

I.

How strange!—but, first of all, the little fact
Which led my fancy forth. This bitter morn
Showed me no object in the stretch forlorn
Of garden-ground beneath my window, backed
By yon worn wall wherefrom the creeper, tacked
To clothe its brickwork, hangs now, rent and racked
By five months' cruel winter,—showed no torn
And tattered ravage worse for eyes to see
Than just one ugly space of clearance, left
Bare even of the bones which used to be
Warm wrappage, safe embracement: this one cleft—
—O what a life and beauty filled it up
Startlingly, when methought the rude clay cup
Ran over with poured bright wine! 'T was a bird
Breast-deep there, tugging at his prize, deterred
No whit by the fast-falling snow-flake: gain
Such prize my blackcap must by might and main—

The cloth-shred, still a-flutter from its nail
That fixed a spray once. Now, what told the tale
To thee,—no townsman but born orchard-thief,—
That here—surpassing moss-tuft, beard from sheaf
Of sun-scorched barley, horsehairs long and stout,
All proper country-pillage – here, no doubt,
Was just the scrap to steal should line thy nest
Superbly? Off he flew, his bill possessed
The booty sure to set his wife's each wing
Greenly a-quiver. How they climb and cling,
Hang parrot-wise to bough, these blackcaps! Strange
Seemed to a city-dweller that the finch
Should stray so far to forage: at a pinch,
Was not the fine wool's self within his range
—Filchings on every fence? But no: the need
Was of this rag of manufacture, spoiled
By art, and yet by nature near unsoiled,
New-suited to what scheming finch would breed
In comfort, this uncomfortable March.

II.

Yet—by the first pink blossom on the larch!—
This was scarce stranger than that memory,—
In want of what should cheer the stay-at-home,
My soul,—must straight clap pinion, well nigh roam

A century back, nor once close plume, descry
The appropriate rag to plunder, till she pounced—
Prey, on what relic of a brain long still?
What old-world work proved forage for the bill
Of memory the far-flyer? "March" announced,
I verily believe, the dead and gone
Name of a music-maker: one of such
In England as did little or did much,
But, doing, had their day once. Avison!
Singly and solely for an air of thine,
Bold-stepping "March," foot stept to ere my hand
Could stretch an octave, I o'erlooked the band
Of majesties familiar, to decline
On thee—not too conspicuous on the list
Of worthies who by help of pipe or wire
Expressed in sound rough rage or soft desire—
Thou, whilom of Newcastle organist!

III.

So much could one—well, thinnish air effect
Am I ungrateful? for, your March, styled "Grand,"
Did veritably seem to grow, expand,
And greaten up to title as, unchecked,
Dream-marchers marched, kept marching, slow and sure,
In time, to tune, unchangeably the same,

From nowhere into nowhere, out they came,
Onward they passed, and in they went. No lure
Of novel modulation pricked the flat
Forthright persisting melody,—no hint
That discord, sound asleep beneath the flint,
-Struck might spring spark-like, claim due tit-for-tat,
Quenched in a concord. No! Yet, such the might
Of quietude's immutability,
That somehow coldness gathered warmth, well nigh
Quickened—which could not be!—grew burning-bright
With fife-shriek, cymbal-clash and trumpet-blare,
To drum-accentuation: pacing turned
Striding, and striding grew gigantic, spurned
At last the narrow space 'twixt earth and air,
So shook me back into my sober self.

IV.

And where woke I? The March had set me down
There whence I plucked the measure, as his brown
Frayed flannel-bit my blackcap. Great John Relfe,
Master of mine, learned, redoubtable,
It little needed thy consummate skill
To fitly figure such a bass! The key
Was—should not memory play me false -well, C.
Ay, with the Greater Third, in Triple Time,

Three crotchets to a bar: no change, I grant,
Except from Tonic down to Dominant.
And yet—and yet – if I could put in rhyme
The manner of that marching!—which had stopped
—I wonder, where?—but that my weak self dropped
From out the ranks, to rub eyes disentranced
And feel that, after all the way advanced,
Back must I foot it, I and my compeers,
Only to reach, across a hundred years,
The bandsman Avison whose little book
And large tune thus had led me the long way
(As late a rag my blackcap) from to-day
And to-day's music-manufacture,—Brahms,
Wagner, Dvorak, Liszt,—to where—trumpets, shawms,
Show yourselves joyful!—Handel reigns—supreme?
By no means! Buononcini's work is theme
For fit laudation of the impartial few:
(We stand in England, mind you!) Fashion too
Favours Geminiani--of those choice
Concertos: nor there wants a certain voice
Raised in thy favour likewise, famed Pepusch
Dear to our great-grandfathers! In a bush
Of Doctor's wig, they prized thee timing beats
While Greenway trilled "Alexis." Such were feats
Of music in thy day—dispute who list—
Avison, of Newcastle organist!

v.

And here 's your music all alive once more—
As once it was alive, at least: just so
The figured worthies of a waxwork-show
Attest—such people, years and years ago,
Looked thus when outside death had life below,
—Could say "We are now," not "We were of yore,"
—"Feel how our pulses leap!" and not "Explore—
Explain why quietude has settled o'er
Surface once all-awork!" Ay, such a "Suite"
Roused heart to rapture, such a "Fugue" would
catch
Soul heavenwards up, when time was: why attach
Blame to exhausted faultlessness, no match
For fresh achievement? Feat once—ever feat!
How can completion grow still more complete?
Hear Avison! He tenders evidence
That music in his day as much absorbed
Heart and soul then as Wagner's music now.
Perfect from centre to circumference—
Orbed to the full can be but fully orbed:
And yet—and yet—whence comes it that "O Thou"—
Sighed by the soul at eve to Hesperus—
Will not again take wing and fly away
(Since fatal Wagner fixed it fast for us)

In some unmodulated minor? Nay,
Even by Handel's help!

VI.

I state it thus:
There is no truer truth obtainable
By Man than comes of music. "Soul"—(accept
A word which vaguely names what no adept
In word-use fits and fixes so that still
Thing shall not slip word's fetter and remain
Innominate as first, yet, free again,
Is no less recognized the absolute
Fact underlying that same other fact
Concerning which no cavil can dispute
Our nomenclature when we call it "Mind"—
Something not Matter)—"Soul," who seeks shall find
Distinct beneath that something. You exact
An illustrative image? This may suit.

VII.

We see a work: the worker works behind,
Invisible himself. Suppose his act
Be to o'erarch a gulf: he digs, transports,
Shapes and, through enginery—all sizes, sorts,
Lays stone by stone until a floor compact

Proves our bridged causeway. So works Mind—by stress
Of faculty, with loose facts, more or less,
Builds up our solid knowledge: all the same,
Underneath rolls what Mind may hide not tame,
An element which works beyond our guess,
Soul, the unsounded sea—whose lift of surge,
Spite of all superstructure, lets emerge,
In flower and foam, Feeling from out the deeps
Mind arrogates no mastery upon—
Distinct indisputably. Has there gone
To dig up, drag forth, render smooth from rough
Mind's flooring,—operosity enough?
Still the successive labour of each inch,
Who lists may learn: from the last turn of winch
That let the polished slab-stone find its place,
To the first prod of pick-axe at the base
Of the unquarried mountain,—what was all
Mind's varied process except natural,
Nay, easy, even, to descry, describe,
After our fashion? "So worked Mind: its tribe
Of senses ministrant above, below,
Far, near, or now or haply long ago
Brought to pass knowledge." But Soul's sea,—drawn whence,
Fed how, forced whither,—by what evidence
Of ebb and flow, that 's felt beneath the tread,

Soul has its course 'neath Mind's work overhead,—
Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of Soul?
Yet wherefore heaving sway and restless roll
This side and that, except to emulate
Stability above? To match and mate
Feeling with knowledge,—make as manifest
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as rest,
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears, that rise and sink
Ceaselessly, passion's transient flit and wink,
A ripple's tinting or a spume-sheet's spread
Whitening the wave,—to strike all this life dead,
Run mercury into a mould like lead,
And henceforth have the plain result to show—
How we Feel, hard and fast as what we Know—
This were the prize and is the puzzle!—which
Music essays to solve: and here 's the hitch
That baulks her of full triumph else to boast.

VIII.

All Arts endeavour this, and she the most
Attains thereto, yet fails of touching: why?
Does Mind get Knowledge from Art's ministry?
What 's known once is known ever: Arts arrange,
Dissociate, re-distribute, interchange
Part with part, lengthen, broaden, high or deep

Construct their bravest,—still such pains produce
Change, not creation: simply what lay loose
At first lies firmly after, what design
Was faintly traced in hesitating line
Once on a time, grows firmly resolute
Henceforth and evermore. Now, could we shoot
Liquidity into a mould,—some way
Arrest Soul's evanescent moods, and keep
Unalterably still the forms that leap
To life for once by help of Art!—which yearns
To save its capture: Poetry discerns,
Painting is 'ware of passion's rise and fall,
Bursting, subsidence, intermixture—all
A-seethe within the gulf. Each Art a-strain
Would stay the apparition,—nor in vain:
The Poet's word-mesh, Painter's sure and swift
Colour-and-line-throw—proud the prize they lift!
Thus felt Man and thus looked Man,—passions caught
I' the midway swim of sea,—not much, if aught,
Of nether-brooding loves, hates, hopes and fears,
Enwombed past Art's disclosure. Fleet the years,
And still the Poet's page holds Helena
At gaze from topmost Troy—"But where are they,
My brothers, in the armament I name
Hero by hero? Can it be that shame
For their lost sister holds them from the war?"

—Knowing not they already slept afar
Each of them in his own dear native land.
Still on the Painter's fresco, from the hand
Of God takes Eve the life-spark whereunto
She trembles up from nothingness. Outdo
Both of them, Music! Dredging deeper yet,
Drag into day,—by sound, thy master-net,—
The abysmal bottom-growth, ambiguous thing
Unbroken of a branch, palpitating
With limbs' play and life's semblance! There it lies
Marvel and mystery, of mysteries
And marvels, most to love and laud thee for!
Save it from chance and change we most abhor!
Give momentary feeling permanence,
So that thy capture hold, a century hence,
Truth's very heart of truth as, safe to-day,
The Painter's Eve, the Poet's Helena,
Still rapturously bend, afar still throw
The wistful gaze! Thanks, Homer, Angelo!
Could Music rescue thus from Soul's profound,
Give feeling immortality by sound,
Then were she queenliest of Arts! Alas—
As well expect the rainbow not to pass!
"Praise 'Radaminta'—love attains therein
To perfect utterance! Pity—what shall win
Thy secret like 'Rinaldo'?"—so men said:

Once all was perfume—now, the flower is dead—
They spied tints, sparks have left the spar! Love, hate,
Joy, fear, survive,—alike importunate
As ever to go walk the world again,
Nor ghost-like pant for outlet all in vain
Till Music loose them, fit each filmily
With form enough to know and name it by
For any recognizer sure of ken
And sharp of ear, no grosser denizen
Of earth than needs be. Nor to such appeal
Is Music long obdurate: off they steal—
How gently, dawn doomed phantoms! back come they
Full-blooded with new crimson of broad day—
Passion made palpable once more. Ye look
Your last on Handel? Gaze your first on Gluck!
Why wistful search, O waning ones, the chart
Of stars for you while Haydn, while Mozart
Occupies heaven? These also, fanned to fire,
Flamboyant wholly,—so perfections tire,—
Whiten to wanness, till . . . let others note
The ever-new invasion!

IX.

I devote
Rather my modicum of parts to use
What power may yet avail to re-infuse

(In fancy, please you !) sleep that looks like death
With momentary liveliness, lend breath
To make the torpor half inhale. O Relfe,
An all-unworthy pupil, from the shelf
Of thy laboratory, dares unstop
Bottle, ope box, extract thence pinch and drop
Of dusts and dews a many thou didst shrine
Each in its right receptacle, assign
To each its proper office, letter large
Label and label, then with solemn charge,
Reviewing learnedly the list complete
Of chemical reactives, from thy feet
Push down the same to me, attent below,
Power in abundance: armed wherewith I go
To play the enlivener. Bring good antique stuff!
Was it alight once? Still lives spark enough
For breath to quicken, run the smouldering ash
Red right-through. What, "stone-dead" were fools
so rash
As style my Avison, because he lacked
Modern appliance, spread out phrase unracked
By modulations fit to make each hair
Stiffen upon his wig? See there—and there!
I sprinkle my reactives, pitch broadcast
Discords and resolutions, turn aghast
Melody's easy-going, jostle law

With licence, modulate (no Bach in awe),
Change enharmonically (Hudl to thank),
And lo, upstart the flamelets,—what was blank
Turns scarlet, purple, crimson! Straightway scanned
By eyes that like new lustre — Love once more
Yearns through the Largo, Hatred as before
Rages in the Rubato: e'en thy March
My Avison, which, sooth to say — (ne'er arch
Eyebrows in anger!)—timed, in Georgian years
The step precise of British Grenadiers
To such a nicety,—if score I crowd,
If rhythm I break, if beats I vary,—tap
At bar's off-starting turns true thunder-clap,
Ever the pace augmented till—what 's here?
Titanic striding toward Olympus!

X.

Fear
No such irreverent innovation! Still
Glide on, go rolling, water-like, at will—
Nay, were thy melody in monotone,
The due three-parts dispensed with!

XI.

This alone
Comes of my tiresome talking: Music's throne

Seats somebody whom somebody unseats,
And whom in turn—by who knows what new feats
Of strength,—shall somebody as sure push down,
Consign him dispossessed of sceptre, crown,
And orb imperial—whereto?—Never dream
That what once lived shall ever die! They seem
Dead—do they? lapsed things lost in limbo? Bring
Our life to kindle theirs, and straight each king
Starts, you shall see, stands up, from head to foot
No inch that is not Purcell! Wherefore? (Suit
Measure to subject, first—no marching on
Yet in thy bold C major, Avison,
As suited step a minute since: no: wait—
Into the minor key first modulate—
Gently with A, now—in the Lesser Third!)

XII.

Of all the lamentable debts incurred
By Man through buying knowledge, this were worst:
That he should find his last gain prove his first
Was futile—merely nescience absolute,
Not knowledge in the bud which holds a fruit
Haply undreamed of in the soul's Spring-tide,
Pursed in the petals Summer opens wide,
And Autumn, withering, rounds to perfect ripe,—
Not this,—but ignorance, a blur to wipe

From human records, late it graced so much.
"Truth—this attainment? Ah, but such and such
Beliefs of yore seemed inexpugnable
When we attained them! E'en as they, so will
This their successor have the due morn, noon,
Evening and night—just as an old-world tune
Wears out and drops away, until who hears
Smilingly questions—'This it was brought tears
Once to all eyes,—this roused heart's rapture once?'
So will it be with truth that, for the nonce,
Styles itself truth perennial: 'ware its wile!
Knowledge turns nescience,—foremost on the file,
Simply proves first of our delusions."

XIII.

Now—

Blare it forth, bold C Major! Lift thy brow,
Man, the immortal, that wast never fooled
With gifts no gifts at all, nor ridiculed—
Man knowing—he who nothing knew! As Hope,
Fear, Joy, and Grief,—though ampler stretch and scope
They seek and find in novel rhythm, fresh phrase,—
Were equally existent in far days
Of Music's dim beginning—even so,
Truth was at full within thee long ago,
Alive as now it takes what latest shape

May startle thee by strangeness. 'Truths escape
Time's insufficient garniture: they fade,
They fall - those sheathings now grown sere, whose aid
Was infinite to truth they wrapped, saved fine
And free through March frost: May dews crystalline
Nourish truth merely,—does June boast the fruit
As—not new vesture merely but, to boot,
Novel creation? Soon shall fade and fall
Myth after myth—the husk-like lies I call
New truth's corolla-safeguard: Autumn comes,
So much the better!

XIV.

Therefore—bang the drums,
Blows the trumpets, Avison! March-motive? that 's
Truth which endures resetting. Sharps and flats,
Lavish at need, shall dance athwart thy score
When ophicleide and bombardon's uproar
Mate the approaching trample, even now
Big in the distance—or my ears deceive—
Of federated England, fitly weave
March music for the Future!

XV.

Or suppose
Back, and not forward, transformation goes?

Once more some sable-stoled procession—say,
From Little-ease to Tyburn—wends its way,
Out of the dungeon to the gallows-tree
Where heading, hacking, hanging is to be
Of half-a-dozen recusants—this day
Three hundred years ago! How duly drones
Elizabethan plain-song—dim antique
Grown clarion-clear the while I humbly wreak
A classic vengeance on thy March! It moans—
Larges and Longs and Breves displacing quite
Crotchet-and-quaver pertness—brushing bars
Aside and filling vacant sky with stars
Hidden till now that day returns to night.

XVI.

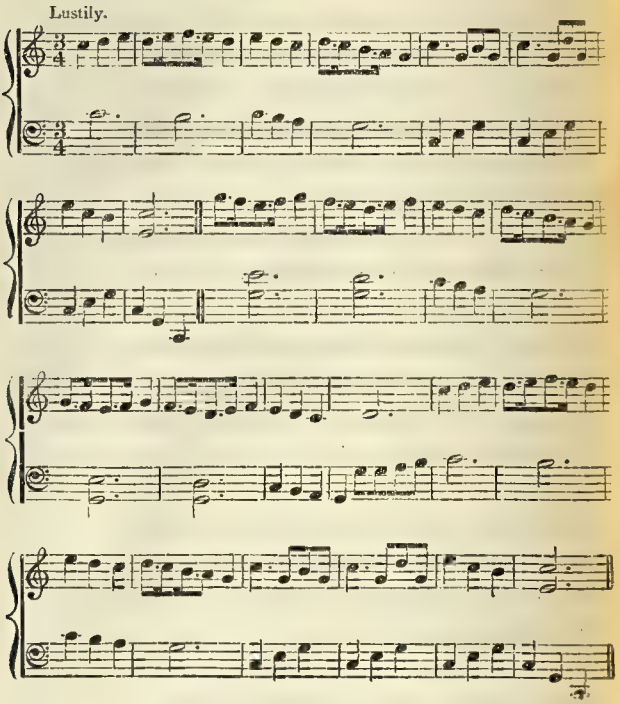
Nor night nor day: one purpose move us both,
Be thy mood mine! As thou wast minded, Man's
The cause our music champions: I were loth
To think we cheered our troop to Preston Pans
Ignobly: back to times of England's best!
Parliament stands for privilege life and limb
Guards Hollis, Haselrig, Strode, Hampden, Pym,
The famous Five. There 's rumour of arrest.
Bring up the Train Bands, Southwark! They protest:
Shall we not all join chorus? Hark the hymn,

—Rough, rude, robustious—homely heart a-throb,
Harsh voice a-hallo, as beseems the mob!
How good is noise! what 's silence but despair
Of making sound match gladness never there?
Give me some great glad "subject," glorious Bach,
Where cannon-roar not organ-peal we lack!
Join in, give voice robustious rude and rough,—
Avison helps—so heart lend noise enough!

Fife, trump, drum, sound! and singers then,
Marching, say "Pym, the man of men!"
Up, heads, your proudest—out, throats, your loudest—
"Somerset's Pym!"

Strafford from the block, Eliot from the den,
Foes, friends, shout "Pym, our citizen!"
Wail, the foes he quelled,—hail, the friends he held,
"Tavistock's Pym!"

Hearts prompt heads, hands that ply the pen
Teach babes unborn the where and when
—Tyrants, he braved them,—patriots, he saved them—
"Westminster's Pym!"


Lustily.

FUST AND HIS FRIENDS.

AN EPILOGUE.

Inside the House of Fust, Mayence, 1457.

FIRST FRIEND.

Up, up, up– next step of the staircase
Lands us, lo, at the chamber of dread!

SECOND FRIEND.

Locked and barred?

THIRD FRIEND.

Door open– the rare case!

FOURTH FRIEND.

Ay, there he leans—lost wretch!

FIFTH FRIEND.

His head
Sunk on his desk 'twixt his arms outspread!

SIXTH FRIEND.

Hallo,—wake, man, ere God thunderstrike Mayence
—Mulct for thy sake who art Satan's, John Fust!
Satan installed here, God's rule in abeyance,
Mayence some morning may crumble to dust.
Answer our questions thou shalt and thou must!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Softly and fairly! Wherefore a-gloom?
Greet us, thy gossipry, cousin and sib!
Raise the forlorn brow, Fust! Make room—
Let daylight through arms which, enfolding thee, crib
From those clenched lids the comfort of sunshine!

FIRST FRIEND.

So glib
Thy tongue slides to "comfort" already? Not mine!
Behoves us deal roundly: the wretch is distraught
—Too well I guess wherefore! Behoves a Divine

—Such as I, by grace, boast me—to threaten one caught
In the enemy's toils,—setting "comfort" at nought.

SECOND FRIEND.

Nay, Brother, so hasty? I heard—nor long since—
Of a certain Black Artsman who,—helplessly bound
By rash pact with Satan,—through paying—why mince
The matter?—fit price to the Church,—safe and sound
Full a year after death in his grave-clothes was found.

Whereas 't is notorious the Fiend claims his due
During lifetime,—comes clawing, with talons a-flame,
The soul from the flesh-rags left smoking and blue:
So it happed with John Faust; lest John Fust fare the same,—
Look up, I adjure thee by God's holy name!

For neighbours and friends—no foul hell-brood flock we!
Saith Solomon "Words of the wise are as goads:"
Ours prick but to startle from torpor, set free
Soul and sense from death's drowse.

FIRST FRIEND.

And soul, wakened, unloads
Much sin by confession : no mere palinodes !

—"I was youthful and wanton, am old yet no sage :
When angry I cursed, struck and slew : did I want?
Right and left did I rob : though no war I dared wage
With the Church (God forbid !)—harm her least minis-
trant—
Still I outraged all else. Now that strength is grown
scant,

I am probity's self"—no such bleatings as these !
But avowal of guilt so enormous, it baulks
Tongue's telling. Yet penitence prompt may appease
God's wrath at thy bond with the Devil who stalks
—Strides hither to strangle thee !

FUST.

Childhood so talks.

Not rare wit nor ripe age—ye boast them, my neigh-
bours !—
Should lay such a charge on your townsman, this Fust

Who, known for a life spent in pleasures and labours
If freakish yet venial, could scarce be induced
To traffic with fiends.

FIRST FRIEND.

So, my words have unloosed

A plie from those pale lips corrugate but now?

FUST.

Lost count me, yet not as ye lean to surmise.

FIRST FRIEND.

To surmise? to establish! Unbury that brow!
Look up, that thy judge may read clear in thine eyes!

SECOND FRIEND.

By your leave, Brother Barnabite! Mine to advise!

—Who arraign thee, John Fust! What was bruited erewhile
Now bellows through Mayence. All cry—thou hast trucked

Salvation away for lust's solace! Thy smile
Takes its hue from hell's smoulder!

FUST.

Too certain! I sucked
—Got drunk at the nipple of sense.

SECOND FRIEND.

Thou hast ducked—

Art drowned there, say rather! Faugh—fleshly disport!
How else but by help of Sir Belial didst win
That Venus-like lady, no drudge of thy sort
Could lure to become his accomplice in sin?
Folk nicknamed her Helen of Troy!

FIRST FRIEND.

Best begin

At the very beginning. Thy father,—all knew,
A mere goldsmith . . .

FUST.

Who knew him, perchance may know this—
He dying left much gold and jewels no few:
Whom these help to court with but seldom shall miss
The love of a leman: true witchcraft, I wis!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost flout me? 'T is said, in debauchery's guild
Admitted prime guttler and guzzler—O swine!—
To honour thy headship, those toss-pots so swilled
That out of their table there sprouted a vine
Whence each claimed a cluster, awaiting thy sign

To out knife, off mouthful: when—who could suppose
Such malice in magic?—each sot woke and found
Cold steel but an inch from the neighbour's red nose
He took for a grape-bunch!

FUST.

Does that so astound
Sagacity such as ye boast,—who surround

Your mate with eyes staring, hairs standing erect
At his magical feats? Are good burghers unversed
In the humours of toping? Full oft, I suspect,
Ye, counting your fingers, call thumbkin their first,
And reckon a groat every guilder disbursed.

What marvel if wags, while the skinker fast brimmed
Their glass with rare tipple's enticement, should gloat

-- Befooled and beflustered—through optics drink-dimmed—
On this draught and that, till each found in his throat
Our Rhenish smack rightly as Raphal? For, note —

They fancied—their fuddling deceived them so grossly—
That liquor sprang out of the table itself
Through gimlet-holes drilled there,—nor noticed how closely
The skinker kept plying my guests, from the shelf
O'er their heads, with the potable madness. No elf

Had need to persuade them a vine rose umbrageous,
Fruit-bearing, thirst-quenching! Enough! I confess
To many such fool-pranks, but none so outrageous
That Satan was called in to help me: excess
I own to, I grieve at—no more and no less.

SECOND FRIEND.

Strange honours were heaped on thee -- medal for breast,
Chain for neck, sword for thigh: not a lord of the land
But acknowledged thee peer! What ambition possessed
A goldsmith by trade, with craft's grime on his hand,
To seek such associates?

FUST.

Spare taunts! Understand—

I submit me! Of vanities under the sun,
Pride seized me at last as concupiscence first,
Crapulosity ever: true Fiends, everyone,
Haled this way and that my poor soul: thus amerced—
Forgive and forget me!

FIRST FRIEND.

Had flesh sinned the worst,

Yet help were in counsel: the Church could absolve:
But say not men truly thou barredst escape
By signing and sealing . . .

SECOND FRIEND.

On me must devolve
The task of extracting . . .

FIRST FRIEND.

Shall Barnabites ape
Us Dominican experts?

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, Masters,—agape
When Hell yawns for a soul, 't is myself claim the task
Of extracting, by just one plain question, God's truth!
Where 's Peter Genesheim thy partner? I ask
Why, cloistered up still in thy room, the pale youth
Slaves tongue-tied—thy trade brooks no tattling forsooth!

No less he, thy *famulus*, suffers entrapping,
Succumbs to good fellowship: barrel a-broach
Runs freely nor needs any subsequent tapping:
Quoth Peter "That room, none but I dare approach,
Holds secrets will help me to ride in my coach."

He prattles, we profit: in brief, he assures
Thou hast taught him to speak so that all men may hear
—Each alike, wide world over, Jews, Pagans, Turks, Moors,
The same as we Christians—speech heard far and near
At one and the same magic moment!

FUST.

That 's clear!
Said he—how?

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Is it like he was licensed to learn?
Who doubts but thou dost this by aid of the Fiend?
Is it so? So it is, for thou smilest! Go, burn
To ashes, since such proves thy portion, unscreened
By bell, book and candle! Yet lately I weened

Balm yet was in Gilead,—some healing in store
For the friend of my bosom. Men said thou wast sunk
In a sudden despondency: not, as before,
Fust gallant and gay with his pottle and punk,
But sober, sad, sick as one yesterday drunk!

FUST.

Spare Fust, then, thus contrite!—who, youthful and healthy,
Equipped for life's struggle with culture of mind,
Sound flesh and sane soul in coherence, born wealthy,
Nay, wise—how he wasted endowment designed
For the glory of God and the good of mankind!

That much were misused such occasions of grace
Ye well may upbraid him, who bows to the rod.

But this should bid anger to pity give place—
He has turned from the wrong, in the right path to plod,
Makes amends to mankind and craves pardon of God.

Yea, friends, even now from my lips the "*Heureka*—
Soul saved!" was nigh bursting—unduly elate!
Have I brought Man advantage, or hatched — so to speak—a
Strange serpent, no cygnet? 'T is this I debate
Within me. Forbear, and leave Fust to his fate!

FIRST FRIEND.

So abject, late lofty? Methinks I spy respite.
Make clean breast, discover what mysteries hide
In thy room there!

SECOND FRIEND.

Ay, out with them! Do Satan despite
Remember what caused his undoing was pride!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dumb devil! Remains one resource to be tried!

SECOND FRIEND.

Exorcize!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Nay, first—is there any remembers
In substance that potent "*Ne pulvis*"—a psalm
Whereof some live spark haply lurks mid the embers
Which choke in my brain. Talk of "Gilead and balm"?
I mind me, sung half through, this gave such a qualm

To Asmodeus inside of a Hussite, that, queasy,
He broke forth in brimstone with curses. I 'm strong
In—at least the commencement: the rest should go easy,
Friends helping. "*Ne pulvis et ignis*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

All wrong!

FIFTH FRIEND.

I 've conned till I captured the whole.

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Get along!

"*Ne pulvis et cinis superbe te geras,*
Nam fulmina" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

Fiddlestick! Peace, dolts and dorrs!
Thus runs it "*Ne Numinis fulmina feras*"—
Then "*Hominis perfidi justa sunt sors*
Fulmen et grando et horrida mors."

SEVENTH FRIEND.

You blunder. "*Irati ne*" . . .

SIXTH FRIEND.

Mind your own business!

FIFTH FRIEND.

I do not so badly, who gained the monk's leave
To study an hour his choice parchment. A dizziness
May well have surprised me. No Christian dares thieve,
Or I scarce had returned him his treasure. These
cleave:

"*Nos pulvis et cinis, trementes, gementes,*
Venimus"—some such word—"*ad te, Domine.*

Da lumen, juvamen, ut sancta sequentes
Cor . . . corda . . ." Plague take it!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

—"*erecta sint spe.*"
Right text, ringing rhyme, and ripe Latin for me!

SIXTH FRIEND.

A Canon's self wrote it me fair: I was tempted
To part with the sheepskin.

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Didst grasp and let go
Such a godsend, thou Judas? My purse had been emptied
Ere part with the prize!

FUST.

Do I dream? Say ye so?
Clouds break, then! Move, world! I have gained my "*Pou sto*"!

I am saved: Archimedes, salute me!

OMNES.

Assistance!

Help, Angels! He summons . . . Aroint thee!—
by name,
His familiar!

FUST.

Approach!

OMNES.

Devil, keep thy due distance!

FUST.

Be tranquillized, townsmen! The knowledge ye claim
Behold, I prepare to impart Praise or blame,—

Your blessing or banning whatever betide me,
At last I accept The slow travail of years,
The long-teeming brain's birth—applaud me, deride me,—
At last claims revealment. Wait!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Wait till appears
Uncaged Archimedes cooped-up there?

SECOND FRIEND.

Who fears?

Here's have at thee!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Correctly now! "*Pulvis et cinis*" . . .

FUST.

The verse ye so value, it happens I hold
In my memory safe from *initium* to *finis*.
Word for word, I produce you the whole, plain enrolled,
Black letters, white paper—no scribe's red and gold!

OMNES.

Aroint thee!

FUST.

I go and return. [*He enters the inner room.*

FIRST FRIEND.

Ay, 't is "*ibis*"
No doubt: but as boldly "*redibis*"—who 'll say?
I rather conjecture "*in Orco peribis!*"

SEVENTH FRIEND.

Come, neighbours!

SIXTH FRIEND.

I 'm with you! Show courage and stay
Hell's outbreak? Sirs, cowardice here wins the day!

FIFTH FRIEND.

What luck had that student of Bamberg who ventured
To peep in the cell where a wizard of note
Was busy in getting some black deed debentured
By Satan? In dog's guise there sprang at his throat
A flame-breathing fury. Fust favours, I note,

An ugly huge lurcher!

SEVENTH FRIEND.

If I placed reliance
As thou, on the beads thou art telling so fast,
I 'd risk just a peep through the keyhole.

SIXTH FRIEND.

Appliance
Of ear might be safer. Five minutes are past.

OMNES.

Saints, save us! The door is thrown open at last!

FUST (*re-enters, the door closing behind him*).

As I promised, behold I perform! Apprehend you
The object I offer is poison or pest?
Receive without harm from the hand I extend you
A gift that shall set every scruple at rest!
Shrink back from mere paper-strips? Try them and test!

Still hesitate? Myk, was it thou who lamentedst
Thy five wits clean failed thee to render aright
A poem read once and no more?—who repentedst
Vile pelf had induced thee to banish from sight
The characters none but our clerics indite?

Take and keep!

FIRST FRIEND.

Blessed Mary and all Saints about her!

SECOND FRIEND.

What imps deal so deftly,—five minutes suffice
To play thus the penman?

THIRD FRIEND.

By Thomas the Doubter,
Five minutes, no more!

FOURTH FRIEND.

Out on arts that entice
Such scribes to do homage!

FIFTH FRIEND.

Stay! Once—and now twice—

Yea, a third time, my sharp eye completes the inspection
Of line after line, the whole series, and finds
Each letter join each—not a fault for detection!
Such upstrokes, such downstrokes, such strokes of all kinds
In the criss-cross, all perfect!

SIXTH FRIEND.

There 's nobody minds

His quill-craft with more of a conscience, o'erscratches
A sheepskin more nimbly and surely with ink,

Than Paul the Sub-Prior : here 's paper that matches
His parchment with letter on letter, no link
Overleapt—underlost !

SEVENTH FRIEND.

No erasure, I think—

No blot, I am certain !

FUST.

Accept the new treasure !

SIXTH FRIEND.

I remembered full half !

SEVENTH FRIEND.

But who other than I
(Bear witness, bystanders !) when he broke the measure
Repaired fault with "*fulmen*" ?

FUST.

Put bickerings by !
Here 's for thee—thee—and thee, too : at need a supply
[*distributing Proofs.*

For Mayence, though seventy times seven should muster!
How now? All so feeble of faith that no face
Which fronts me but whitens—or yellows, were juster?
Speak out lest I summon my Spirits!

OMNES.

Grace—grace!
Call none of thy—helpmates! We 'll answer apace!

My paper—and mine—and mine also—they vary
In nowise—agree in each tittle and jot!
Fust, how—why was this?

FUST.

Shall such "*Cur*" miss a "*quare*"?
Within, there! Throw doors wide! Behold who complot
To abolish the scribe's work — blur, blunder and blot!
[*The doors open, and the Press is discovered in operation.*
Brave full-bodied birth of this brain that conceived thee
In splendour and music,—sustained the slow drag

Of the days stretched to years dim with doubt,—yet believed thee,
Had faith in thy first leap of life! Pulse might flag—
—Mine fluttered how faintly!—Arch-moment might lag

Its longest—I bided, made light of endurance,
Held hard by the hope of an advent which—dreamed,
Is done now: night yields to the dawn's reassurance:
I have thee—I hold thee—my fancy that seemed,
My fact that proves palpable! Ay, Sirs, I schemed

Completion that 's fact: see this Engine—be witness
Yourselves of its working! Nay, handle my Types!
Each block bears a Letter: in order and fitness
I range them. Turn, Peter, the winch! See, it gripes
What 's under! Let loose—draw! In regular stripes

Lies plain, at one pressure, your poem—touched, tinted,
Turned out to perfection! The sheet, late a blank,
Filled—ready for reading,—not written but PRINTED!
Omniscient omnipotent God, Thee I thank,
Thee ever, Thee only!—Thy creature that shrank

From no task Thou, Creator, imposedst! Creation
Revealed me no object, from insect to Man,

But bore Thy hand's impress: earth glowed with salvation:
"Hast sinned? Be thou saved, Fust! Continue my plan,
Who spake and earth was: with my word things began.

"As sound so went forth, to the sight be extended
Word's mission henceforward! The task I assign,
Embrace—thy allegiance to evil is ended!
Have cheer, soul impregnate with purpose! Combine
Soul and body, give birth to my concept—called thine!

"Far and wide, North and South, East and West, have dominion
O'er thought, winged wonder, O Word! Traverse world
In sun-flash and sphere-song! Each beat of thy pinion
Bursts night, beckons day: once Truth's banner unfurled,
Where 's Falsehood? Sun-smitten, to nothingness hurled!"

More humbly—so, friends, did my fault find redemption.
I sinned, soul-entoiled by the tether of sense:
My captor reigned master: I plead no exemption
From Satan's award to his servant: defence
From the fiery and final assault would be—whence?

By making—as man might—to truth restitution!
Truth is God: trample lies and lies' father, God's foe!
Fix fact fast: truths change by an hour's revolution:
What deed's very doer, unaided, can show
How 't was done a year—month—week—day—minute ago?

At best, he relates it—another reports it—
A third—nay, a thousandth records it: and still
Narration, tradition, no step but distorts it,
As down from truth's height it goes sliding until
At the low level lie-mark it stops—whence no skill

Of the scribe, intervening too tardily, rescues
—Once fallen—lost fact from lie's fate there. What scribe
—Eyes horny with poring, hands crippled with desk-use,
Brains fretted by fancies—the volatile tribe
That tease weary watchers—can boast that no bribe

Shuts eye and frees hand and remits brain from toiling?
Truth gained—can we stay, at whatever the stage,
Truth a-slide,—save her snow from its ultimate soiling
In mire,—by some process, stamp promptly on page
Fact spoiled by pen's plodding, make truth heritage

Not merely of clerics, but poured out, full measure,
On clowns—every mortal endowed with a mind?
Read, gentle and simple! Let labour win leisure
At last to bid truth do all duty assigned,
Not pause at the noble but pass to the hind!

How bring to effect such swift sure simultaneous
Unlimited multiplication? How spread
By an arm-sweep a hand-throw—no helping extraneous—
Truth broadcast o'er Europe? "The goldsmith," I said,
"Graves limning on gold: why not letters on lead?"

So, Tuscan artificer, grudge not thy pardon
To me who played false, made a furtive descent,
Found the sly secret workshop,—thy genius kept guard on
Too slackly for once,—and surprised thee low-bent
O'er thy labour—some chalice thy tool would indent

With a certain free scroll-work framed round by a border
Of foliage and fruitage: no scratching so fine,
No shading so shy but, in ordered disorder,
Each flourish came clear,—unbewildered by shine,
On the gold, irretrievably right, lay each line.

How judge if thy hand worked thy will? By reviewing,
Revising again and again, piece by piece,
Tool's performance,—this way, as I watched. 'T was through glueing
A paper-like film-stuff—thin, smooth, void of crease,
On each cut of the graver: press hard! at release,

No mark on the plate, but the paper showed double:
His work might proceed: as he judged—space or speck
Up he filled, forth he flung—was relieved thus from trouble
Lest wrong—once—were right never more: what could check
Advancement, completion? Thus lay at my beck—

At my call—triumph likewise! "For," cried I, "what hinders
That graving turns Printing? Stamp one word—not one
But fifty such, phœnix-like, spring from death's cinders,—
Since death is word's doom, clerics hide from the sun
As some churl closets up this rare chalice." Go, run

Thy race now, Fust's child! High, O Printing, and holy
Thy mission! These types, see, I chop and I change

Till the words, every letter, a pageful, not slowly
Yet surely lies fixed: last of all, I arrange
A paper beneath, stamp it, loosen it!

FIRST FRIEND.

Strange!

SECOND FRIEND.

How simple exceedingly!

FUST.

Bustle, my Schœffer!
Set type,—quick, Genesheim! Turn screw now!

THIRD FRIEND

Just that!

FOURTH FRIEND.

And no such vast miracle!

FUST.

"Plough with my heifer,
Ye find out my riddle," quoth Samson, and pat
He speaks to the purpose. Grapes squeezed in the vat

Yield to sight and to taste what is simple—a liquid
Mere urchins may sip: but give time, let ferment—
You 've wine, manhood's master! Well, "*rectius si quid*
Novistis im-per-ti-te!" Wait the event,
Then weigh the result! But whate'er Thy intent,

O Thou, the one force in the whole variation
Of visible nature,—at work—do I doubt?—
From Thy first to our last, in perpetual creation—
A film hides us from Thee—'twixt inside and out,
A film, on this earth where Thou bringest about

New marvels, new forms of the glorious, the gracious,
We bow to, we bless for: no star bursts heaven's dome
But Thy finger impels it, no weed peeps audacious
Earth's clay-floor from out, but Thy finger makes room
For one world's-want the more in Thy Cosmos: presume

Shall Man, Microcosmos, to claim the conception
Of grandeur, of beauty, in thought, word or deed?
I toiled, but Thy light on my dubiousest step shone:
If I reach the glad goal, is it I who succeed
Who stumbled at starting tripped up by a reed,

Or Thou? Knowledge only and absolute, glory
As utter be Thine who concedest a spark
Of Thy spheric perfection to earth's transitory
Existences! Nothing that lives, but Thy mark
Gives law to—life's light: what is doomed to the dark?

Where 's ignorance? Answer, creation! What height,
What depth has escaped Thy commandment—to Know?
What birth in the ore-bed but answers aright
Thy sting at its heart which impels—bids "E'en so,
Not otherwise move or be motionless,—grow,

"Decline, disappear!" Is the plant in default
How to bud, when to branch forth? The bird and the beast
—Do they doubt if their safety be found in assault
Or escape? Worm or fly, of what atoms the least
But follows light's guidance,--will famish, not feast?

In such various degree, fly and worm, ore and plant,
All know, none is witless: around each, a wall
Encloses the portion, or ample or scant,
Of Knowledge: beyond which one hair's breadth, for all
Lies blank—not so much as a blackness—a pall

Some sense unimagined must penetrate: plain
Is only old licence to stand, walk or sit,
Move so far and so wide in the narrow domain
Allotted each nature for life's use: past it
How immensity spreads does he guess? Not a whit.

Does he care? Just as little. Without? No, within
Concerns him? he Knows. Man Ignores—thanks to Thee
Who madest him know, but—in knowing—begin
To know still new vastness of knowledge must be
Outside him—to enter, to traverse, in fee

Have and hold! "Oh, Man's ignorance!" hear the fool whine!
How were it, for better or worse, didst thou grunt
Contented with sapience—the lot of the swine
Who knows he was born for just truffles to hunt?—
Monks' Paradise—"*Semper sint res uti sunt!*"

No, Man's the prerogative—knowledge once gained—
To ignore,—find new knowledge to press for, to swerve
In pursuit of, no, not for a moment: attained—
Why, onward through ignorance! Dare and deserve!
As still to its asymptote speedeth the curve.

So approximates Man—Thee, who, reachable not,
Hast formed him to yearningly follow Thy whole
Sole and single omniscience!
Such, friends, is my lot:
I am back with the world: one more step to the goal
Thanks for reaching I render—Fust's help to Man's soul!

Mere mechanical help? So the hand gives a toss
To the falcon,—aloft once, spread pinions and fly,
Beat air far and wide, up and down and across!
My Press strains a-tremble: whose masterful eye
Will be first, in new regions, new truth to descry?

Give chase, soul! Be sure each new capture consigned
To my Types will go forth to the world, like God's bread
—Miraculous food not for body but mind,
Truth's manna! How say you? Put case that, instead
Of old leasing and lies, we superiorly fed

These Heretics, Hussites . . .

FIRST FRIEND.

First answer my query!
If saved, art thou happy?

FUST.

I was and I am.

FIRST FRIEND.

Thy visage confirms it: how comes, then, that—weary
And woe-begone late—was it show, was it sham?—
We found thee sunk thiswise?

SECOND FRIEND.

—In need of the dram
From the flask which a provident neighbour might carry!

FUST.

Ah, friends, the fresh triumph soon flickers, fast fades!
I hailed Word's dispersion: could heartleaps but tarry!
Through me does Print furnish Truth wings? The same aids
Cause Falsehood to range just as widely. What raids

On a region undreamed of does Printing enable
Truth's foe to effect! Printed leasing and lies
May speed to the world's farthest corner—gross fable
No less than pure fact—to impede, neutralize,
Abolish God's gift and Man's gain!

FIRST FRIEND.

Dost surmise

What struck me at first blush? Our Beghards, Waldenses,
Jeronimites, Hussites—does one show his head,
Spout heresy now? Not a priest in his senses
Deigns answer mere speech, but piles faggots instead,
Refines as by fire, and, him silenced, all 's said.

Whereas if in future I pen an opuscule
Defying retort, as of old when rash tongues
Were easy to tame,—straight some knave of the Huss-School
Prints answer forsooth! Stop invisible lungs?
The barrel of blasphemy broached once, who bungs?

SECOND FRIEND.

Does my sermon, next Easter, meet fitting acceptance?
Each captious disputative boy has his quirk
"*An cuique credendum sit?*" Well the Church kept "*ans*"
In order till Fust set his engine at work!
What trash will come flying from Jew, Moor and Turk

When, goosequill, thy reign o'er the world is abolished!
Goose—ominous name! With a goose woe began:
Quoth Huss—which means "goose" in his idiom unpolished—
"Ye burn now a Goose: there succeeds me a Swan
Ye shall find quench your fire!"

FUST.

I foresee such a man.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

THE POETICAL WORKS

of

ROBERT BROWNING

VOL. XVII.

ASOLANDO

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES TO THE POEMS

LONDON
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE
1910

TO MRS. ARTHUR BRONSON

To WHOM *but you, dear Friend, should I dedicate verses—some few written, all of them supervised, in the comfort of your presence, and with yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me since so many a year,—adding a charm even to my residences at Venice, and leaving me little regret for the surprise and delight at my visits to Asolo in bygone days?*

I unite, you will see, the disconnected poems by a title-name popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient secretary of Queen Cornaro whose palace-tower still overlooks us: Asolare—"*to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random.*" *The objection that such a word nowhere occurs in the works of the Cardinal is hardly important—Bembo was too thorough a purist to conserve in print a term which in talk he might possibly toy with: but the word*

is more likely derived from a Spanish source. I use it for love of the place, and in requital of your pleasant assurance that an early poem of mine first attracted you thither—where and elsewhere, at La Mura as Cà Alvisi, may all happiness attend you!

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

R. B.

ASOLO: *October* 15, 1889.

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ASOLANDO

ASOLANDO

PROLOGUE.

"THE Poet's age is sad: for why?
In youth, the natural world could show
No common object but his eye
At once involved with alien glow—
His own soul's iris-bow.

"And now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man—
Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
Of dyes which, when life's day began,
Round each in glory ran."

Friend, did you need an optic glass,
Which were your choice? A lens to drape
In ruby, emerald, chrysopras,
Each object—or reveal its shape
Clear outlined, past escape,

The naked very thing?—so clear
That, when you had the chance to gaze,
You found its inmost self appear
Through outer seeming—truth ablaze,
Not falsehood's fancy-haze?

How many a year, my Asolo,
Since—one step just from sea to land—
I found you, loved yet feared you so—
For natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire-clothed! No—

No mastery of mine o'er these!
Terror with beauty, like the Bush

Burning but unconsumed. Bend knees,
Drop eyes to earthward! Language? Tush!
Silence 't is awe decrees.

And now? The lambent flame is—where?
Lost from the naked world: earth, sky,
Hill, vale, tree, flower,—Italia's rare
O'er-running beauty crowds the eye—
But flame? The Bush is bare.

Hill, vale, tree, flower—they stand distinct,
Nature to know and name. What then?
A Voice spoke thence which straight unlinked
Fancy from fact: see, all 's in ken:
Has once my eyelid winked?

No, for the purged ear apprehends
Earth's import, not the eye late dazed:
The Voice said "Call my works thy friends!
At Nature dost thou shrink amazed?
God is it who transcends."

ASOLO: *Sept.* 6, 1889.

ROSNY.

Woe, he went galloping into the war,
Clara, Clara!
Let us two dream: shall he 'scape with a scar?
Scarcely disfigurement, rather a grace
Making for manhood which nowise we mar:
See, while I kiss it, the flush on his face—
Rosny, Rosny!

Light does he laugh: "With your love in my soul"—
(Clara, Clara!)
"How could I other than—sound, safe and whole—
Cleave who opposed me asunder, yet stand
Scatheless beside you, as, touching love's goal,
Who won the race kneels, craves reward at your hand—
Rosny, Rosny?"

Ay, but if certain who envied should see!
Clara, Clara,
Certain who simper: "The hero for me
Hardly of life were so chary as miss
Death—death and fame—that 's love's guerdon when
She
Boasts, proud bereaved one, her choice fell on this
Rosny, Rosny!"

So,—go on dreaming,—he lies mid a heap
(Clara, Clara,)
Of the slain by his hand: what is death but a sleep?
Dead, with my portrait displayed on his breast:
Love wrought his undoing: "No prudence could keep
The love-maddened wretch from his fate." That
is best,
Rosny, Rosny!

DUBIETY.

I WILL be happy if but for once :
Only help me, Autumn weather,
Me and my cares to screen, ensconce
In luxury's sofa-lap of leather !

Sleep ? Nay, comfort—with just a cloud
Suffusing day too clear and bright :
Eve's essence, the single drop allowed
To sully, like milk, Noon's water-white.

Let gauziness shade, not shroud,—adjust,
Dim and not deaden,—somehow sheathe
Aught sharp in the rough world's busy thrust,
If it reach me through dreaming's vapour-wreath.

Be life so, all things ever the same !
For, what has disarmed the world ? Outside,
Quiet and peace : inside, nor blame
Nor want, nor wish whate'er betide.

What is it like that has happened before ?
A dream ? No dream, more real by much.
A vision ? But fanciful days of yore
Brought many : mere musing seems not such.

Perhaps but a memory, after all !
—Of what came once when a woman leant
To feel for my brow where her kiss might fall.
Truth ever, truth only the excellent !

NOW.

Out of your whole life give but a moment!
All of your life that has gone before,
All to come after it,—so you ignore
So you make perfect the present,—condense,
In a rapture of rage, for perfection's endowment,
Thought and feeling and soul and sense—
Merged in a moment which gives me at last
You around me for once, you beneath me, above me—
Me—sure that despite of time future, time past,—
This tick of our life-time 's one moment you love me!
How long such suspension may linger? Ah, Sweet—
The moment eternal—just that and no more—
When ecstasy's utmost we clutch at the core
While cheeks burn, arms open, eyes shut and lips meet!

HUMILITY.

WHAT girl but, having gathered flowers,
Stript the beds and spoilt the bowers,
From the lapful light she carries
Drops a careless bud? -nor tarries
To regain the waif and stray:
"Store enough for home"—she 'll say.

So say I too: give your lover
Heaps of loving—under, over,
Whelm him—make the one the wealthy!
Am I all so poor who—stealthy
Work it was!—picked up what fell:
Not the worst bud—who can tell?

POETICS.

"So say the foolish!" Say the foolish so, **Love?**
"Flower she is, my rose"—or else "My very swan is she"—
Or perhaps "Yon maid-moon, blessing earth below, Love,
That art thou!"—to them, belike: no such vain words from me.

"Hush, rose, blush! no balm like breath," I chide it:
"Bend thy neck its best, swan,—hers the whiter curve!"
Be the moon the moon: my Love I place beside it:
What is she? Her human self,—no lower word will serve.

SUMMUM BONUM.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee :
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem :
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea :
Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that 's brighter than gem,
Trust, that 's purer than pearl,—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

A PEARL, A GIRL.

A SIMPLE ring with a single stone
To the vulgar eye no stone of price :
Whisper the right word, that alone—
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('t is I this time that say)
With little the world counts worthy praise
Utter the true word—out and away
Escapes her soul : I am wrapt in blaze,
Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
Lord whole and sole—by a minute's birth—
Through the love in a girl !

SPECULATIVE.

OTHERS may need new life in Heaven—
  Man, Nature, Art—made new, assume!
Man with new mind old sense to leaven,
  Nature—new light to clear old gloom,
Art that breaks bounds, gets soaring-room.

I shall pray: "Fugitive as precious—
  Minutes which passed,—return, remain!
Let earth's old life once more enmesh us,
  You with old pleasure, me—old pain,
So we but meet nor part again!"

WHITE WITCHCRAFT.

If you and I could change to beasts, what beast should
either be?
Shall you and I play Jove for once? Turn fox then, I
decree!
Shy wild sweet stealer of the grapes! Now do your worst
on me!

And thus you think to spite your friend—turned loath-
some? What, a toad?
So, all men shrink and shun me! Dear men, pursue
your road!
Leave but my crevice in the stone, a reptile's fit abode!

Now say your worst, Canidia! "He 's loathsome, I allow:

There may or may not lurk a pearl beneath his puckered brow:

But see his eyes that follow mine—love lasts there anyhow."

BAD DREAMS. I.

Last night I saw you in my sleep:
And how your charm of face was changed!
I asked "Some love, some faith you keep?"
You answered "Faith gone, love estranged."

Whereat I woke—a twofold bliss:
Waking was one, but next there came
This other: "Though I felt, for this,
My heart break, I loved on the same."

BAD DREAMS. II.

You in the flesh and here—
  Your very self! Now, wait!
One word! May I hope or fear?
  Must I speak in love or hate?
Stay while I ruminate!

The fact and each circumstance
  Dare you disown? Not you!
That vast dome, that huge dance,
  And the gloom which overgrew
A—possibly festive crew!

For why should men dance at all—
  Why women—a crowd of both—

Unless they are gay? Strange ball—
Hands and feet plighting troth,
Yet partners enforced and loth!

Of who danced there, no shape
Did I recognize: thwart, perverse,
Each grasped each, past escape
In a whirl or weary or worse:
Man's sneer met woman's curse,

While he and she toiled as if
Their guardian set galley-slaves
To supple chained limbs grown stiff:
Unmanacled trulls and knaves—
The lash for who misbehaves!

And a gloom was, all the while,
Deeper and deeper yet
O'ergrowing the rank and file
Of that army of haters—set
To mimic love's fever-fret.

By the wall-side close I crept,
  Avoiding the livid maze,
And, safely so far, outstepped
  On a chamber—a chapel, says
My memory or betrays—

Closet-like, kept aloof
  From unseemly witnessing
What sport made floor and roof
  Of the Devil's palace ring
While his Damned amused their king.

Ay, for a low lamp burned,
  And a silence lay about
What I, in the midst, discerned
  Though dimly till, past doubt,
'T was a sort of throne stood out—

High seat with steps, at least:
  And the topmost step was filled

By—whom? What vestured priest?
A stranger to me,—his guild,
His cult, unreconciled

To my knowledge how guild and cult
Are clothed in this world of ours:
I pondered, but no result
Came to—unless that Giaours
So worship the Lower Powers.

When suddenly who entered?
Who knelt—did you guess I saw?
Who—raising that face where centred
Allegiance to love and law
So lately—off-casting awe,

Down-treading reserve, away
Thrusting respect . . . but mine
Stands firm—firm still shall stay!
Ask Satan! for I decline
To tell—what I saw, in fine!

Yet here in the flesh you come—
  Your same self, form and face,—
In the eyes, mirth still at home !
  On the lips, that commonplace
Perfection of honest grace !

Yet your errand is—needs must be—
  To palliate—well, explain,
Expurgate in some degree
  Your soul of its ugly stain.
Oh, you—the good in grain—

How was it your white took tinge ?
  "A mere dream"—never object !
Sleep leaves a door on hinge
  Whence soul, ere our flesh suspect,
Is off and away : detect

Her vagaries when loose, who can !
  Be she pranksome, be she prude,

Disguise with the day began:
With the night—ah, what ensued
From draughts of a drink hell-brewed?

Then She: "What a queer wild dream!
And perhaps the best fun is—
Myself had its fellow—I seem
Scarce awake from yet. 'T was this—
Shall I tell you? First, a kiss!

"For the fault was just your own,—
'T is myself expect apology:
You warned me to let alone
(Since our studies were mere philology)
That ticklish (you said) Anthology.

"So, I dreamed that I passed *exam*
Till a question posed me sore:
'Who translated this epigram
By—an author we best ignore?'
And I answered 'Hannah More'!"

BAD DREAMS. III.

This was my dream : I saw a Forest
  Old as the earth, no track nor trace
Of unmade man. Thou, Soul, explorest—
  Though in a trembling rapture—space
Immeasurable ! Shrubs, turned trees,
Trees that touch heaven, support its frieze
Studded with sun and moon and star :
While—oh, the enormous growths that bar
Mine eye from penetrating past
  Their tangled twine where lurks—nay, lives
Royally lone, some brute-type cast
  I' the rough, time cancels, man forgives.

On, Soul ! I saw a lucid City
  Of architectural device

Every way perfect. Pause for pity,
Lightning ! nor leave a cicatrice
On those bright marbles, dome and spire,
Structures palatial,—streets which mire
Dares not defile, paved all too fine
For human footstep's smirch, not thine—
Proud solitary traverser,
My Soul, of silent lengths of way—
With what ecstatic dread, aver,
Lest life start sanctioned by thy stay !

Ah, but the last sight was the hideous !
A City, yes,—a Forest, true,—
But each devouring each. Perfidious
Snake-plants had strangled what I knew
Was a pavilion once : each oak
Held on his horns some spoil he broke
By surreptitiously beneath
Upthrusting : pavements, as with teeth,

Griped huge weed widening crack and split
In squares and circles stone-work erst.
Oh, Nature—good ! Oh, Art—no whit
Less worthy ! Both in one—accurst !

BAD DREAMS. IV.

It happened thus: my slab, though new,
Was getting weather-stained,—beside,
Herbage, balm, peppermint o'ergrew
Letter and letter: till you tried
Somewhat, the Name was scarce descried.

That strong stern man my lover came:
—Was he my lover? Call him, pray,
My life's cold critic bent on blame
Of all poor I could do or say
To make me worth his love one day—

One far day when, by diligent
And dutiful amending faults,

Foibles, all weaknesses which went
To challenge and excuse assaults
Of culture wronged by taste that halts—

Discrepancies should mar no plan
Symmetric of the qualities
Claiming respect from—say—a man
That 's strong and stern. "Once more he pries
Into me with those critic eyes!"

No question! so—"Conclude, condemn
Each failure my poor self avows!
Leave to its fate all you contemn!
There 's Solomon's selected spouse:
Earth needs must hold such maids—choose them!"

Why, he was weeping! Surely gone
Sternness and strength: with eyes to ground
And voice a broken monotone—
"Only be as you were! Abound
In foibles, faults, –laugh, robed and crowned

"As Folly's veriest queen,—care I
One feather-fluff? Look pity, Love,
On prostrate me—your foot shall try
This forehead's use—mount thence above,
And reach what Heaven you dignify!"

Now, what could bring such change about?
The thought perplexed: till, following
His gaze upon the ground,—why, out
Came all the secret! So, a thing
Thus simple has deposed my king!

For, spite of weeds that strove to spoil
Plain reading on the lettered slab,
My name was clear enough—no soil
Effaced the date when one chance stab
Of scorn . . . if only ghosts might blab!

INAPPREHENSIVENESS.

We two stood simply friend-like side by side,
Viewing a twilight country far and wide,
Till she at length broke silence. "How it towers
Yonder, the ruin o'er this vale of ours!
The West's faint flare behind it so relieves
Its rugged outline—sight perhaps deceives,
Or I could almost fancy that I see
A branch wave plain—belike some wind-sown tree
Chance-rooted where a missing turret was.
What would I give for the perspective glass
At home, to make out if 't is really so!
Has Ruskin noticed here at Asolo
That certain weed-growths on the ravaged wall
Seem" . . . something that I could not say at all,

My thought being rather—as absorbed she sent
Look onward after look from eyes distent
With longing to reach Heaven's gate left ajar—
"Oh, fancies that might be, oh, facts that are!
What of a wilding? By you stands, and may
So stand unnoticed till the Judgment Day,
One who, if once aware that your regard
Claimed what his heart holds,—woke, as from its sward
The flower, the dormant passion, so to speak—
Then what a rush of life would startling wreak
Revenge on your inapprehensive stare
While, from the ruin and the West's faint flare,
You let your eyes meet mine, touch what you term
Quietude—that 's an universe in germ—
The dormant passion needing but a look
To burst into immense life!"

"No, the book
Which noticed how the wall-growths wave" said she
"Was not by Ruskin."

I said "Vernon Lee?"

WHICH?

So, the three Court-ladies began
Their trial of who judged best
In esteeming the love of a man:
Who preferred with most reason was thereby confessed
Boy-Cupid's exemplary catcher and cager;
An Abbé crossed legs to decide on the wager.

First the Duchesse: "Mine for me—
Who were it but God's for Him,
And the King's for—who but he?
Both faithful and loyal, one grace more shall brim

His cup with perfection: a lady's true lover,
He holds—save his God and his king—none above
her."

"I require"—outspoke the Marquise—
"Pure thoughts, ay, but also fine deeds:
Play the paladin must he, to please
My whim, and—to prove my knight's service exceeds
Your saint's and your loyalist's praying and kneeling—
Show wounds, each wide mouth to my mercy appealing."

Then the Comtesse: "My choice be a wretch,
Mere losel in body and soul,
Thrice accurst! What care I, so he stretch
Arms to me his sole saviour, love's ultimate goal,
Out of earth and men's noise—names of 'infidel,'
'traitor,'
Cast up at him? Crown me, crown's adjudicator!"

And the Abbé uncrossed his legs,
Took snuff, a reflective pinch,
Broke silence: "The question begs
Much pondering ere I pronounce. Shall I flinch?
The love which to one and one only has reference
Seems terribly like what perhaps gains God's preference."

THE CARDINAL AND THE DOG.

Crescenzio, the Pope's Legate at the High Council, Trent,
—Year Fifteen hundred twenty-two, March Twenty-five —intent
On writing letters to the Pope till late into the night
Rose, weary, to refresh himself, and saw a monstrous sight:
(I give mine Author's very words: he penned, I reindite.)

A black Dog of vast bigness, eyes flaming, ears that hung
Down to the very ground almost into the chamber sprung

And made directly for him, and laid himself right under
The table where Crescenzio wrote—who called in fear
and wonder
His servants in the ante-room, commanded everyone
To look for and find out the beast: but, looking, they
found none.

The Cardinal fell melancholy, then sick, soon after died:
And at Verona, as he lay on his death-bed, he cried
Aloud to drive away the Dog that leapt on his bed-side.
Heaven keep us Protestants from harm: the rest . . .
no ill betide!

THE POPE AND THE NET.

WHAT, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low his life began:
His father earned the daily bread as just a fisherman.

So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof of mother-wit,
Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop: see him sit
No less than Cardinal ere long, while no one cries "Unfit!"

But someone smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow and nods head:

Each winks at each: "'I-faith, a rise! Saint Peter's net, instead
Of sword and keys, is come in vogue!" You think he blushes red?

Not he, of humble holy heart! "Unworthy me!" he sighs:
"From fisher's drudge to Church's prince—it is indeed a rise:
So, here's my way to keep the fact for ever in my eyes!"

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly is set
Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo, we met
His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's net!

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a trice:

"The humble holy heart that holds of new-born pride no spice!
He's just the saint to choose for Pope!" Each adds "'T is my advice."

So, Pope he was: and when we flocked—its sacred slipper on—
To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing was gone—
That guarantee of lowlihead,—eclipsed that star which shone!

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I cried "Pish!
I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the common wish.
Why, Father, is the net removed?" "Son, it hath caught the fish."

THE BEAN-FEAST

He was the man—Pope Sixtus, that Fifth, that swine-
herd's son:
He knew the right thing, did it, and thanked God when
't was done:
But of all he had to thank for, my fancy somehow leans
To thinking, what most moved him was a certain meal on
beans.

For one day, as his wont was, in just enough disguise
As he went exploring wickedness,—to see with his own
eyes
If law had due observance in the city's entrail dark
As well as where, i' the open, crime stood an obvious
mark,—

He chanced, in a blind alley, on a tumble-down once
house
Now hovel, vilest structure in Rome the ruinous :
And, as his tact impelled him, Sixtus adventured bold,
To learn how lowliest subjects bore hunger, toil, and
cold.

There sat they at high-supper—man and wife, lad and
lass,
Poor as you please but cleanly all and care-free : pain that
was
—Forgotten, pain as sure to be let bide aloof its time,—
Mightily munched the brave ones—what mattered gloom
or grime?

Said Sixtus " Feast, my children ! who works hard needs
eat well.
I'm just a supervisor, would hear what you can tell.
Do any wrongs want righting? The Father tries his best,
But, since he 's only mortal, sends such as I to test

The truth of all that 's told him—how folk like you may
fare :
Come !—only don't stop eating—when mouth has words
to spare—

"You"—smiled he—"play the spokesman, bell-wether
of the flock !
Are times good, masters gentle ? Your grievances unlock !
How of your work and wages ?—pleasures, if such may
be—
Pains, as such are for certain." Thus smiling questioned
he.

But somehow, spite of smiling, awe stole upon the
group—
An inexpressible surmise : why should a priest thus
stoop—
Pry into what concerned folk ? Each visage fell.
Aware,
Cries Sixtus interposing : "Nay, children, have no care !

"Fear nothing! Who employs me requires the plain truth. Pelf
Beguiles who should inform me: so, I inform myself.
See!" And he threw his hood back, let the close vesture ope,
Showed face, and where on tippet the cross lay: 't was the Pope.

Imagine the joyful wonder! "How shall the like of us—
Poor souls—requite such blessing of our rude bean-feast?"
"Thus—
Thus amply!" laughed Pope Sixtus. "I early rise, sleep late:
Who works may eat: they tempt me, your beans there: spare a plate!"

Down sat he on the door-step: 't was they this time said grace:
He ate up the last mouthful, wiped lips, and then, with face

Turned heavenward, broke forth thankful: "Not now,
that earth obeys
Thy word in mine, that through me the peoples know
Thy ways—
But that Thy care extendeth to Nature's homely wants,
And, while man's mind is strengthened, Thy goodness
nowise scants
Man's body of its comfort,—that I whom kings and
queens
Crouch to, pick crumbs from off my table, relish beans!
The thunders I but seem to launch, there plain Thy hand
all see:
That I have appetite, digest, and thrive—that boon 's
for me."

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I
catch thee?
Death-doomed by our Law of the Border!
We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee:
Who trespasses—hangs: all 's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English
gallant:
Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Husband, I beg!
He's comely: be merciful! Grace for the callant
—If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide-mouthed monster of yours do I marry
Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.
"Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry?"
"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week:
Cold, darkness and hunger work wonders:
Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,
And 'it rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark
—Not hunger: for duly at morning
In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirped "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten ye first!"
"Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within some
Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst:
No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set wide,
Out he marched, and there waited the lassie:
"Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy:

"Life 's sweet: shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth
Meg?"
"Not I" quoth the stout heart: "too eerie
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg:
Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie!"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the obstinate man!
Perhaps he would rather wed me!"
"Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg" chirruped she.

"Then so—so—so—so—" as he kissed her apace—
"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's grace,
To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest!"

ARCADES AMBO.

A. You blame me that I ran away?
Why, Sir, the enemy advanced:
Balls flew about, and—who can say
But one, if I stood firm, had glanced
In my direction? Cowardice?
I only know we don't live twice,
Therefore—shun death, is my advice.

B. Shun death at all risks? Well at some!
True, I myself, Sir, though I scold
The cowardly, by no means come
Under reproof as overbold
—I, who would have no end of brutes
Cut up alive to guess what suits
My case and saves my toe from shoots.

THE LADY AND THE PAINTER.

She. Yet womanhood you reverence,
So you profess!

He. With heart and soul.

She. Of which fact this is evidence!
To help Art-study,—for some dole
Of certain wretched shillings,—you
Induce a woman—virgin too—
To strip and stand stark-naked?

He. True.

She. Nor feel you so degrade her?

He. What
—(Excuse the interruption)—clings
Half-savage-like around your hat?

She. Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird-wings

Next season,—Paris-prints assert,—
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert.

Owls, hawks, jays—swallows most approve . . .

He. Dare I speak plainly?

She. Oh, I trust!

He. Then, Lady Blanche, it less would move
In heart and soul of me disgust
Did you strip off those spoils you wear,
And stand—for thanks, not shillings—bare,
To help Art like my Model there.
She well knew what absolved her—praise
In me for God's surpassing good,
Who granted to my reverent gaze
A type of purest womanhood.
You—clothed with murder of His best
Of harmless beings—stand the test!
What is it *you* know?

She. That you jest!

PONTE DELL' ANGELO, VENICE.

Stop rowing! This one of our bye-canals
O'er a certain bridge you have to cross
That 's named "Of the Angel": listen why!
The name "Of the Devil" too much appals
Venetian acquaintance, so—his the loss,
While the gain goes . . . look on high!

An angel visibly guards yon house:
Above each scutcheon—a pair—stands he,
Enfolds them with droop of either wing:
The family's fortune were perilous
Did he thence depart—you will soon agree,
If I hitch into verse the thing.

For, once on a time, this house belonged
To a lawyer of note, with law and to spare,
But also with overmuch lust of gain:
In the matter of law you were nowise wronged,
But alas for the lucre! He picked you bare
To the bone. Did folk complain?

"I exact" growled he "work's rightful due:
'T is folk seek me, not I seek them.
Advice at its price! They succeed or fail,
Get law in each case—and a lesson too:
Keep clear of the Courts—is advice *ad rem*:
They 'll remember, I 'll be bail!"

So, he pocketed fee without a qualm.
What reason for squeamishness? Labour done,
To play he betook him with lightened heart,
Ate, drank and made merry with song or psalm,
Since the yoke of the Church is an easy one—
Fits neck nor causes smart.

Brief: never was such an extortionate
Rascal—the word has escaped my teeth
And yet—(all 's down in a book no ass
Indited, believe me!)—this reprobate
Was punctual at prayer-time: gold lurked beneath
Alloy of the rankest brass.

For, play the extortioner as he might,
Fleece folk each day and all day long,
There was this redeeming circumstance:
He never lay down to sleep at night
But he put up a prayer first, brief yet strong,
"Our Lady avert mischance!"

Now it happened at close of a fructuous week,
"I must ask" quoth he "some Saint to dine:
I want that widow well out of my ears
With her ailing and wailing. Who bade her seek
Redress at my hands? 'She was wronged!'
Folk whine
If to Law wrong right appears.

"Matteo da Bascio—he's my man!
No less than Chief of the Capucins:
His presence will surely suffumigate
My house—fools think lies under a ban
If somebody loses what somebody wins.
Hark, there he knocks at the grate!

"Come in, thou blessed of Mother Church!
I go and prepare—to bid, that is,
My trusty and diligent servitor
Get all things in readiness. Vain the search
Through Venice for one to compare with this
My model of ministrants: for—

"For—once again, nay, three times over,
My helpmate's an ape! so intelligent,
I train him to drudge at household work:
He toils and he moils, I live in clover:
Oh, you shall see! There's a goodly scent—
From his cooking or I'm a Turk!

"Scarce need to descend and supervise:
I'll do it, however: wait here awhile!"
So, down to the kitchen gaily scuttles
Our host, nor notes the alarmed surmise
Of the holy man. "O depth of guile!
He blindly guzzles and guttles,

"While—who is it dresses the food and pours
The liquor? Some fiend—I make no doubt—
In likeness of—which of the loathly brutes?
An ape! Where hides he? No bull that gores,
No bear that hugs—'t is the mock and flout
Of an ape, fiend's face that suits.

"So—out with thee, creature, wherever thou hidest!
I charge thee, by virtue of . . . right do I judge!
There skulks he perdue, crouching under the bed.
Well done! What, forsooth, in beast's shape thou confidest?
I know and would name thee but that I begrudge
Breath spent on such carrion. Instead—

"I adjure thee by——" "Stay!" laughed the portent
that rose
From floor up to ceiling: "No need to adjure!
See Satan in person, late ape by command
Of Him thou adjurest in vain. A saint's nose
Scents brimstone though incense be burned for a lure.
Yet, hence! for I 'm safe, understand!

"'T is my charge to convey to fit punishment's place
This lawyer, my liegeman, for cruelty wrought
On his clients, the widow and orphan, poor souls
He has plagued by exactions which proved law's disgrace,
Made equity void and to nothingness brought
God's pity. Fiends, on with fresh coals!"

"Stay!" nowise confounded, withstands Hell its match:
"How comes it, were truth in this story of thine,
God's punishment suffered a minute's delay?
Weeks, months have elapsed since thou squattedst at
watch

For a spring on thy victim: what caused thee decline
Advantage till challenged to-day?"

"That challenge I meet with contempt," quoth the fiend.
"Thus much I acknowledge: the man's armed in mail:
I wait till a joint's loose, then quick ply my claws.
Thy friend's one good custom—he knows not—has screened
His flesh hitherto from what else would assail:
At "Save me, Madonna!" I pause.

"That prayer did the losel but once pretermit,
My pounce were upon him. I keep me attent:
He's in safety but till he's caught napping. Enough!"
"Ay, enough!" smiles the saint—"for the biter is bit,
The spy caught in somnolence. Vanish! I'm sent
To smooth up what fiends do in rough."

"I vanish? Through wall or through roof?" the ripost
Grinned gaily. "My orders were—'Leave not unharmed

The abode of this lawyer! Do damage to prove
'T was for something thou quittedst the land of the lost—
To add to their number this unit!' Though charmed
From descent there, on earth that 's above

"I may haply amerce him." "So do, and begone,
I command thee! For, look! Though there 's doorway
behind
And window before thee, go straight through the wall,
Leave a breach in the brickwork, a gap in the stone
For who passes to stare at!" "Spare speech! I 'm
resigned:
Here goes!" roared the goblin, as all—

Wide bat-wings, spread arms and legs, tail out a-stream,
Crash obstacles went, right and left, as he soared
Or else sank, was clean gone through the hole anyhow.
The Saint returned thanks: then a satisfied gleam
On the bald polished pate showed that triumph was scored.
"To dinner with a [illegible]"

Down he trips. "In good time!" smirks the host.
"Didst thou scent
Rich savour of roast meat? Where hides he, my ape?
Look alive, be alert! He 's away to wash plates.
Sit down, Saint! What 's here? Dost examine a rent
In the napkin thou twistest and twirlest? Agape . . .
Ha, blood is it drips nor abates

"From thy wringing a cloth, late was lavendered fair?
What means such a marvel?" "Just this does it mean:
I convince and convict thee of sin!" answers straight
The Saint, wringing on, wringing ever—O rare!—
Blood—blood from a napery snow not more clean.
"A miracle shows thee thy state!

"See—blood thy extortions have wrung from the flesh
Of thy clients who, sheep-like, arrived to be shorn
And left thee—or fleeced to the quick or so flayed
That, behold, their blood gurgles and grumbles afresh

To accuse thee! Ay, down on thy knees, get up sworn
To restore! Restitution once made,

"Sin no more! Dost thou promise? Absolved, then, arise!
Upstairs follow me! Art amazed at yon breach?
Who battered and shattered and scattered, escape
From thy purlieus obtaining? That Father of Lies
Thou wast wont to extol for his feats, all and each
The Devil's disguised as thine ape!"

Be sure that our lawyer was torn by remorse,
Shed tears in a flood, vowed and swore so to alter
His ways that how else could our Saint but declare
He was cleansed of past sin? "For sin future—fare worse
Thou undoubtedly wilt," warned the Saint, "shouldst thou falter
One whit!" "Oh, for that have no care!

"I am firm in my purposed amendment. But, prithee,
Must ever affront and affright me yon gap?
Who made it for exit may find it of use
For entrance as easy. If, down in his smithy
He forges me fetters—when heated, mayhap,
He 'll up with an armful! Broke loose—

"How bar him out henceforth?" "Judiciously urged!"
Was the good man's reply. "How to baulk him is plain.
There 's nothing the Devil objects to so much,
So speedily flies from, as one of those purged
Of his presence, the angels who erst formed his train—
His, their emperor. Choose one of such!

"Get fashioned his likeness and set him on high
At back of the breach thus adroitly filled up:
Display him as guard of two scutcheons, thy arms:
I warrant no devil attempts to get by
And disturb thee so guarded. Eat, drink, dine and sup
In thy rectitude, safe from alarms!"

So said and so done. See, the angel has place
Where the Devil had passage! All 's down in a book.
Gainsay me? Consult it! Still faithless? Trust *me*?
Trust Father Boverio who gave me the case
In his Annals—gets of it, by hook or by crook,
Two confirmative witnesses: three

Are surely enough to establish an act:
And thereby we learn—would we ascertain truth—
To trust wise tradition which took, at the time,
Note that served till slow history ventured on fact,
Though folk have their fling at tradition forsooth!
Row, boys, fore and aft, rhyme and chime!

BEATRICE SIGNORINI.

This strange thing happened to a painter once:
Viterbo boasts the man among her sons
Of note, I seem to think: his ready tool
Picked up its precepts in Cortona's school—
That 's Pietro Berretini, whom they call
Cortona, these Italians: greatish-small,
Our painter was his pupil, by repute
His match if not his master absolute,
Though whether he spoiled fresco more or less,
And what 's its fortune, scarce repays your guess.
Still, for one circumstance, I save his name
—Francesco Romanelli: do the same!
He went to Rome and painted: there he knew

A wonder of a woman painting too—
For she, at least, was no Cortona's drudge:
Witness that ardent fancy-shape—I judge
A semblance of her soul—she called "Desire"
With starry front for guide, where sits the fire
She left to brighten Buonarroti's house.
If you see Florence, pay that piece your vows,
Though blockhead Baldinucci's mind, imbued
With monkish morals, bade folk "Drape the nude
And stop the scandal!" quoth the record prim
I borrow this of: hang his book and him!
At Rome, then, where these fated ones met first,
The blossom of his life had hardly burst
While hers was blooming at full beauty's stand:
No less Francesco—when half-ripe he scanned
Consummate Artemisia—grew one want
To have her his and make her ministrant
With every gift of body and of soul
To him. In vain. Her sphery self was whole—
Might only touch his orb at Art's sole point.

Suppose he could persuade her to enjoint
Her life—past, present, future—all in his
At Art's sole point by some explosive kiss
Of love through lips, would love's success defeat
Artistry's haunting curse—the Incomplete ?
Artists no doubt they both were,—what beside
Was she ? who, long had felt heart, soul spread wide
Her life out, knowing much and loving well,
On either side Art's narrow space where fell
Reflection from his own speck : but the germ
Of individual genius—what we term
The very self, the God-gift whence had grown
Heart's life and soul's life,—how make that his own ?
Vainly his Art, reflected, smiled in small
On Art's one facet of her ampler ball ;
The rest, touch-free, took in, gave back heaven, earth,
All where he was not. Hope, well-nigh ere birth
Came to Desire, died off all-unfulfilled.
" What though in Art I stand the abler-skilled,"
(So he conceited : mediocrity

Turns on itself the self-transforming eye)
"If only Art were suing, mine would plead
To purpose: man—by nature I exceed
Woman the bounded: but how much beside
She boasts, would sue in turn and be denied!
Love her? My own wife loves me in a sort
That suits us both: she takes the world's report
Of what my work is worth, and, for the rest,
Concedes that, while his consort keeps her nest
The eagle soars a licensed vagrant, lives
A wide free life which she at least forgives—
Good Beatricé Signorini! Well
And wisely did I choose her. But the spell
To subjugate this Artemisia—where?
She passionless?—she resolute to care
Nowise beyond the plain sufficiency
Of fact that she is she and I am I
—Acknowledged arbitrator for us both
In her life as in mine which she were loth
Even to learn the laws of? No, and no

Twenty times over! Ay, it must be so:
I for myself, alas!"
Whereon, instead
Of the checked lover's-utterance—why, he said
—Leaning above her easel: "Flesh is red"
(Or some such just remark)—"by no means white
As Guido's practice teaches: you are right."
Then came the better impulse: "What if pride
Were wisely trampled on, whate'er betide?
If I grow hers, not mine—join lives, confuse
Bodies and spirits, gain not her but lose
Myself to Artemisia? That were love!
Of two souls—one must bend, one rule above:
If I crouch under proudly, lord turned slave,
Were it not worthier both than if she gave
Herself—in treason to herself—to me?"

And, all the while, he felt it could not be.
Such love were true love: love that way who can!
Someone that 's born half woman not whole man:

For man, prescribed man better or man worse,
Why, whether microcosm or universe,
What law prevails alike through great and small,
The world and man—world's miniature we call?
Male is the master. "That way"—smiled and sighed
Our true male estimator—"puts her pride
My wife in making me the outlet whence
She learns all Heaven allows: 'tis my pretence
To paint: her lord should do what else but paint?
Do I break brushes, cloister me turned saint?
Then, best of all suits sanctity her spouse
Who acts for Heaven, allows and disallows
At pleasure, past appeal, the right, the wrong
In all things. That 's my wife's way. But this strong
Confident Artemisia—an adept
In Art does she conceit herself? 'Except
In just this instance,' tell her, 'no one draws
More rigidly observant of the laws
Of right design: yet here,—permit me hint,—
If the acromion had a deeper dint,

That shoulder were perfection.' What surprise
—Nay scorn, shoots black fire from those startled eyes!
She to be lessoned in design forsooth!
I'm doomed and done for, since I spoke the truth.
Make my own work the subject of dispute—
Fails it of just perfection absolute
Somewhere? Those motors, flexors,—don't I know
Ser Santi, styled 'Tirititototo
The pencil-prig,' might blame them? Yet my wife—
Were he and his nicknamer brought to life,
Tito and Titian, to pronounce again—
Ask her who knows more—I or the great Twain
Our colourist and draughtsman!
"I help her,
Not she helps me; and neither shall demur
Because my portion is——" he chose to think—
"Quite other than a woman's: I may drink
At many waters, must repose by none—
Rather arise and fare forth, having done
Duty to one new excellence the more,

Abler thereby, though impotent before
So much was gained of knowledge. Best depart
From this last lady I have learned by heart!"

Thus he concluded of himself—resigned
To play the man and master: "Man boasts mind:
Woman, man's sport calls mistress, to the same
Does body's suit and service. Would she claim
-My placid Beatricé-wife—pretence
Even to blame her lord if, going hence,
He wistfully regards one whom—did fate
Concede—he might accept queen, abdicate
Kingship because of?—one of no meek sort
But masterful as he: man's match in short?
Oh, there 's no secret I were best conceal!
Bicé shall know; and should a stray tear steal
From out the blue eye, stain the rose cheek—bah!
A smile, a word 's gay reassurance—ah,

With kissing interspersed,—shall make amends,
Turn pain to pleasure."

"What, in truth so ends
Abruptly, do you say, our intercourse?"
Next day, asked Artemisia: "I 'll divorce
Husband and wife no longer. Go your ways,
Leave Rome! Viterbo owns no equal, says
The bye-word, for fair women: you, no doubt,
May boast a paragon all specks without,
Using the painter's privilege to choose
Among what 's rarest. Will your wife refuse
Acceptance from—no rival—of a gift?
You paint the human figure I make shift
Humbly to reproduce: but, in my hours
Of idlesse, what I fain would paint is—flowers.
Look now!"

She twitched aside a veiling cloth.
"Here is my keepsake—frame and picture both:
For see, the frame is all of flowers festooned
About an empty space,—left thus, to wound

No natural susceptibility :
How can I guess? 'Tis you must fill, not I,
The central space with—her whom you like best!
That is your business, mine has been the rest.
But judge!"
How judge them? Each of us, in flowers,
Chooses his love, allies it with past hours,
Old meetings, vanished forms and faces: no—
Here let each favourite unmolested blow
For one heart's homage, no tongue's banal praise,
Whether the rose appealingly bade "Gaze
Your fill on me, sultana who dethrone
The gaudy tulip!" or 't was "Me alone
Rather do homage to, who lily am,
No unabashed rose!" "Do I vainly cram
My cup with sweets, your jonquil?" "Why
forget
Vernal endearments with the violet?"
So they contested yet concerted, all
As one, to circle round about, enthral

Yet, self-forgetting, push to prominence
The midmost wonder, gained no matter whence.

There 's a tale extant, in a book I conned
Long years ago, which treats of things beyond
The common, antique times and countries queer
And customs strange to match. "'T is said, last year,"
(Recounts my author,) "that the King had mind
To view his kingdom—guessed at from behind
A palace-window hitherto. Announced
No sooner was such purpose than 't was pounced
Upon by all the ladies of the land—
Loyal but light of life : they formed a band
Of loveliest ones but lithest also, since
Proudly they all combined to bear their prince.
Backs joined to breasts,—arms, legs,—nay, ankles, wrists,
Hands, feet, I know not by what turns and twists,
So interwoven lay that you believed
'T was one sole beast of burden which received

The monarch on its back, of breadth not scant
Since fifty girls made one white elephant."
So with the fifty flowers which shapes and hues
Blent, as I tell, and made one fast yet loose
Mixture of beauties, composite, distinct
No less in each combining flower that linked
With flower to form a fit environment
For—whom might be the painter's heart's intent
Thus, in the midst enhaloed, to enshrine?

"This glory-guarded middle space—is mine?
For me to fill?"

"For you, my Friend! We part,
Never perchance to meet again. Your Art—
What if I mean it—so to speak—shall wed
My own, be witness of the life we led
When sometimes it has seemed our souls near found
Each one the other as its mate—unbound
Had yours been haply from the better choice
—Beautiful Bicé: 't is the common voice,

The crowning verdict. Make whom you like best
Queen of the central space, and manifest
Your predilection for what flower beyond
All flowers finds favour with you. I am fond
Of—say—yon rose's rich predominance,
While you—what wonder?—more affect the glance
The gentler violet from its leafy screen
Ventures: so—choose your flower and paint your
queen!"

Oh but the man was ready, head as hand,
Instructed and adroit. "Just as you stand,
Stay and be made—would Nature but relent—
By Art immortal!"
Every implement
In tempting reach—a palette primed, each squeeze
Of oil-paint in its proper patch—with these,
Brushes, a veritable sheaf to grasp!
He worked as he had never dared.
"Unclasp

My Art from yours who can!" he cried at length,
As down he threw the pencil—"Grace from Strength
Dissociate, from your flowery fringe detach
My face of whom it frames,—the feat will match
With that of Time should Time from me extract
Your memory, Artemisia!" And in fact,—
What with the pricking impulse, sudden glow
Of soul—head, hand co-operated so
That face was worthy of its frame, 't is said—
Perfect, suppose!
They parted. Soon instead
Of Rome was home,—of Artemisia—well,
The placid-perfect wife. And it befell
That after the first incontestably
Blessedest of all blisses (—wherefore try
Your patience with embracings and the rest
Due from Calypso's all-unwilling guest
To his Penelope?)—there somehow came
The coolness which as duly follows flame.

So, one day, "What if we inspect the gifts
My Art has gained us?"
Now the wife uplifts
A casket-lid, now tries a medal's chain
Round her own lithe neck, fits a ring in vain
—Too loose on the fine finger,—vows and swears
The jewel with two pendent pearls like pears
Betters a lady's bosom—witness else!
And so forth, while Ulysses smiles.
"Such spells
Subdue such natures—sex must worship toys
—Trinkets and trash: yet, ah, quite other joys
Must stir from sleep the passionate abyss
Of—such an one as her I know—not this
My gentle consort with the milk for blood!
Why, did it chance that in a careless mood
(In those old days, gone—never to return—
When we talked—she to teach and I to learn)
I dropped a word, a hint which might imply
Consorts exist—how quick flashed fire from eye,

Brow blackened, lip was pinched by furious lip!
I needed no reminder of my slip:
One warning taught me wisdom. Whereas here . . .
Aha, a sportive fancy! Eh, what fear
Of harm to follow? Just a whim indulged!

"My Beatricé, there 's an undivulged
Surprise in store for you: the moment 's fit
For letting loose a secret: out with it!
Tributes to worth, you rightly estimate
These gifts of Prince and Bishop, Church and State:
Yet, may I tell you? Tastes so disagree!
There 's one gift, preciousest of all to me,
I doubt if you would value as well worth
The obvious sparkling gauds that men unearth
For toy-cult mainly of you womankind;
Such make you marvel, I concede: while blind
The sex proves to the greater marvel here
I veil to baulk its envy. Be sincere!

Say, should you search creation far and wide.
Was ever face like this?"

He drew aside
The veil, displayed the flower-framed portrait kept
For private delectation.

No adept
In florist's lore more accurately named
And praised or, as appropriately, blamed
Specimen after specimen of skill,
Than Bicé. "Rightly placed the daffodil—
Scarcely so right the blue germander. Grey
Good mouse-ear! Hardly your auricula
Is powdered white enough. It seems to me
Scarlet not crimson, that anemone:
But there 's amends in the pink saxifrage.
O darling dear ones, let me disengage
You innocents from what your harmlessness
Clasps lovingly! Out thou from their caress,
Serpent!"

Whereat forth-flashing from her coils
On coils of hair, the *spilla* in its toils
Of yellow wealth, the dagger-plaything kept
To pin its plaits together, life-like leapt
And—woe to all inside the coronal!
Stab followed stab,—cut, slash, she ruined all
The masterpiece. Alack for eyes and mouth
And dimples and endearment—North and South,
East, West, the tatters in a fury flew:
There yawned the circlet. What remained to do?
She flung the weapon, and, with folded arms
And mien defiant of such low alarms
As death and doom beyond death, Bicé stood
Passively statuesque, in quietude
Awaiting judgment.
And out judgment burst
With frank unloading of love's laughter, first
Freed from its unsuspected source. Some throe
Must needs unlock love's prison-bars, let flow
The joyance.

"Then you ever were, still are,
And henceforth shall be—no occulted star
But my resplendent Bicé, sun-revealed,
Full-rondure! Woman-glory unconcealed,
So front me, find and claim and take your own—
My soul and body yours and yours alone,
As you are mine, mine wholly! Heart's love, take—
Use your possession—stab or stay at will
Here—hating, saving—woman with the skill
To make man beast or god!"

And so it proved:
For, as beseemed new godship, thus he loved,
Past power to change, until his dying-day,—
Good fellow! And I fain would hope—some say
Indeed for certain—that our painter's toils
At fresco-splashing, finer stroke in oils,
Were not so mediocre after all;
Perhaps the work appears unduly small
From having loomed too large in old esteem,
Patronized by late Papacy. I seem

Myself to have cast eyes on certain work
In sundry galleries, no judge needs shirk
From moderately praising. He designed
Correctly, nor in colour lagged behind
His age: but both in Florence and in Rome
The elder race so make themselves at home
That scarce we give a glance to ceilingfuls
Of such like as Francesco. Still, one culls
From out the heaped laudations of the time
The pretty incident I put in rhyme.

FLUTE-MUSIC, WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT.

He. Ah, the bird-like fluting
Through the ash-tops yonder—
Bullfinch-bubblings, soft sounds suiting
What sweet thoughts, I wonder?
Fine-pearled notes that surely
Gather, dewdrop-fashion,
Deep-down in some heart which purely
Secretes globuled passion—
Passion insuppressive—
Such is piped, for certain;
Love, no doubt, nay, love excessive
'T is, your ash-tops curtain.

Would your ash-tops open
We might spy the player—

Seek and find some sense which no pen
  Yet from singer, sayer,
Ever has extracted:
  Never, to my knowledge,
Yet has pedantry enacted
  That, in Cupid's College,
Just this variation
  Of the old old yearning
Should by plain speech have salvation,
  Yield new men new learning.

"Love!" but what love, nicely
  New from old disparted,
Would the player teach precisely?
  First of all, he started
In my brain Assurance—
  Trust—entire Contentment—
Passion proved by much endurance;
  Then came—not resentment,

No, but simply Sorrow:
What was seen had vanished:
Yesterday so blue! To-morrow
Blank, all sunshine banished.

Hark! 'T is Hope resurges,
Struggling through obstruction—
Forces a poor smile which verges
On Joy's introduction.
Now, perhaps, mere Musing:
"Holds earth such a wonder?
Fairy-mortal, soul-sense-fusing
Past thought's power to sunder!"
What? calm Acquiescence?
"Daisied turf gives room to
Trefoil, plucked once in her presence—
Growing by her tomb too!"

She. All 's your fancy-spinning!
Here 's the fact: a neighbour

Never-ending, still beginning,
Recreates his labour:
Deep o'er desk he drudges,
Adds, divides, subtracts and
Multiplies, until he judges
Noonday-hour's exact sand
Shows the hourglass emptied:
Then comes lawful leisure,
Minutes rare from toil exempted,
Fit to spend in pleasure.

Out then with—what treatise?
Youth's Complete Instructor
How to play the Flute. Quid petis?
Follow Youth's conductor
On and on, through *Easy*,
Up to *Harder*, *Hardest*
Flute-piece, till thou, flautist wheezy,
Possibly discardest

Tootlings hoarse and husky,
Mayst expend with courage
Breath—on tunes once bright now dusky—
Meant to cool thy porridge.

That 's an air of Tulou's
He maltreats persistent,
Till as lief I 'd hear some Zulu's
Bone-piped bag, breath-distent,
Madden native dances.
I 'm the man's familiar:
Unexpectedness enhances
What your ear's auxiliar
—Fancy—finds suggestive.
Listen! That 's *legato*
Rightly played, his fingers restive
Touch as if *staccato*.

He. Ah, you trick-betrayer!
Telling tales, unwise one?

So the secret of the player
  Was—he could surprise one
Well-nigh into trusting
  Here was a musician
Skilled consummately, yet lusting
  Through no vile ambition
After making captive
  All the world,—rewarded
Amply by one stranger's rapture,
  Common praise discarded.

So, without assistance
  Such as music rightly
Needs and claims,—defying distance,
  Overleaping lightly
Obstacles which hinder,—
  He, for my approval,
All the same and all the kinder
  Made mine what might move all

Earth to kneel adoring:
Took—while he piped Gounod's
Bit of passionate imploring—
Me for Juliet: who knows?

No! as you explain things,
All 's mere repetition,
Practise-pother: of all vain things
Why waste pooh or pish on
Toilsome effort—never
Ending, still beginning—
After what should pay endeavour
—Right-performance? winning
Weariness from you who,
Ready to admire some
Owl's fresh hooting—Tu-whit, tu-who—
Find stale thrush-songs tiresome.

She. Songs, Spring thought perfection,
Summer criticizes:

What in May escaped detection,
August, past surprises,
Notes, and names each blunder.
You, the just-initiate,
Praise to heart's content (what wonder?)
Tootings I hear vitiate
Romeo's serenading—
I who, times full twenty,
Turned to ice—no ash-tops aiding—
At his *caldamente.*

So, 't was distance altered
Sharps to flats? The missing
Bar when syncopation faltered
(You thought—paused for kissing!)
Ash-tops too felonious
Intercepted? Rather
Say—they well-nigh made euphonious
Discord, helped to gather

Phrase, by phrase, turn patches
Into simulated
Unity which botching matches,—
Scraps redintegrated.

He. Sweet, are you suggestive
Of an old suspicion
Which has always found me restive
To its admonition
When it ventured whisper
"Fool, the strifes and struggles
Of your trembler—blusher—lisper
Were so many juggles,
Tricks tried—oh, so often!—
Which once more do duty,
Find again a heart to soften,
Soul to snare with beauty."

Birth-blush of the briar-rose,
Mist-bloom of the hedge-sloe,

Someone gains the prize: admire rose
  Would he, when noon's wedge—slow—
Sure, has pushed, expanded
  Rathe pink to raw redness?
Would he covet sloe when sanded
  By road-dust to deadness?
So—restore their value!
  Ply a water-sprinkle!
Then guess sloe is fingered, shall you?
  Find in rose a wrinkle?

Here what played Aquarius?
  Distance—ash-tops aiding,
Reconciled scraps else contrarious,
  Brightened stuff fast fading.
Distance—call your shyness:
  Was the fair one peevish?
Coyness softened out of slyness.
  Was she cunning, thievish,

All-but-proved impostor?
Bear but one day's exile,
Ugly traits were wholly lost or
Screened by fancies flexile—

Ash-tops these, you take me?
Fancies' interference
Changed . . .
But since I sleep, don't wake me!
What if all 's appearance?
Is not outside seeming
Real as substance inside?
Both are facts, so leave me dreaming:
If who loses wins I 'd
Ever lose,—conjecture,
From one phrase trilled deftly,
All the piece. So, end your lecture
Let who lied be left lie!

"*IMPERANTE AUGUSTO NATUS EST*——"

What it was struck the terror into me?
This, Publius: closer! while we wait our turn
I 'll tell you. Water 's warm (they ring inside)
At the eighth hour, till when no use to bathe.

Here in the vestibule where now we sit,
One scarce stood yesterday, the throng was such
Of loyal gapers, folk all eye and ear
While Lucius Varius Rufus in their midst
Read out that long-planned late-completed piece,
His Panegyric on the Emperor.
"Nobody like him" little Flaccus laughed
"At leading forth an Epos with due pomp!
Only, when godlike Cæsar swells the theme,

How should mere mortals hope to praise aright?
Tell me, thou offshoot of Etruscan kings!"
Whereat Mæcenas smiling sighed assent.

I paid my quadrans, left the Thermæ's roar
Of rapture as the poet asked "What place
Among the godships Jove, for Cæsar's sake,
Would bid its actual occupant vacate
In favour of the new divinity?"
And got the expected answer "Yield thine own!"—
Jove thus dethroned, I somehow wanted air,
And found myself a-pacing street and street,
Letting the sunset, rosy over Rome,
Clear my head dizzy with the hubbub—say
As if thought's dance therein had kicked up dust
By trampling on all else: the world lay prone,
As—poet-propped, in brave hexameters—
Their subject triumphed up from man to God.
Caius Octavius Cæsar the August—
Where was escape from his prepotency?

I judge I may have passed—how many piles
Of structure dropt like doles from his free hand
To Rome on every side? Why, right and left,
For temples you've the Thundering Jupiter,
Avenging Mars, Apollo Palatine:
How count Piazza, Forum—there 's a third
All but completed. You 've the Theatre
Named of Marcellus—all his work, such work!—
One thought still ending, dominating all—
With warrant Varius sang "Be Cæsar God!"
By what a hold arrests he Fortune's wheel,
Obtaining and retaining heaven and earth
Through Fortune, if you like, but favour—no!
For the great deeds flashed by me, fast and thick
As stars which storm the sky on autumn nights—
Those conquests! but peace crowned them,—so, of peace!
Count up his titles only—these, in few—
Ten years Triumvir, Consul thirteen times,
Emperor, nay—the glory topping all—
Hailed Father of his Country, last and best

Of titles, by himself accepted so:
And why not? See but feats achieved in Rome—
Not to say, Italy—he planted there
Some thirty colonies—but Rome itself
All new-built, "marble now, brick once," he boasts:
This Portico, that Circus. Would you sail?
He has drained Tiber for you: would you walk?
He straightened out the long Flaminian Way.
Poor? Profit by his score of donatives!
Rich—that is, mirthful? Half-a-hundred games
Challenge your choice! There 's Rome—for you and me
Only? The centre of the world besides!
For, look the wide world over, where ends Rome?
To sunrise? There 's Euphrates—all between!
To sunset? Ocean and immensity:
North,—stare till Danube stops you: South, see Nile,
The Desert and the earth-upholding Mount.
Well may the poet-people each with each
Vie in his praise, our company of swans,
Virgil and Horace, singers—in their way—

Nearly as good as Varius, though less famed:
Well may they cry, "No mortal, plainly God!"

Thus to myself myself said, while I walked:
Or would have said, could thought attain to speech,
Clean baffled by enormity of bliss
The while I strove to scale its heights and sound
Its depths—this masterdom o'er all the world
Of one who was but born,—like you, like me,
Like all the world he owns,—of flesh and blood.
But he—how grasp, how gauge his own conceit
Of bliss to me near inconceivable?
Or—since such flight too much makes reel the brain—
Let 's sink—and so take refuge, as it were,
From life's excessive altitude—to life's
Breathable wayside shelter at its base!
If looms thus large this Cæsar to myself
—Of senatorial rank and somebody—
How must he strike the vulgar nameless crowd,
Innumerous swarm that 's nobody at all?

Why,—for an instance,—much as yon gold shape
Crowned, sceptred, on the temple opposite—
Fulgurant Jupiter—must daze the sense
Of—say, yon outcast begging from its step!
What, anti-Cæsar, monarch in the mud,
As he is pinnacled above thy pate?
Ay, beg away! thy lot contrasts full well
With his whose bounty yields thee this support—
Our Holy and Inviolable One,
Cæsar, whose bounty built the fane above!
Dost read my thought? Thy garb, alack, displays
Sore usage truly in each rent and stain—
Faugh! Wash though in Suburra! 'Ware the dogs
Who may not so disdain a meal on thee!
What, stretchest forth a palm to catch my alms?
Aha, why yes: I must appear—who knows?—
I, in my toga, to thy rags and thee—
Quæstor—nay, Ædile, Censor—Pol! perhaps
The very City-Prætor's noble self!
As to me Cæsar, so to thee am I?

Good: nor in vain shall prove thy quest, poor rogue!
Hither—hold palm out—take this quarter-as!

And who did take it? As he raised his head,
(My gesture was a trifle—well, abrupt),
Back fell the broad flap of the peasant's-hat,
The homespun cloak that muffled half his cheek
Dropped somewhat, and I had a glimpse—just one!
One was enough. Whose—whose might be the face?
That unkempt careless hair—brown, yellowish—
Those sparkling eyes beneath their eyebrows' ridge
(Each meets each, and the hawk-nose rules between)
—That was enough, no glimpse was needed more!
And terrifyingly into my mind
Came that quick-hushed report was whispered us,
"They do say, once a year in sordid garb
He plays the mendicant, sits all day long,
Asking and taking alms of who may pass,
And so averting, if submission help,
Fate's envy, the dread chance and change of things

When Fortune—for a word, a look, a nought—
Turns spiteful and—the petted lioness—
Strikes with her sudden paw, and prone falls each
Who patted late her neck superiorly,
Or trifled with those claw-tips velvet-sheathed."
"He 's God!" shouts Lucius Varius Rufus: "Man
And worms'-meat any moment!" mutters low
Some Power, admonishing the mortal-born.

Ay, do you mind? There 's meaning in the fact
That whoso conquers, triumphs, enters Rome,
Climbing the Capitolian, soaring thus
To glory's summit,—Publius, do you mark—
Ever the same attendant who, behind,
Above the Conqueror's head supports the crown
All-too-demonstrative for human wear,
—One hand's employment—all the while reserves
Its fellow, backward flung, to point how, close
Appended from the car, beneath the foot

Of the up-borne exulting Conqueror,
Frown—half-descried—the instruments of shame,
The malefactor's due. Crown, now—Cross, when?

Who stands secure? Are even Gods so safe?
Jupiter that just now is dominant—
Are not there ancient dismal tales how once
A predecessor reigned ere Saturn came,
And who can say if Jupiter be last?
Was it for nothing the grey Sibyl wrote
"Cæsar Augustus regnant, shall be born
In blind Judæa"—one to master him,
Him and the universe? An old-wife's tale?

Bath-drudge! Here, slave! No cheating! Our turn
next.
No loitering, or be sure you taste the lash!
Two strigils, two oil-drippers, each a sponge!

DEVELOPMENT.

My Father was a scholar and knew Greek.
When I was five years old, I asked him once
"What do you read about?"
"The siege of Troy."
"What is a siege and what is Troy?"
Whereat
He piled up chairs and tables for a town,
Set me a-top for Priam, called our cat
—Helen, enticed away from home (he said)
By wicked Paris, who couched somewhere close
Under the footstool, being cowardly,
But whom—since she was worth the pains, poor puss—
Towzer and Tray,—our dogs, the Atreidai,—sought
By taking Troy to get possession of
—Always when great Achilles ceased to sulk,

(My pony in the stable)—forth would prance
And put to flight Hector—our page-boy's self.
This taught me who was who and what was what:
So far I rightly understood the case
At five years old: a huge delight it proved
And still proves—thanks to that instructor sage
My Father, who knew better than turn straight
Learning's full flare on weak-eyed ignorance,
Or, worse yet, leave weak eyes to grow sand-blind,
Content with darkness and vacuity.

It happened, two or three years afterward,
That—I and playmates playing at Troy's Siege—
My Father came upon our make-believe.
"How would you like to read yourself the tale
Properly told, of which I gave you first
Merely such notion as a boy could bear?
Pope, now, would give you the precise account
Of what, some day, by dint of scholarship,
You 'll hear—who knows?—from Homer's very mouth.

Learn Greek by all means, read the 'Blind Old Man,
Sweetest of Singers'—*tuphlos* which means 'blind,'
Hedistos which means 'sweetest.' Time enough!
Try, anyhow, to master him some day;
Until when, take what serves for substitute,
Read Pope, by all means!"
So I ran through Pope,
Enjoyed the tale—what history so true?
Also attacked my Primer, duly drudged,
Grew fitter thus for what was promised next—
The very thing itself, the actual words,
When I could turn—say, Buttmann to account.

Time passed, I ripened somewhat: one fine day,
"Quite ready for the Iliad, nothing less?
There's Heine, where the big books block the shelf:
Don't skip a word, thumb well the Lexicon!"

I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I learned
Who was who, what was what, from Homer's tongue,

And there an end of learning. Had you asked
The all-accomplished scholar, twelve years old,
"Who was it wrote the Iliad?"—what a laugh!
"Why, Homer, all the world knows: of his life
Doubtless some facts exist: it 's everywhere:
We have not settled, though, his place of birth:
He begged, for certain, and was blind beside:
Seven cities claimed him—Scio, with best right,
Thinks Byron. What he wrote? Those Hymns we have.
Then there 's the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice,
That 's all—unless they dig 'Margites' up
(I 'd like that) nothing more remains to know."

Thus did youth spend a comfortable time;
Until—"What 's this the Germans say is fact
That Wolf found out first? It 's unpleasant work
Their chop and change, unsettling one's belief:
All the same, while we live, we learn, that 's sure."
So, I bent brow o'er *Prolegomena*.

And, after Wolf, a dozen of his like
Proved there was never any Troy at all,
Neither Besiegers nor Besieged,—nay, worse,—
No actual Homer, no authentic text,
No warrant for the fiction I, as fact,
Had treasured in my heart and soul so long—
Ay, mark you ! and as fact held still, still hold,
Spite of new knowledge, in my heart of hearts
And soul of souls, fact's essence freed and fixed
From accidental fancy's guardian sheath.
Assuredly thenceforward—thank my stars!—
However it got there, deprive who could—
Wring from the shrine my precious tenantry,
Helen, Ulysses, Hector and his Spouse,
Achilles and his Friend?—though Wolf—ah, Wolf!
Why must he needs come doubting, spoil a dream?

But then "No dream 's worth waking"—Browning says:
And here 's the reason why I tell thus much.
I, now mature man, you anticipate,

May blame my Father justifiably
For letting me dream out my nonage thus,
And only by such slow and sure degrees
Permitting me to sift the grain from chaff,
Get truth and falsehood known and named as such.
Why did he ever let me dream at all,
Not bid me taste the story in its strength?
Suppose my childhood was scarce qualified
To rightly understand mythology,
Silence at least was in his power to keep:
I might have—somehow—correspondingly—
Well, who knows by what method, gained my gains,
Been taught, by forthrights not meanderings,
My aim should be to loathe, like Peleus' son,
A lie as Hell's Gate, love my wedded wife,
Like Hector, and so on with all the rest.
Could not I have excogitated this
Without believing such men really were?
That is—he might have put into my hand
The "Ethics"? In translation, if you please,

Exact, no pretty lying that improves,
To suit the modern taste: no more, no less—
The "Ethics": 't is a treatise I find hard
To read aright now that my hair is grey,
And I can manage the original.
At five years old—how ill had fared its leaves!
Now, growing double o'er the Stagirite,
At least I soil no page with bread and milk,
Nor crumple, dogsear and deface—boys' way.

*REPHAN.**

How I lived, ere my human life began
In this world of yours,—like you, made man,—
When my home was the Star of my God Rephan?

Come then around me, close about,
World-weary earth-born ones! Darkest doubt
Or deepest despondency keeps you out?

Nowise! Before a word I speak,
Let my circle embrace your worn, your weak,
Brow-furrowed old age, youth's hollow cheek—

Diseased in the body, sick in soul,
Pinched poverty, satiate wealth,—your whole
Array of despairs! Have I read the roll?

* Suggested by a very early recollection of a prose story by the noble woman and imaginative writer, Jane Taylor, of Ongar.

All here? Attend, perpend! O Star
Of my God Rephan, what wonders are
In thy brilliance fugitive, faint and far!

Far from me, native to thy realm,
Who shared its perfections which o'erwhelm
Mind to conceive. Let drift the helm,

Let drive the sail, dare unconfined
Embark for the vastitude, O Mind,
Of an absolute bliss! Leave earth behind!

Here, by extremes, at a mean you guess:
There, all 's at most—not more, not less:
Nowhere deficiency nor excess.

No want—whatever should be, is now:
No growth—that 's change, and change comes—how
To royalty born with crown on brow?

Nothing begins—so needs to end:
Where fell it short at first? Extend
Only the same, no change can mend!

I use your language: mine—no word
Of its wealth would help who spoke, who heard,
To a gleam of intelligence. None preferred,

None felt distaste when better and worse
Were uncontrastable: bless or curse
What—in that uniform universe?

Can your world's phrase, your sense of things
Forth-figure the Star of my God? No springs,
No winters throughout its space. Time brings

No hope, no fear: as to-day, shall be
To-morrow: advance or retreat need we
At our stand-still through eternity?

All happy: needs must we so have been,
Since who could be otherwise? All serene:
What dark was to banish, what light to screen?

Earth's rose is a bud that 's checked or grows
As beams may encourage or blasts oppose:
Our lives leapt forth, each a full-orbed rose—

Each rose sole rose in a sphere that spread
Above and below and around—rose-red:
No fellowship, each for itself instead.

One better than I—would prove I lacked
Somewhat: one worse were a jarring fact
Disturbing my faultlessly exact.

How did it come to pass there lurked
Somehow a seed of change that worked
Obscure in my heart till perfection irked?—

Till out of its peace at length grew strife—
Hopes, fears, loves, hates,—obscurely rife,—
My life grown a-tremble to turn your life?

Was it Thou, above all lights that are,
Prime Potency, did Thy hand unbar
The prison-gate of Rephan my Star?

In me did such potency wake a pulse
Could trouble tranquillity that lulls
Not lashes inertion till throes convulse

Soul's quietude into discontent?
As when the completed rose bursts, rent
By ardors till forth from its orb are sent

New petals that mar—unmake the disc—
Spoil rondure: what in it ran brave risk,
Changed apathy's calm to strife, bright, brisk,

Pushed simple to compound, sprang and spread
Till, fresh-formed, facetted, floretted,
The flower that slept woke a star instead?

No mimic of Star Rephan! How long
I stagnated there where weak and strong,
The wise and the foolish, right and wrong,

Are merged alike in a neutral Best,
Can I tell? No more than at whose behest
The passion arose in my passive breast,

And I yearned for no sameness but difference
In thing and thing, that should shock my sense
With a want of worth in them all, and thence

Startle me up, by an Infinite
Discovered above and below me—height
And depth alike to attract my flight,

Repel my descent: by hate taught love.
Oh, gain were indeed to see above
Supremacy ever—to move, remove,

Not reach—aspire yet never attain
To the object aimed at! Scarce in vain,—
As each stage I left nor touched again.

To suffer, did pangs bring the loved one bliss,
Wring knowledge from ignorance,—just for this—
To add one drop to a love-abyss!

Enough: for you doubt, you hope, O men,
You fear, you agonize, die: what then?
Is an end to your life's work out of ken?

Have you no assurance that, earth at end,
Wrong will prove right? Who made shall mend
In the higher sphere to which yearnings tend?

Why should I speak? You divine the test.
When the trouble grew in my pregnant breast
A voice said "So wouldst thou strive, not rest?

"Burn and not smoulder, win by worth,
Not rest content with a wealth that 's dearth?
Thou art past Rephan, thy place be Earth!"

REVERIE.

I KNOW there shall dawn a day
  —Is it here on homely earth?
Is it yonder, worlds away,
  Where the strange and new have birth,
That Power comes full in play?

Is it here, with grass about,
  Under befriending trees,
When shy buds venture out,
  And the air by mild degrees
Puts winter's death past doubt?

Is it up amid whirl and roar
  Of the elemental flame

Which star-flecks heaven's dark floor,
That, new yet still the same,
Full in play comes Power once more?

Somewhere, below, above,
Shall a day dawn—this I know—
When Power, which vainly strove
My weakness to o'erthrow,
Shall triumph. I breathe, I move,

I truly am, at last!
For a veil is rent between
Me and the truth which passed
Fitful, half-guessed, half-seen,
Grasped at—not gained, held fast.

I for my race and me
Shall apprehend life's law:
In the legend of man shall see
Writ large what small I saw
In my life's tale: both agree.

As the record from youth to age
  Of my own, the single soul—
So the world's wide book: one page
  Deciphered explains the whole
Of our common heritage.

How but from near to far
  Should knowledge proceed, increase?
Try the clod ere test the star!
  Bring our inside strife to peace
Ere we wage, on the outside, war!

So, my annals thus begin:
  With body, to life awoke
Soul, the immortal twin
  Of body which bore soul's yoke
Since mortal and not akin.

By means of the flesh, grown fit,
  Mind, in surview of things,

Now soared, anon alit
To treasure its gatherings
From the ranged expanse—to-wit,

Nature,—earth's, heaven's wide show
Which taught all hope, all fear:
Acquainted with joy and woe,
I could say "Thus much is clear,
Doubt annulled thus much: I know.

"All is effect of cause:
As it would, has willed and done
Power: and my mind's applause
Goes, passing laws each one,
To Omnipotence, lord of laws."

Head praises, but heart refrains
From loving's acknowledgment.
Whole losses outweigh half-gains:
Earth's good is with evil blent:
Good struggles but evil reigns.

Yet since Earth's good proved good—
  Incontrovertibly
Worth loving—I understood
  How evil—did mind descry
Power's object to end pursued—

Were haply as cloud across
  Good's orb, no orb itself:
Mere mind—were it found at loss
  Did it play the tricksy elf
And from life's gold purge the dross?

Power is known infinite:
  Good struggles to be—at best
Seems—scanned by the human sight,
  Tried by the senses' test—
Good palpably: but with right

Therefore to mind's award
  Of loving, as power claims praise?

Power—which finds nought too hard,
  Fulfilling itself all ways
Unchecked, unchanged: while barred,

Baffled, what good began
  Ends evil on every side.
To Power submissive man
  Breathes "E'en as Thou art, abide!"
While to good "Late-found, long-sought,

Would Power to a plenitude
  But liberate, but enlarge
Good's strait confine,—renewed
  Were ever the heart's discharge
Of loving!" Else doubts intrude.

For you dominate, stars all!
  For a sense informs you—brute,
Bird, worm, fly, great and small,
  Each with your attribute
Or low or majestical!

Thou earth that embosomest
  Offspring of land and sea—
How thy hills first sank to rest,
  How thy vales bred herb and tree
Which dizen thy mother-breast—

Do I ask? "Be ignorant
  Ever!" the answer clangs:
Whereas if I plead world's want,
  Soul's sorrows and body's pangs,
Play the human applicant,—

Is a remedy far to seek?
  I question and find response:
I—all men, strong or weak,
  Conceive and declare at once
For each want its cure. "Power, speak!

"Stop change, avert decay,
  Fix life fast, banish death,

Eclipse from the star bid stay,
Abridge of no moment's breath
One creature! Hence, Night, hail, Day!"

What need to confess again
No problem this to solve
By impotence? Power, once plain
Proved Power,—let on Power devolve
Good's right to co-equal reign!

Past mind 's conception—Power!
Do I seek how star, earth, beast,
Bird, worm, fly, gained their dower
For life's use, most and least?
Back from the search I cower.

Do I seek what heals all harm,
Nay, hinders the harm at first,
Saves earth? Speak, Power, the charm!
Keep the life there unamerced
By chance, change, death's alarm!

As promptly as mind conceives,
  Let Power in its turn declare
Some law which wrong retrieves,
  Abolishes everywhere
What thwarts, what irks, what grieves!

Never to be! and yet
  How easy it seems—to sense
Like man's—if somehow met
  Power with its match—immense
Love, limitless, unbeset

By hindrance on every side!
  Conjectured, nowise known,
Such may be: could man confide
  Such would match—were Love but shown
Stript of the veils that hide—

Power 's self now manifest!
  So reads my record: thine,

O world, how runs it? Guessed
  Were the purport of that prime line,
Prophetic of all the rest!

"In a beginning God
  Made heaven and earth." Forth flashed
Knowledge: from star to clod
  Man knew things: doubt abashed
Closed its long period.

Knowledge obtained Power praise.
  Had Good been manifest,
Broke out in cloudless blaze,
  Unchequered as unrepressed,
In all things Good at best—

Then praise—all praise, no blame—
  Had hailed the perfection. No!
As Power's display, the same
  Be Good's—praise forth shall flow
Unisonous in acclaim!

Even as the world its life,
So have I lived my own—
Power seen with Love at strife,
That sure, this dimly shown,
—Good rare and evil rife.

Whereof the effect be—faith
That, some far day, were found
Ripeness in things now rathe,
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,
Renewal born out of scathe.

Why faith—but to lift the load,
To leaven the lump, where lies
Mind prostrate through knowledge owed
To the loveless Power it tries
To withstand, how vain! In flowed

Ever resistless fact:
No more than the passive clay

Disputes the potter's act,
Could the whelmed mind disobey
Knowledge the cataract.

But, perfect in every part,
Has the potter's moulded shape,
Leap of man's quickened heart,
Throe of his thought's escape,
Stings of his soul which dart

Through the barrier of flesh, till keen
She climbs from the calm and clear,
Through turbidity all between,
From the known to the unknown here,
Heaven's "Shall be," from Earth's "Has been"?

Then life is—to wake not sleep,
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
  May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
  Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms'.

I have faith such end shall be :
  From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
  That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see.

When see? When there dawns a day,
  If not on the homely earth,
Then yonder, worlds away,
  Where the strange and new have birth,
And Power comes full in play.

EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES TO THE POEMS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES TO THE POEMS

ABBREVIATIONS

Arist. Apol. . = *Aristophanes' Apology.*
Bal. Adv. . . = *Balaustion's Adventure.*
Red Cotton N. C. C. = *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.*
R. and B. . . = *Ring and Book.*
Sord. . . . = *Sordello.*

N.B.—References to pages are in every case to the complete edition of the Poetical Works in seventeen volumes.

ABANO (*Pietro of Abano : Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 117). A town of Northern Italy, near Padua, under the Euganean Hills. Pietro of Abano, the famous physician and alchemist, was born there about 1246. Its medicinal spring procured this place its ancient name of *Aponon*, derived from *a* privative, and *πόνος*, pain.

ABD-EL-KADR (*Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 13). The Arab chief of Algiers, born 1807, who resisted the French in their attack on that country. By preaching a holy war he became powerful in 1833 ; was recognised as Emir of Moncava by treaty with the French, but ultimately surrendered to them, and was set at liberty by Louis Napoleon in 1852.

ABIB (*An Epistle &c. : Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 186) The teacher of Karshish, the Arab physician.

ABT VOGLER (*Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 101). The Abbé George Joseph Vogler was born at Würzburg, June 15, 1749. He was educated for the Church from his youth. Such were his musical talents that he could play the organ and the violin well at the age of ten. He studied at Bamberg in 1769 and in 1771 removed thence to Mannheim. He was ordained priest in 1773 at Rome, was admitted to the Academy of Arcadia, made a Knight of the Golden Spur and became chamberlain to the Pope. In 1775 Vogler returned to Mannheim and became court chaplain and second *maestro di cappella*. He now established his first great music school. He made many enemies in the musical world by his original methods of teaching. He invented a new system of fingering for the harpsichord, constructed an organ on a new principle, and a new system of musical theory. He simplified the mechanism of the organ, and introduced other important changes in the construction of that instrument. Amongst his disciples were numbered some of the most distinguished musicians of the period. He travelled widely in search of uncorrupted forms of melody. In 1786 he became 'Kapellmeister' to the King of Sweden, founded a school of music at Stockholm, and became famous by his performances on the orchestrion, a kind of organ of his own invention, to which the poet refers in the poem. He brought his orchestrion to London in 1790, and performed upon it at the Pantheon. He excelled in pedal playing, but it is not true that he invented the pedal. After leaving London he went to Rotterdam and the Rhine provinces, and wandered over a great part of Europe. He died at Darmstadt, May 6, 1814.

ACELDAMA (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 201). A field, south of Jerusalem, bought with the bribe which Judas received for

betraying his Master, and therefore called the *field of blood.* Used in the tragedy in a figurative sense.

'ACHAIANS' TWO THRONED EMPERY' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 273). The brother kings Agamemnon and Menelaus.

ACHARNES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 141). The *Acharnians* of Aristophanes : it is the most ancient comedy which has reached us.

ACQUETTA (*Ring and Book*, vol. viii. p. 230 ; vol. ix. p. 69). Aqua Tofana, a poisonous arsenical liquid used largely by Italian women in the seventeenth century to rid themselves of their husbands or rivals. It was invented by a woman who lived at Palermo, and who poisoned six hundred persons with it.

ACROMIA (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 55). In anatomy, the outer extremities of the shoulder-blades.

ADELAIDE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 151). Adelaide, Marchioness of Susa, was contemporary with Matilda, the great Countess of Tuscany, and governed Piedmont with wisdom and firmness. She endeavoured more than once to make peace between the Emperor and Pope. She was married three times—to a Duke of Swabia, a Marquis of Montserrat, and a Count of Maurienna ; and, partly through her inheritance from the husbands, all of whom she survived, partly on account of her wise management, her fief Susa became the most important in Italy. She died 1091.—*Biographie Universelle.*

ADELARDI, THE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 191), were a noble Guelf family of Mantua and Ferrara. Marchesella, heiress of the Adelardi, was carried off by Obizzo I., who married her to his son Azzo V.

ADMETOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 19). King of Pheræ in Thessaly. He was the son of Pheres and Clymene. Apollo, having been banished from heaven, became the servant of

Admetos, and tended his flocks for nine years. He obtained from the Fates the favour that Admetos should never die if another person could be found who was willing to lay down his life for him. Alcestis, the wife of Admetos, devoted herself to death for him ; and Hercules brought her back from Hades in return for the hospitality and friendship he had received at the hands of Admetos in his travels through Thessaly. In Mr. Browning's *Apollo and the Fates*, the story is told of the promise given by the Fates to Apollo concerning the life of Admetos.

ÆACUS (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 35). A son of Jupiter, a judge in the lower regions.

ÆLIAN (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 10 ; vol. ix. p. 262). A Roman writer on natural history in the time of Adrian. From the sweetness of his style he was surnamed the 'honey-tongued.'

AËTIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p 105). A famous Greek writer on medicine, about the sixth century of our era. He was a native of Amida in Mesopotamia.

AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS, THE (vol. xiii. p. 269). Agamemnon was a king of Mycenæ and Argos and Commander-in-chief of the Greek forces before Troy. He was married to Clytemnestra, the daughter of Tyndarus, king of Sparta. When the Greek expedition against Troy was detained at Aulis, Agamemnon sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia to appease Diana, whom he had offended by killing her favourite stag. Agamemnon behaved with great valour during the Trojan war, but he took by force Briseis, the favourite mistress of Achilles, who in consequence refused to appear in the field till he was recalled to action by the death of his friend Patroclus. After the fall of Troy, the beautiful princess Cassandra fell to Agamemnon as his share of the spoils. Endowed with the gift of prophecy, Cassandra warned him not to return home. He was assured

that his wife would put him to death, but the warning was disregarded and he returned to Greece. Aided by her adulterer Ægisthus, Clytemnestra murdered her husband as he came from the bath.

'AGATE CUP, HIS TOPAZ ROD, HIS SEED PEARL' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 99). The agate was anciently believed to possess medicinal uses, to protect the possessor from sorcery, and was an emblem of long life. The topaz was held to impart vigour. All kinds of precious stones were believed to possess mysterious virtues.

AGATHON (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 16). An Athenian tragic poet born 448 B.C., a friend of Euripides and Plato.

AGNOLO (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 226) = Michael Angelo.

AGORA (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). The Athenian marketplace.

AGRICOLA, JOHANNES (*Johannes Agricola in Meditation: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 199). Born at Eisleben in 1492; was one of the German Reformers and a friend of Luther. He became professor at Wittenberg in 1536, where he taught what Luther called *Antinomianism*, that is, the doctrine that Christians are entirely free from the Divine law and under no obligation to keep the ten commandments.

AGRIPPA, HENRY CORNELIUS, who is referred to in the Latin prefatory note to *Pauline* (vol. i. p. 2), was a physician and magician who was born at Cologne in 1486. He was denounced by the monks, who called him 'an impious cabalist.' His famous treatise *De Occulta Philosophia* was published in 1531 with the assistance of the Abbot Trithemius, the teacher of Paracelsus. He came to London in 1510 and was the guest of Dean Colet at Stepney. He attended the Council of Pisa as a theologian. He lectured at Pavia in 1515. In 1529 he became historiographer to Charles V., and died at Grenoble in 1535.

AHASUERUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 64). Esther vi. 1. 'On that night could not the king sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles : and they were read before the king.'

AHITHOPHEL (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 195). A conspirator with Absalom against David, who prayed to the Lord to turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness (2 Sam. xv. 31). 'Ahithophel's counsel' has passed into a proverb.

AIGIPLANKTOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283). A mountain, probably near Corinth.

AISCHULOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 9) – Æschylus.

AKASTOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 73). The son of Peleus, king of Iolchis. He fought against Admetus.

ALACOQUE (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 149). A French nun, the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, who founded the popular Catholic devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

ALBANO or ALBANI, FRANCESCO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 160). A famous Italian painter, born at Bologna, 1578. He taught at Rome for many years, and died 1660. In the Church of St. Sebastian are two of his best pictures—the St. Sebastian and the Assumption of the Virgin.

ALBANO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 240). He succeeded Innocent XII. as pope Clement XI. in 1700.

ALBERIC (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 285). The brother of Eccelino the Tyrant. The poet describes him as 'massy-muscled, big-boned Alberic.'

'ALKAION' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). The title of a play by Euripides.

ALKAIOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 147). Father of Amphitruon and grandfather of Hercules.

ALKAMENES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 23). A Greek

sculptor who lived 448 B.C., distinguished for his beautiful statues of Venus and Vulcan.

ALKESTIS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 14). The wife of Admetos (*q.v.*).

ALKMENE (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 96). The daughter of Electryon and the mother of Hercules, who was conceived by Jupiter.

'ALKMENE'S CHILD' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 317) = Hercules.

'ALL-TRANSMUTING TRIAD' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 239). The three persons of the Holy Trinity are represented in the mosaics of St. Mark's Church at Venice. The new faith in the Trinity consecrated the treasures of pagan art which found a home in the cathedral.

AMARYLLIS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 22). A countrywoman mentioned by Theocritus and Virgil.

AMEIPSIAS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 113). A comic poet who was ridiculed by Aristophanes.

AMMON (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 27). The name under which Jupiter was worshipped in Libya.

AMPHIKTUON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 98). A council composed of the best and wisest men of Greece.

AMPHION (*Arist. Apol.* vol. xiii. p. 148). He had such skill in music that it was fabled that the stones were so influenced by his lyre that they arranged themselves and built the walls of Thebes. Compare with this fancy the poem *Abt Vogler*.

AMPHITHEOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 12). An Athenian priest of Ceres, who was ridiculed by Aristophanes to annoy Euripides.

AMPHITRUON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 26). The Theban

prince who by accident killed Electryon, and was purified of the offence by Creon, king of Thebes.

'ANAPÆSTS IN COMIC-TRIMETER' (*Christmas-Eve*, vol. v. p. 253). An *anapæst* in prosody is a foot containing three syllables, the first two short, the third long. A *trimeter* is a poetical division of verse consisting of three measures.

ANDREA DEL SARTO (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 221) (called also 'Andrea senza Errori,' Andrew the Unerring, and 'the faultless painter') was born in Gualfonda, Florence, in 1487. His father was a tailor (*sarto*), and in accordance with Italian custom he was nicknamed 'The Tailor's Andrew.' He was first put to work with a goldsmith, but he disliked the business, and spent his spare time in drawing his master's models. He studied the cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo under the painter Piero di Cosimo. We next find him in partnership with his friend Francia Bigio. Andrea found employment with the brotherhood of the Servi from 1509 to 1514 in adorning their church of the Annunziata at Florence. In the cloisters and cortile of this glorious church are Del Sarto's 'Madonna del Sacro' and the 'Birth of the Virgin.' He fell in love with Lucrezia del Fede, the wife of a hatter named Carlo Recanati, who died opportunely, and the artist married her December 26, 1512. She was a very handsome woman, and her husband frequently painted her as a Madonna. Francis I., King of France, saw in 1516 a Pietà and a Madonna, the works of Andrea, and they so pleased his Majesty that he suggested the painter should come to Paris. He left his wife in Florence and entered on the service of the king, when for the first time in his life he received handsome remuneration for his work. His wife, however, pressed him to return to Italy; the king assented on receiving a promise that he would quickly return, and gave Andrea a sum of money to be spent in purchasing works of art for his palaces. Andrea, however, spent the money in building himself a new home in Florence. He

fell into disgrace with the king, but no serious notice was taken of his dishonesty. In 1520 he resumed work in Florence and painted many pictures for the cloister of Lo Scalzo. After the siege of Florence a pestilence broke out. Andrea caught the infection, and died on January 22, 1531, at the early age of forty-three. He was buried in the Church of the Servi. As an artist he lacked invention, though he possessed the greatest technical skill. A man without fervour, he lacked enthusiasm for the high and noble. Michelangelo is reported to have said that if he had attempted greater things he might have rivalled Rafael.

ANDROMEDA, who was rescued by Perseus from a sea-monster, is referred to in *Pauline* (vol. i. p. 29).

ANGELOT (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 111). A musical instrument somewhat resembling a lute.

ANGELUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 133). A salutation and prayer to the Virgin, said in Catholic countries three times a day, at morning, noon and night. The Angelus bell announces the hour of the prayer from every church steeple.

ANTHESTERION-MONTH (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 16). February–March.

ANTI-FABIUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 40). Fabius Q. Maximus, the Roman general, harassed the progress of Hannibal by countermarches and ambuscades. A Fabian policy is therefore a dilatory and delaying one. Anti-Fabian is of course prompt, like that of Caponsacchi.

ANTINOUS (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 36). A Bithynian youth greatly beloved by the Emperor Adrian, who at his death erected a temple to him and gave out that he had been changed into a constellation.

ANTI-POPE (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 144). The Catholic Church was disturbed during the first twelve centuries of her existence by rival claimants of the

Papal throne some twenty-five times. In the great schism of the fourteenth century, for forty years two and even three pretenders to the Papacy claimed the allegiance of Catholics.—Addis, *Cath. Dict.* 1893.

ANTONELLI, Cardinal (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 267), was secretary to Pope Pius IX., and a very astute politician.

'ANTONY "BARBERED TEN TIMES O'ER"' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 263). Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. sc. ii.

APHRODITE (*Artemis Prologizes: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 181). The Greek name of Venus.

'APOLLO FROM THE SUDDEN CORPSE OF HYACINTH' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 115). One day when Apollo was teaching his pupil Hyacinthus to play at quoits, Zephyrus blew the quoit, thrown by Apollo, upon the head of the youth, and he was killed by the blow. Apollo was disconsolate at the death of Hyacinthus, and he changed his blood into a flower which bore his name, and placed his body among the constellations.

APRILE (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 53). The Italian poet (not historical) who represents the Renaissance spirit in its emotional aspect as Paracelsus represents the scientific spirit. They were 'halves of one dissevered world.'

ARCHANGELIS, DOMINUS HYACINTHUS DE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 42). The advocate of the poor who defends Count Guido in the eighth book of the poem.

ARCHELAOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 15). A king of Macedonia who patronised Euripides.

ARCHIMAGE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 156). The high priest of the Persian Magi; a wizard or enchanter. Spenser uses the term frequently in the *Faerie Queene*.

ARCHON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 31). A chief magistrate at Athens after the royal authority was abrogated.

ARES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 159) = Mars.

AREZZO (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 92). A city of Italy about a hundred miles north of Rome. Caponsacchi's church is that of S. Maria della Pieve, which is said to be as old as the early part of the ninth century. It has a tower and façade dating from 1216. The interior consists of a nave with aisles and a dome.

'ARGEIAN MONSTER' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 307). The company of Argives concealed in the wooden horse.

ARGIVES (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 271). Natives of Argos, the capital of Argolis in the Peloponnesus, but applied by the poets to the Greeks in general.

ARIAN (*Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, *Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 28). Arius was a presbyter of the Church in the fourth century, who taught that Christ was a created being inferior in nature and dignity to God the Father. The views of Arius were condemned at the First General Council of Nicæa, held in 325. The party-word of the Arians was *homoiousios* = similar in substance; that of the Trinitarians, represented by Athanasius, who opposed Arius, was *homoousios* = identical in nature. There is only a difference of a letter between the two words, 'but that letter is God.'

ARION (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 287). A Greek poet and musician, who was rescued from drowning on the back of a dolphin. As he sang to his lyre the creatures came round the vessel, and one of them carried him to the shore.

ARIPHRADES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 49). A filthy person who was ridiculed by Aristophanes, *Equit.* iv.

ARISTÆUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 54). An ancient divinity of the Greeks, who was once a mortal, but was raised

to the dignity of a god because he conferred many benefits upon mankind. He learned the arts of healing and prophecy, and became the protector of flocks and shepherds, and taught men to cultivate olives and manage bees. The story referred to by Mr. Browning as told by Maro (Virgil) is from the *Georgics*, bk. iv. 317, which briefly summarised is as follows : 'He fell in love with Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, and when she rejected his addresses he pursued her into the field. She was stung by a serpent that lay in the grass, and died in consequence ; for which the gods punished Aristæus by destroying all his bees. In this calamity he applied to his mother, who directed him to see the sea-god Proteus, and consult him how he might repair the losses he had sustained. Proteus advised him to appease the manes of Eurydice by the sacrifice of four bulls and four heifers ; and as soon as he had done it, and left them exposed to the air, swarms of bees sprang from their rotten carcases, and restored Aristæus to his former prosperity.'

ARISTEIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 21). The Athenian general, who on account of his great temperance and virtue was surnamed 'The Just.' He was banished for ten years (B.C. 484) by the influence of his rival Themistocles ; but was recalled in six years by the Athenians.

ARISTONUMOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 113). A comic poet, and contemporary of Aristophanes and Ameipsias.

ARISTOPHANES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 32). The celebrated comic poet of Athens, who lived in the age of Socrates, Demosthenes, and Euripides (*b.* B.C. *c.* 448). He wrote fifty-four comedies, lashing the vices of his time with an unsparing and masterly hand. Eleven only of his plays have been preserved to us. These deal with Athenian life during a period of thirty-six years. Aristophanes was a conservative, who hated the mob and adhered to the old worship of the gods. The new ideas of education were regarded by

him as a compound of imposture and impiety. At the time in which he wrote all men's thoughts were occupied with the great struggle for supremacy between the rival states of Athens and Sparta, known as the Peloponnesian War, which lasted twenty-seven years. The strength of the Athenians lay chiefly in their fleet. The heavy-armed infantry of the Spartans, on the other hand, was almost irresistible in the field. The invaders carried their work of devastation almost up to the walls of Athens, whose defenders were contented with sheltering themselves and their movable property within the city walls, allowing the enemy to ravage the country with impunity. Their flocks and herds were removed to the islands on the coasts, where they could be protected by the Athenian fleet. The rural population, thus forced to seek shelter in a city wholly inadequate for their accommodation, incurred the greatest distress. Provisions became scarce, and a pestilence broke out in the city which carried off some ten thousand persons. Yet in all this distress and danger the Athenians could solace themselves at the theatre. The comic drama was to the Athenians what the free press is to the moderns. No doubt Aristophanes was opposed to the continuance of the war, and by the mouth of his characters uttered his own sentiments. A close study of the events of the time and the persons who directed the affairs of the state is necessary for the comprehension of the subject of Mr. Browning's poem.

ARISTULLOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 50). An obscure poet of Athens.

ARMIDA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 204). A prominent character in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.* She was a beautiful sorceress.

ARRIDAIOS and KRATEUES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 18). Local poets at the Court of Macedonia who enjoyed the royal favour of Archelaus.

'ARTEMIS PROLOGIZES' (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 181). Artemis is the Greek name for Diana. In the poem the goddess delivers a prologue to complete the story of Hippolytus as told by Euripides. Theseus married Phædra after the death of the Amazon Queen Antiope. Phædra fell in love with Hippolytus, the son of her husband by his former wife. He, however, did not reciprocate the passion, so she brought accusations against him before Theseus, alleging that he had been guilty of making improper proposals to her. Theseus cursed his son, and endeavoured to bring about his destruction. He prevailed upon his father, Neptune, to destroy him. When Hippolytus, on one occasion, was riding in his chariot on the sea coast, Neptune sent a bull from the water to frighten the horses. The chariot was upset, and Hippolytus was dragged till he was killed. Ultimately the innocence of Hippolytus was discovered by his father, and Phædra committed suicide. Hippolytus, according to some accounts, was restored to life by Æsculapius, the god of medicine. He then assumed the name of Virbius, was placed by Artemis under the protection of the nymph Egeria, and was honoured with divine worship.

ARTEMISIA GENTILESCHI (*Beatrice Signorini : Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 63). A celebrated lady painter, the daughter of Orazio Gentileschi, who lived 1590–1642. She was a pupil of Guido, and became famous as a portrait painter. The Pitti Palace, Florence, possesses her greatest work, 'Judith and Holofernes.' Her father brought her to England in the reign of Charles I., for whom she painted David with the head of Goliath. She returned to Italy, and spent the remainder of her life at Naples.

ASKLEPIADAI (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 94). The priests of Æsculapius were sometimes called Asclepiads, but they did not act as physicians. The true Asclepiads were healers and not priests. Their schools were a sort of medical guild, and the Asclepiads in process of time became the hereditary physicians of Greece. They pretended to be descendants of

Æsculapius. Their three most famous schools were those of Rhodes, Cos, and Cnidos.

ASKLEPIOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 20) = Æsculapius, the god of medicine. He learned his art from Apollo.

ASOLANDO (vol. xvii.), the title of Mr. Browning's latest work, is explained in the dedication as 'popularly ascribed to the inventiveness of the ancient secretary of Queen Cornaro,' whose palace-tower still overlooks the town of Asolo. *Asolare* is defined as 'to disport in the open air, amuse oneself at random,' and the poet adds that he used it for love of the place.

ASOLO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 5; *Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 2). A beautifully situated town of Northern Italy about nineteen miles from Treviso. It possesses a cathedral, and the former palace of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus.

'ASOPIAD SISTERS' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 189). Daughters of the god of the river Asopos.

ASOPOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283). A river of Bœotia.

ASS ('Their idol god an ass,' *R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 264). The pagan persecutors of the early Christians accused them of all sorts of degrading and horrible superstitions: amongst other things, it was declared that they worshipped the head of an ass. In the years 1846–1857 extensive excavations were made on the Palatine Hill, when four small square rooms were laid bare among the ruins of a very ancient building belonging to the palace of the Cæsars. On the walls were a number of *graffiti*, one of which was a blasphemous caricature of the Crucifixion, representing an ass with the body of a man hanging on a cross, with the inscription 'Alexamenus worships [his] God.' The caricature is attributed to the third century. In Tertullian's *Apology*, the title of the sixteenth chapter runs in some manuscripts: 'That Christians do not adore the head of an ass as they cast in

their teeth, but the true God and the sign of the Cross.'—Northcote and Brownlow, *Roma Sotteranea.*

ASSISI (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 131). The poet calls this 'holy ground,' because St. Francis was born there in 1182. He founded the order of the Franciscans, whose great monastery on the brow of the hill was erected in the first half of the thirteenth century.

ASSUMPTION-DAY (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 66). A festival of the Virgin in the Catholic Church, which is kept on August 15. It is a pious belief that the body of Our Lady was preserved from corruption, and united to her soul in heaven. The corporal assumption is, however, not an article of faith, although theologians say it would be a mark of insolent temerity to deny it. Butler says the festival was observed both in East and West before the sixth century.

ASTRÆA REDUX (*Ned Bratts: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 79). Astræa, the goddess of justice, lived on earth during the golden age; but mankind became so wicked in the brazen and iron ages that she removed her dwelling-place to heaven. She is the Virgo of the constellations of the Zodiac. *Astræa redux* signifies 'justice returned' to earth.

ATE (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 286). The goddess of revenge.

'ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM' (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 199). St. Athanasius (*b. c.* 297 A.D.) defended the Nicene Creed against the Arian heresy when, in the words of Hooker, it was 'the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it.'

ATHENIAN, THE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 53). The poet Æschylus, who fought in the battle of Marathon.

ATHOAN (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283) – of Mount Athos.

ATLAS AND AXIS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 160). In anatomy, two bones of the neck on which the head turns. The

atlas is the first cervical vertebra; the *axis* is the second. The *symphyses* are the unions of the bones with each other.

ATREIDAI (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 269). Agamemnon and Menelaus were sons of Atreus.

ATREUS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 271), king of Mycenæ. He was the son of Pelops and Hippodamia, brother of Thyestes, father of Agamemnon and Menelaus.

ATROPOS (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 98). One of the Fates. She was represented in a black veil, with a pair of scissors in her hand with which to sever the thread of mortal life.

AUGÉ (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 47). The mother of Telephus by Hercules.

AUGUSTINIAN (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 219). The Augustinian Canons refer their origin to St. Augustine, but he never composed a monastic rule properly so called, although his treatise *De Moribus Clericorum* and his letter No. 109 lay down a rule of life of a not very severe character.

AULIS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 277). A town near Chalcis in Bœotia.

AUREOLE (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 6). One of the names of Paracelsus.

'AUTOCHTHON-BROOD' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 46). The Athenians boasted that they sprang from the soil they inhabited.

AVATAR (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 82). The incarnation of a god, in Hindoo mythology.

AVERRÖES (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 105), or Ebn Rosch, was born at Cordova in 1126. He was more a philosopher than a physician, though he made many important observations in medicine. He was considered by his contemporaries and by the schoolmen as a prodigy of science. By his Mohammedan

brethren he was bitterly persecuted because he treated the Koran as a merely human work.

AVICENNA (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 105), or Ebn Sina, called 'the Prince of Physicians,' was the greatest philosopher produced by the Arabs in the East. He was born in the province of Bokhara A.D. 980. His great work, the *Canon of Medicine*, made his name famous in Asia and Europe for several centuries. He was the author of a hundred gigantic works.

AVON (*Cristina and Monaldeschi: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 193). A village named after a small river at Fontainebleau.

AZOTH (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. Note 5, p. 184). Mr. Browning thinks that the famous Azoth of Paracelsus was simply the laudanum which he had discovered. The term has various meanings with the Alchemists: sometimes it is used to express the creative principle of Nature; it is applied also to mercury, and by some authorities is supposed to have meant magnetised electricity.

AZZO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). Azzo, a christian name of the Lords of Este, the Guelf leaders. Azzo VI. (1170-1212) became head of the Guelf party. Azzo VII. (1205-1264) was constantly at war with Eccelino III. da Romano, who was leagued with Salinguerra.

BABYLON ('So they found at Babylon,' *Sord.*, vol. i. p. 74). Ammianus Marcellinus says that after the burning of Seleucia the soldiers found a hole in the temple of Apollo, which being opened to search for treasure, there issued forth a pestilence which polluted the world with contagion in the time of the Roman Emperors Lucius Verus and Marcus Antoninus. Seleucia was built from materials brought from Babylon.

BACCHAI (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 11). A play by Euripides, not performed till after his death.

BACCHEION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 11). A temple of Bacchus.

BACCIO [BANDINELLI] (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 3). The Florentine sculptor who lived 1487-1559.

BALAUSTION (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 13). The Greek girl of Rhodes, who saved her companions in the ship by which she fled from Rhodes by reciting to the people of Syracuse the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Her name means 'wild pomegranate flower.'

'BALD-BARD' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 50). A nickname of Aristophanes. *Hetairai*, his female companions.

BALDACHIN (*Christmas Eve*, vol. v. p. 232). The bronze canopy over the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. It was designed by Bernini, is 95 ft. in height, and weighs about 93 tons.

BALDINUCCI, FILIPPO (vol. xiv. p. 117). Was a famous Italian writer on the history of the arts. He was born *c.* 1624 at Florence, and died 1696. The incidents in Mr. Browning's poem are historical, and may be found in Baldinucci's account of the painter Buti. Baldinucci's chief work is entitled *Notizie dei Professori del Disegno da Cimabue in quà* (*dal* 1260 *sino al* 1670).

BALDO (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 10). A celebrated professor of civil and canon law. Born 1327.

BALDOVINETTI, ALESSIO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). A painter of Florence (1422-99), who worked in fresco and mosaic.

BALKIS (*Solomon and Balkis: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 182). The Queen of Sheba, who went to visit King Solomon. The land of Sheba is Yemen in Arabia. The Talmudic legend of the visit of the Queen to Solomon may be found in Polano's translation of *Selections from the Talmud*.

BAMBERG (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 258). A town in Bavaria, sixty-two miles from Würzburg.

BARBAROSS = Frederick Barbarossa (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 59) (1152-90). There is a German tradition that this great sovereign is not dead, but only sleeping, and that he will one day arise from his slumbers, and then a golden age will dawn for Germany. He sits at a stone table with his six knights at Kyffhäuserberg, in Thuringia. His red beard has already grown through the table slab, but must wind itself thrice round the table before the ravens will quit the mountain and the sleeper awake.

BARBITON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 36). 'Lyric shell or tragic barbiton.' Shells were used as bodies for lyres. The barbiton was a lyre.

BARDOTTI (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 15). 'Freed ones.' The name of a revolutionary club with which Pacchia and Pacchiarotto were probably connected. It was broken up by the authorities in 1535.

'BARNABITES APE US DOMINICAN EXPERTS' (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 249). The order of the Barnabites was founded by Antonio Maria Zaccaria (died 1539). With him were joined Bartolommeo Ferrari and Giacomo Antonio Morigena. They lived in the world, and worked for it. The Dominicans were experts in the detection of heresies.

BARTOLO (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 10). A professor of civil law at Perugia, who instructed Baldo (*q.v.*).

BARTOLUS-CUM-BALDO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 258). The names of two eminent Italian jurists.

BASIL or BASLE (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 67). At the university of this city Paracelsus was Professor of Medicine in 1526.

BASSET-TABLE (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 190). A game of cards called basset was introduced into France by Zustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, in 1674.

BAZZI (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 6). Giannantonio Bazzi, an

Italian painter (sometimes spelt Razzi), bore the name 'Sodona' or 'Il Sodoma' as a family name. He lived *c.* 1479 1549.

BEATRICE SIGNORINI (*Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 62). A noble Roman lady who married Francesco Romanelli, the painter, in the time of Pope Urban VIII. He became attached to Artemisia Gentileschi, a celebrated lady painter, who painted for him a picture filled with fruit, except a space in the centre for her own portrait, which he painted himself. He kept this work amongst his treasures, and one day, desiring to make his wife jealous, he showed it to her, and sounded the praises of the lady whom it represented. His wife promptly destroyed the portrait, at which the husband was not at all angry, but loved his wife all the more for this outburst of natural anger.

BEATRIX (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 125). Azzo's sister; she married Otho IV.

BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 270). A modern English dramatist, of a genius almost unique. He was born in 1803, and is famous for his *Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy.* —*Ency. Brit.*

BEGHARDS (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 274) were associations of laymen living together as a religious community. They first appeared in the early part of the thirteenth century. They imitated the Béguines of Flanders, who were single women and widows who devoted themselves to the service of God. The Beghards, having lapsed into heresy, were finally suppressed by Innocent X. in 1650.

BEMA-CLOUD (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 7). The Bema was a raised platform for persons who addressed the assembly.

'BEMBO'S VERSE' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 149). Cardinal Bembo, who died in 1547, wrote a number of poems, essays,

and dialogues. His dialogue on Platonic love is entitled *Gli Asolani*.

BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE (1670-1733) (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 117) was the son of a physician at Rotterdam. He studied medicine at Leyden, and came to England to learn the language. He is celebrated by his book *The Fable of the Bees*, a work which includes *The Grumbling Hive, or Knaves Turned Honest*; *An Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue*; *An Essay on Charity Schools*; and *A Search into the Origin of Society*. *The Grumbling Hive* was published in 1705, when England was agitated by the question as to continuing Marlborough's war with France. Charges of all kinds were being made against public officials—corruption and dishonesty were charged on these persons. At this time Mandeville humorously contended that 'private vices are public benefits,' that self-seeking, greed, and ambition are necessary to the greatness and prosperity of a nation. 'Fools only strive to make a great and honest hive.' He taught that 'the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.' In 1723 his book on charity schools was presented to the Justices, the Grand Jury of Middlesex, and a copy was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. His satires on English methods may to a great extent be considered as political *jeux d'esprit*.

BERNARDINO (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 5). The Church of San Bernardino of Siena (1380 1444). He was a Franciscan monk, celebrated for his devotion to the sick and poor, and his great success as a preacher of humility and forgiveness of injuries.

BERNINI'S TRITON FOUNTAIN (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 37) in the Piazza Barberini. The triton is blowing on a conch.

BESSARION (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 36). The learned Cardinal who discovered the poem of Coluthus in Lycopolis in

the fifteenth century. It is a poem on the rape of Helen, in imitation of Homer, in 384 verses.

BIAMRALLAH (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 238). Hakeem Biamr Allah was the sixth Fatemite Caliph of Egypt.

BIANCA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 234), in Dean Milman's tragedy of *Fazio*, was the wife of Fazio ; she tried to save her husband's life, failed, went mad, and died of a broken heart.

BIER, THE (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 217). The Jews called the constellation of the Great Bear 'the Bier.' *The Three Daughters* are the tail stars of the Bear.

BIGORDI (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). Said by some writers to have been the family name of the painter Ghirlandajo.

BILL OF RIGHTS, THE (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 194), one of the great charters of English liberty, was passed in the reign of William and Mary in 1689. It must be carefully distinguished from the 'Petition of Right.' The Bill of Rights totally abolished the dispensing power of the Crown.

BILLINGSLEY (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 301). Balfour was desired by the king to admit Captain Billingsley and one hundred men, to effect Strafford's escape from the Tower.

'BIRDS, THE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 45). The title of one of the plays of Aristophanes.

'BLACK ARTS' (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 19). There are two kinds of magic, black and white. Black magic is diabolical, white is occult science.

'BLACKS AND WHITES' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 192). The Neri and Bianchi. The latter party were led by the Cerchi, who came from the forest lands of the Val di Sieve. The Neri were led by the Donati.—Longfellow's *Dante. Notes to Inferno.*

BLOUGRAM, BISHOP (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 238).

A review of *Bishop Blougram's Apology* appeared in the *Rambler* for January 1856 which is generally understood to have been written by Cardinal Wiseman. The writer considers that the poet caricatured that prelate.

BOEHME, JACOB (*Transcendentalism &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 174) (1575–1624). A mystical writer, born near Gorlitz in Upper Lusatia. He was a master shoemaker till he became a dealer in woollen gloves, which business he carried on till his death. His first treatise was his *Morgenröthe im Auffgang*, which soon introduced him to a circle of liberal thinkers. He was charged with heresy by Gregorius Richter, the pastor of Gorlitz, who silenced him for five years. In 1618 be began his second period of authorship, composing pieces of an expository, polemical, and devotional character. He was essentially a Protestant mystic. 'His own book, which he himself was, the microcosm of man, with his threefold life, was patent to his vision,' as he himself declared. He was greatly influenced by the teaching of Paracelsus, of Kaspar Schwenkfeld, the first Protestant mystic, and of Wiegel.

BOILEAU (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 91) (1636–1711). French poet, critic, and satirist.

BOMBA, KING (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 267). Ferdinand II., late king of the Two Sicilies, was so called.

BOMBASTES (Mr. Browning's notes to *Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 182). The proper name of the philosopher Paracelsus. Bombast was originally cotton. Lupton has 'A candle with a wick of *bombast*.' Then it came to mean stuffing, or padding. Shakespeare has 'How now, my sweet creature of *bombast*.' Ultimately the word was applied to high-sounding speech. The signification of the word has nothing to do with Paracelsus.

BORAGE (*An Epistle: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 197).

This plant was highly esteemed in ancient medicine. Pliny says it produces very exhilarating effects. The stem contains nitre.

BOTTINIUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 1). Juris Doctor Bottinius was public prosecutor and advocate of the Apostolic Chamber of Rome, in which capacity he prosecuted Count Guido. His speech constitutes the ninth book of *The Ring and the Book*.

BOY AND THE ANGEL, THE (*Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 19). *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, xii. 6, July 6, 1867, has some interesting facts in connection with the class of legend represented by this poem. Compare by way of contrast 'King Robert of Cysillé,' Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, vol. i. p. 264; and Leigh Hunt's *Jar of Honey*, ch. vi.

'BRAKES AT BALM-SHED,' &c. (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 267). 'Describes a southern land in early spring when gums exude from brushwood, and the asphodel is in bloom. Some ships got there sooner than others, which remained landlocked.'—*J. A. Symonds*.

BRENNUS (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 186). Brennus, the leader of the Gauls, defeated the Romans on July 16, B.C. 390. The Romans fled to the Capitol and left the city to the enemy. The Gauls climbed the Tarpeian Rock in the night, but the Capitol was saved by the guard being awakened by the cackling of some geese near the doors.

'BRIDGEWATER BOOK' (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 229). The Bridgewater treatises 'On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation.'

'BROTHERHOOD OF DEATH' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 53; and see also vol. x. p. 243). The 'Brethren of the Misericordia,' a religious confraternity whose members attend on the dying and who bury the dead. As they descended to Guido's dungeon, they chanted the office for the dying.

'BULB-DORMANT,' &c. (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 140). Hyacinth bulbs were buried with mummies by the ancient Egyptians.

BUONARROTI (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 276). Michael Angelo.

BUONONCINI (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 225). An Italian musician and gifted composer, who at one time wrote in conjunction with Handel.

BUTRINGARIUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 303). Giacomo Butringari (1274–1348), a jurisconsult of much celebrity at Bologna. BARTOLI (*q.v.*) was his pupil.

BUTTMANN (*Development: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 104). Philip Karl Buttmann, the German philologist (1764–1829), was secretary of the Royal Library at Berlin. He is celebrated for his critical works—the *Griechische Grammatik*, the *Ausführliche Griechische Sprachlehre*, and the *Lexilogus oder Beiträge zur Griechischen Worterklärung*. He edited Plato's *Dialogues* and the *Midiana* of Demosthenes.

BYBLIS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 229). Byblis was changed into a fountain because she was enamoured of her own brother.

BYRON (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 202). Lord Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon* while residing at Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva.

BYSSUS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 132). Probably a kind of muslin or lawn. It was sometimes dyed of a purple or crimson colour.

'BYZANT DOMES' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p 137). The dome was a prominent feature in Byzantine architecture, which was developed about A.D. 300.

CÆCUBAN (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 216). Cæcubum, a town of Latium. Abundance of excellent wine was produced at Cæcubus ager.

CALDARA POLIDORE [DA CARAVAGGIO] (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 84) (1495—1543). A celebrated

painter of friezes, &c., at the Vatican. His talents were discovered by Rafael when he was acting as a common labourer to other artists. The picture of Andromeda referred to in *Pauline* (vol. i. p. 29) was an engraving from a picture by this painter.

CALIBAN AND SETEBOS (*Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 149). A psychological study of Shakespeare's deformed slave of Prospero in the *Tempest.* Setebos was the Patagonian god referred to in *Pigafetta* and *Purchas his Pilgrimes.*

CALIGULA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 25). Emperor of Rome, who delighted in the miseries of mankind, and found amusement in putting innocent persons to death. He was murdered A.D. 41.

'CALIPH'S WHEEL-WORK MAN' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 231). One of the automata which Haroun-al-Raschid sent to Charlemagne. There is a 'wheel-work' in the Indian Museum, representing a Sepoy being devoured by a tiger.

CAMALDOLESE (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 210). A very austere religious order founded by St. Romuald in 1012.

CAMBUSCAN (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 90). King of Sarra in Tartary. Chaucer refers to him in the *Squier's Tale*, and Milton speaks of 'Cambuscan bold.'

CAMPAGNA (*Two in the Campagna: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 150). The Campagna di Roma is bounded on the north by the Ciminian Forest, on the west by the sea, and on the east by the Apennine chain of the Sabina. It is a wild and deserted plain covered with grand and picturesque ruins, for the most part extremely ancient.

'CANDLE'S AT THE GATEWAY, THE' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 144). In King Alfred's reign time was measured by the burning of a candle.

'CANIDIAN HATE' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 108). The famous sorceress Canidia was immortalised in the Epodes and Satires of Horace.

CANOVA, ANTONIO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 30) (1757–1822). The celebrated sculptor, born at Possagno, near Asolo.

CAPONSACCHI (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 83). The chivalrous canon of Arezzo who assisted Pompilia in her flight to Rome from the persecution of her husband Count Guido. The family of the Caponsacchi (in English, Head i' the Sack) is mentioned in Dante's *Paradiso*, xvi. At that period they lived in Florence, having removed from Fiesole to the Mercato Vecchio. In the *Ring and Book* (bk. vi. l. 230) he is called 'Capo-in-Sacco.'

CAPUCHIN (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 17; *Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 129). A monk of the reform of the Franciscan order. They wear the long pointed crown cowl or *capuche*, from which they derive their name.

CARBONARI (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 50). An Italian secret society arose in 1808, called the *Carbonari*. The members adopted charcoal as the symbol of purification; hence the name.

CARIAN GROUP (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 130). The Caryatides. The Caryatides were young girls who danced at the festival held at Carya in Arcadia in honour of Diana Caryatis.

CARLISLE, LADY (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 204), was the daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. She was married to James, Lord Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.

CARMELITES (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 210). A religious order established in the middle of the twelfth century by a crusader named Berthold, who left Italy and repaired to Mount Carmel, where he built a tower and a little church and dwelt in it with ten brethren. Our ancestors called them the White Friars.

CARMINE (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 205). 'The Carmine's my cloister.' The monastery in Florence where Fra Lippo was educated is called Del Carmine.

CAROLOSTADIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 106). One of the Reformers who joined Luther at Wittemberg. In 1522 he became the leader of the iconoclasts, and incited them to great excesses. He pretended that he was spiritually enlightened in a peculiar manner, and taught that learning was useless, and induced many students of divinity to give up their studies. Luther opposed his fanaticism, and he was banished from the Elector's dominions, but was recalled in 1525. Carolstadt was the first of the reformers who ventured to marry.

CARROCH (*Sord.*, vol. i. pp. 63, 143). The carroch, or carroccio, was a four-wheeled car used in the wars of the Milanese with Conrad. It was an invention of the Salic Archbishop Eribert, and was adopted by all the cities of Italy. It was a four-wheeled car, drawn by four yoke of oxen; in the middle was a high mast, terminating in a golden ball; below was the standard of the commune, and a crucifix to bless the army. On a platform in front some of the bravest soldiers were placed to defend it; behind these there were musicians and trumpeters. Mass was said upon the carroccio before it left the town, and in many cases a special chaplain was appointed to it.

'CASA GUIDI' (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 90). The name of the residence of the Brownings at Florence. The reference is to Mrs. Browning's poem on Italian liberty, entitled *Casa Guidi Windows*.

CASSIODORUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 261). A distinguished statesman, historian, and man of letters; born about A.D. 468; was for many years financial head of the Ostrogothic kingdom. He died in a monastery in Calabria, almost a centenarian. He was the author of many books.

CASTELFRANCO (*In a Gondola: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 75). Giorgione of Castelfranco, born 1478; the great Italian painter.

CASTELLANI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 1). A famous jeweller in Rome, celebrated for his excellent imitations from Etruscan, Greek, and Byzantine models.

CASTELLANUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 79) was Bishop of Tulle in 1539, of Maçon in 1544, and in 1551 of Orleans. His family name was Pierre Duchatel. Erasmus met him at Basle when a young man, and found him employment as corrector of the press with Frobenius the printer. He was a cultivated and tolerant ecclesiastic.

CASTELNUOVO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 139). A village about fifteen miles from Rome, where Guido overtook Pompilia and Caponsacchi.

CASTRENSIS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 303). A celebrated professor of canon and civil law, who died in 1441. He taught at Vienna, Florence, Avignon, Padua, Perugia, and Bologna. His fame rests principally on his readings on the *Digest*.

CATAWBA (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 182). A white American wine whose praises have been sung by Longfellow.

'CAT'S HEAD AND IBIS' TAIL' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 129). Symbols of Egyptian design wrought in mosaic on the porphyry floor.

CAYENNE (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 160). The penal settlement in French Guiana for political offenders. It is a fever-stricken place, with a temperature from 76° to 88° F. throughout the year.

'CELARENT, DARII, FERIO!' (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 48). Coined words used in teaching logic.

'CENTURY OF SONNETS' (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 296). If Rafael wrote many sonnets, they are lost. There is one inscribed on a drawing by Rafael in the British Museum. The 'Lady of the Sonnets' was Margherita (La Fornarina), the baker's daughter.

'CEPHISIAN REED' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 121). Cephisus was a celebrated river of Greece, which passed at the north of Delphi and Mount Parnassus. The Graces were said to have been particularly fond of this river, and they were called the goddesses of the Cephisus.

CERBERUS (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 256). The dog of Pluto. He had three heads, and was stationed at the mouth of hell to prevent the living from entering the regions of the dead.

CERINTHUS (*A Death in the Desert: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 147) was a heretic of Alexandria and a contemporary of St. John. Irenæus says that St. John wrote his Gospel to confute him. Cerinthus was a Judaiser, enforcing the rite of circumcision and the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. He was also a Gnostic, and attributed the creation of the world to an angel or angels far removed from and ignorant of the Supreme Being.

CHARLES (*Italian in England: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 47). Carlo Alberto, the King of Sardinia, died 1849.

CHARLES (*King Victor and King Charles*, vol. iii. p. 81). Charles Emmanuel, the second son of Victor Amadeus II., in whose favour his father abdicated (1730).

CHARMS FOR THE GOUT, &C. (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 116) This exactly describes the medical practice of the period. See Brande's *Popular Antiquities*, iii. 29.

'CHARON'S WHERRY' (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 49). Charon was a ferryman of hell who conducted souls across

the river Styx. His fee was an *obolus*, which it was usual to put in the corpse's mouth, 'to pay the Stygian ferry.'

CHATTERTON (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 86). Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770), the boy poet. He pretended that he had discovered some ancient poems in the parish chest of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, and actually succeeded in deceiving the credulous scholars of the day by his fraud.

CHILDE ROLAND (*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 194). In the old Scotch ballad Roland was the youngest brother of Burd Helen. Guided by Merlin the magician, he undertook to bring back his sister from elf-land, whither she had been taken by the fairies. He succeeded in his dangerous exploit. Childe Roland is referred to in Edgar's song in *Lear*, act iii. sc. iv. *Childe* was a term applied to the scions of knightly families before they were admitted to the honour of knighthood.

CHIONIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 38). An Athenian poet, declared by some authorities to have been the inventor of comedy.

CHIUSI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 1). An ancient Etruscan city celebrated for its tombs, and full of antiquities.

CHLORIDE, 'Ask the chloride's name' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 211). Chloride of lithia, probably, as it is found in sea-water.

CHOËS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). An Athenian festival of the pitchers, in connection with the worship of Dionysus or Bacchus.

CHOIRILOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 32). An Athenian tragic poet, the author of a hundred and fifty tragedies.

CHOROS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 10). The chorus in the Greek drama represented an ideal public. Dances and various gestures were introduced to illustrate the play.

'CHRISTMAS MORN — THREE MASSES' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 129). It was an ancient law of the Roman Catholic Church, and one that is still in force, that priests may not say Mass more than once on any day except Christmas Day, when they are permitted to say three : the first being immediately after midnight, the second at break of day, the third is the usual morning Mass. Priests in England have special leave to say two masses on Sundays.

CHRISTOPHER SMART (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 148) (1722–1771). Poet ; was considered merely an unfortunate literary Bohemian, who wrote much verse of an inferior quality, until his *Song to David* attracted notice in a reprint of the poem. During his detention in a lunatic asylum he is said to have scratched with a nail or key on the wall of his cell some of the stanzas of this great poem. There is nothing of a morbid or melancholy character in the work, which is full of healthy and vigorous thought. Smart was a clever but delicate boy. The Duchess of Cleveland sent him to Cambridge, where he did well, becoming a Fellow of Pembroke, and gaining the Seaton prize five times. When he came to London he mixed in the literary society adorned by Johnson, Garrick, and Burney. He married a daughter of Newbery the publisher. His friends helped him in his constantly recurring difficulties ; but his habits were dissipated, and his insanity was doubtless the consequence of his intemperance. He died in 1771 from the effects of poverty and disease.

CHRUSEIDS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 343). The descendants of Astynome, the daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo, bore the patronymic of Chruseids.

CHUTROI (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). The feast of pots, a festival of Dionysus at Athens.

CIMABUE (*Old Pictures in Florence : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 86). The Italian art reformer (1240 1302). He was Giotto's teacher.

CIRO FERRI (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 6). An Italian painter (1634–1689).

CISTERCIAN MONK (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 129). The order of Cistercians was established at Citeaux, in France, by St. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, near Chatillon, in 1098. The rule of St. Benedict was followed in all its rigour.

'CITY OF GAPERS' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). Athens, so called on account of the curiosity of the Athenians.

CLAREMONT (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 221). Clermont-Ferrand, a city of France, in which Pope Urban II. first organised the Great Crusade at a council held in 1095.

CLEMENT [V.], POPE (*Heretic's Tragedy: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 162) (1305–1314). He dissolved the Order of the Templars, and gave their property to the Knights of Jerusalem.

CLEON (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 279). The motto is taken from Acts xvii. 28. The quotation is from the *Phænomena* of Aratus, a poet of Soli, or according to one authority of Tarsus in Cilicia, St. Paul's own city. There is also a very similar passage in a hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic: 'Zeus, thou crown of creation, Hail!—We are thy offspring.' The incidents and persons of the poem are not historical, though they are highly characteristic of the philosophic thought of the period when the national creeds were passing away.

CLIO (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 218). The eldest of the Muses presided over history. It was her office to record faithfully the actions of great heroes.

CLITUMNUS (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 209). An Italian river. When oxen drank its waters they were said to become white.

CLIVE (*Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 88). Robert Clive

was born in 1725. The son of a lawyer or small landowner, and an idle dare-devil of a boy, he was packed off to Madras in the service of the East India Company. He passed his early days there in despair and misery. He twice attempted suicide and failed. In the war of the Austrian Succession the French resolved to expel the English from Madras. The city was captured, but Clive escaped in disguise and joined the Company's force as an ensign. In 1751 Clive proposed a daring scheme for the relief of Trichinopoly, which held out against the Nabob of the Carnatic. With a few hundred troops he surprised Arcot, the Nabob's capital, and held it for fifty days against thousands of assailants. Reinforcements released him, and he led his Sepoy troops to splendid victories in the field, and completely routed the French. After the Indian massacre of Bengal, Clive sailed thither with 3,000 men, and gained an incredible victory over the Nabob's army of 60,000. With the victory of Plassey began the Empire of England in the East. Notwithstanding these splendid services to his country, his conduct in India was severely criticised, and he was impeached in consequence, but was acquitted in 1773. He committed suicide in 1774, his mind having been unhinged by the charges brought against him. He was addicted to the use of opium; reference to this habit is made in the poem.

CLOTHO (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 98). The youngest of the goddesses who presided over the birth and life of mankind. Clotho presided over the moments in which men were born. She is painted holding a distaff in her hand.

'CLOUDCUCKOOBURG' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 98). The name of a city in Aristophanes' play *The Birds*, which these animals are persuaded to build in the air so that men might be cut off from the gods.

COLIBRI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 158). Humming-birds.

COLLYRIUM (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 111). Eye-wash.

COLOMBE OF RAVENSTEIN (*Colombe's Birthday*, vol. iv. p. 71). Duchess of Juliers and Cleves. By the operation of the Salic Law she is in danger of losing her sovereignty, when she has an offer of marriage from Prince Berthold, who could have dispossessed her. She loves Valence, an advocate, and Colombe sacrifices her sovereignty to marry the man of her choice. The characters in this poem are imaginary, but it is founded on historical facts.

'COMACHIAN EELS' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 17). From ancient times to the present day these have been highly esteemed. They are found in a large swamp at Comachio on the Adriatic.

'COMIC PLATON' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 18). This 'prince of the middle comedy flourished in Greece B.C. 445.

COMMINES (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 144). Philippe de Comines (1445–1509), the father of modern history. His *Memoirs* are largely occupied with the history of Louis XI. of France, and, in the words of Hallam, 'almost make an epoch in historical literature.'

'COMMON CHORD' (*Abt Vogler: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 108). A chord consisting of the fundamental tone with its third and fifth. It contains the rudiments of all music.

COMPARINI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 16). The foster-parents of Pompilia, who were murdered by Count Guido.

COMTE (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 142). Auguste Comte, the author of the positive philosophy, which claims to regard only facts and their generalisations, as distinguished from what are considered the assumptions of the theologians and metaphysicians.

CONCLAVE (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv.

p. 140). A term applied both to the place where the Cardinals assemble for the election of a new Pope, and to the assembly itself. When a Pope dies the conclave must be constructed within ten days, in the Papal Palace or other suitable building. The large halls of the palace are so divided by wooden partitions as to furnish a number of sets of small apartments, all opening on a corridor. Here the Cardinals must remain till they have elected a new Pope. All the entrances to the building but one are closed, and this is in charge of a responsible janitor to see that no unauthorised person enters. After three days the supply of food is restricted. The majority of votes required is two-thirds.

CONCOREZZI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 182). A knightly family of Padua.

'CONY-KIND' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 226). A cony is a small animal resembling a marmot, which lives among the rocks.

COOP (*Pietro of Abano : Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 140). See CONCLAVE.

COPHETUA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 171). The king of Africa who is fabled to have fallen in love with a beggar maid, he married her, and lived happily with her for many years.

CORDERIUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 242). *The Colloquies of Corderius* was the most popular Latin book for the boys of the period. It was used in every good school in the time of Shakespeare's boyhood.

CORELLI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 49). An Italian musical composer.

CORINNA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 54). A celebrated poetess of Tanagra who obtained the prize on five occasions when Pindar was her rival.

CORNARO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 45). She was Queen

of Cyprus, but Venice compelled her to resign, seized her kingdom, and gave her a palace at Asolo.

CORNEILLE, PIERRE (*Red Cotton N.C.C.*, vol. xii. p. 91) (1606–1684), one of the greatest of the French dramatic poets, was born at Rouen. He received a pension from Louis XIV., but from 1674–81, and again in 1683, it was suspended, for what reason it is unknown, and he was in great straits. Boileau, hearing of this, went to the king and offered to give up his own pension if there were not money for Corneille. Louis then sent the aged poet 200 pistoles. Two days afterwards Corneille was dead.

CORONA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 122). The chaplet of beads known as the rosary is called in Italy the 'corona.' The monk was intent on his meditations of the rosary.

CORPUS DOMINI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 162). The feast commonly called Corpus Christi (Body of Christ). The festival of the establishment of the Holy Eucharist. It occurs on the Thursday following Trinity Sunday.

CORREGGIO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 68; *Francis Furini: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 182). The great Italian painter, who lived 1494–1534.

CORREGGIO AND LEDA (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 223). Correggio's picture of 'Leda and the Swan' in the Berlin Museum.

CORREGIDOR (*How it strikes a Contemporary: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 179). The chief magistrate of a Spanish town. The name is derived from the verb *corregir*, to correct; one who corrects.

CORTONESE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 6). Luca da Cortona, an Italian painter.

'COSIMO AND HIS CURSED SON' (*Statue and the Bust: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 180). Cosimo dei Medici and

his grandson 'Lorenzo the Magnificent.' Cosimo the elder (1389–1464) was honoured after his death with the title 'Father of his Country.' He was a man of literary taste and culture, but was devoted to business to the day of his death. He was gentle and generous, though when his interests were concerned he was capable of positive villainy. In affairs of State he was a calculating knave, which won him popularity, but alienated from him many powerful friends. He was a great benefactor to Florence, and a royal patron of letters and the fine arts. Lorenzo (1449–1492) was the grandson of Cosimo the elder. A man of supreme literary taste, he was hated as a despot and tyrant. He humiliated the great families of Florence, exalted those of little account, and squandered his fortune lavishly. His greed and crimes against the people covered him with disgrace, and exasperated his enemies to fury. An attempt was made to stab him in the Cathedral of Florence, but he beat back his assailants and his life was saved. His immorality was scandalous, yet, as Guicciardini said, 'If Florence was to have a tyrant, she could never have found a better or more pleasant one.'

COUNT D'ORSAY (*Bishop Blougram's Apology : Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 240) lived 1798–1852. He was a French *savant* and a famous dandy.

COURT OF LOVE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 93). It was at one of the celebrated mediæval courts of love that Sordello outdid Eglamor in song, and received from Palma, who presided over it, the prize from her own hand. Courts of love were first established in Provence during the brightest times of the Troubadours. Sismondi has described these courts. *Tensons*, or *jeux partis*, were sung: they were a kind of dialogue between singers, in which each interlocutor recited successively a stanza with the same rhymes. The lady of the castle, surrounded by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to those who had distinguished themselves in arms. Then

she formed her Court of Love, consisting of young and beautiful women. The contest was now that of verse in place of arms. Often the ladies who composed the court were able to reply to the verses which they had inspired, and in such as have come down to us, Sismondi says the ladies seem to have usually had the advantage over the Troubadours.

CRESCENTIUS NOMENTANUS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 210). He was a Roman who endeavoured to restore the liberty and ancient glory of his country. Pope John XV. and King Otho III. being absent from Rome, he tried to institute the old consular government, but the Pope and King returned and crucified him, A.D. 998.

CRESCENZIO (*The Cardinal and the Dog: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 34). Moréri (*Grand Dictionnaire Historique*) tells the Cardinal's story just as the poet does, but he adds that 'it is to be regarded as a mere tale.' The Protestants had good reason to dislike the Papal legate, as he refused all concession, even going so far as to abstract the Conciliar seal lest the safe-conduct should be granted to the Protestant theologians. He was compelled, however, to yield to pressure, and had to receive the Protestant envoys in a private session at his own house. Mr. Browning wrote the poem in 1840, at the request of William Macready (the young son of the tragedian), who desired him to write a poem which he might illustrate.

'CREW AND THE CABAL' (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 255). The Cabal ministry did not arise till the time of Charles II., but 'cabale,' in French, means a party who seek to gain their object by unscrupulous means. 'Cabala,' in Spanish, means intrigue. There is no anachronism, therefore, in the use of the word in the play.

CRISTINA (*Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 39). The lady of the poem has been thought to be Maria Cristina of Naples.

Born in 1806, she became the fourth wife of Ferdinand VII. of Spain in 1829. At the death of the King, in 1833, she became Regent of Spain. She was the mother of Queen Isabella II. Lord Malmesbury, in the *Memoirs of an ex-Minister*, 1884, vol. i. p. 30, refers to the historical Cristina, and his account of her gives colour to the idea of her identity with the lady of the poem.

CRISTINA AND MONALDESCHI (*Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 188). Queen Cristina of Sweden was the daughter of Gustavus II. Born in 1626, she succeeded her father in 1633. A highly educated and brilliantly accomplished woman, she was surrounded by royal suitors ; but she refused to bind herself in marriage. Accordingly she decided to abdicate, which she did, June 16, 1654, resigning the crown to her cousin Charles Gustavus in a formal ceremony in the Cathedral of Upsala. She then proceeded to Rome, where she abjured Protestantism, and was publicly received into the Roman Catholic faith. Selecting only Italians as the officers of her household, she fell under the influence of the Marquis Monaldeschi, whom she nominated 'Master of the Horse,' and abandoned herself entirely to this traitor and scoundrel. He took every advantage of his position, reaped honour and riches, and then wearying of his royal mistress sought new attractions. The poem describes the closing scene of the *liaison* at Fontainebleau, whither Cristina removed from Rome. According to a special clause in the act of abdication, Cristina retained absolute and sovereign jurisdiction over all her household. The French Court, however, disapproved of the murder at Fontainebleau, and she was compelled to leave France. She retired to Rome, giving herself up to her artistic and scientific pursuits. She died April 19, 1689, and is buried in St. Peter's, at Rome. The epitaph on her tomb is that chosen by herself: 'Cristina lived sixty-three years.'

CROISIC (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 205) is a sea-

port on the southern coast of Brittany. It is a fashionable watering-place, with some 2,500 inhabitants. Its principal industry is sardine fishing. The salt works in the neighbourhood employ many of the people. The Druidical monuments referred to in the poem are at Carnac, in Morbihan, only a short distance from Le Croisic. The locality was a seat of Druidical worship. BATZ and LA GUÉRANDE are villages on the peninsula of Le Croisic.

'CROSS-GRAINED DEVIL IN MY SWORD' (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 85). Mr. Browning's notes to *Paracelsus* refer to his wonderful sword; his staff was quite as magical. Its knob was said to enclose the four elemental spirits, Kobold (*earth*), Salamander (*fire*), Undine (*water*), and Sylph (*air*).

'CROWNS, THREE IMPERIAL' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 221). The Imperial crown, the German crown, and the Italian or Lombard crown. This latter was the iron crown, because one of the nails of Christ's cross was inserted in its gold frame.

CUCKOO-APPLE (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 30). The cuckoo-pint (*Arum maculatum*), a highly poisonous, tongue-burning plant.

CUE-OWL (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 229). The Scops owl, *Scops Giu* (Scopoli). Its cry is a clear, metallic, ringing 'ki-ou.'

CUNIZZA (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 253). The historical name of the poet's heroine, Palma. She was the daughter of Eccelino III. (the Monk) and sister of Eccelino IV. (the Tyrant). Dante has placed her in *Paradise* (ix. 32). In Longfellow's notes to Dante he gives the following particulars concerning her: 'Cunizza was the sister of Azzolino di Romano. Her story is told by Rolandino, *Liber Chronicorum*, in Muratori (*Rer. Ital. Script.* viii. 173). He says that she was first married to Richard of St. Boniface, and

soon after had an intrigue with Sordello—as already mentioned (*Purg.* vi. note 74). Afterwards she wandered about the world with a soldier of Treviso, named Bonius, "taking much solace," says the old chronicler, "and spending much money" (*multa habendo solatia, et maximas faciendo expensas*). After the death of Bonius she was married to a nobleman of Braganza; and finally, and for a third time, to a gentleman of Verona. The *Ottimo* alone among the commentators takes up the defence of Cunizza, and says: "This lady lived lovingly in dress, song, and sport; but consented not to any impropriety or unlawful act; and she passed her life in enjoyment, as Solomon says in Ecclesiastes"—alluding probably to the first verse of the second chapter: "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity."

CYDIPPE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 260). A girl beloved by Acontius, who, meeting her at a festival of Artemis, threw her an apple on which was written a promise of marriage supposed to be made by herself to him. The girl read the words aloud, and the oracle told her father that she must comply with the words she had uttered.

CYRIACUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 279). A Jacobite patriarch of the monastery of Bizona in Syria. He wrote homilies, canons, and epistles, and died at Mosul in 817 A.D.

DACIER, ANNE LEFÈVRE (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 252) (1654–1720). A famous French scholar and translator from the classics. She was one of the editors of the Delphin Classics. In 1681 her prose version of Anacreon and Sappho appeared. Shortly after this she published versions of Plautus and Aristophanes. In 1711 she published translations of the *Iliad*, and five years later of the *Odyssey*.

DAGON (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 193). See 1 Sam. v. Dagon was an idol worshipped by the Philistines—half man, half fish. When the Philistines captured the ark, it was placed

in Dagon's temple, when the idol fell and the hands of the god were broken off.

D'ALENÇON (*Francis Furini: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 199). Percival de Cagny, a retainer of the Duke d'Alençon, wrote the history of Joan of Arc, which is published in the fourth volume of Quicherat's *Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc* (1841–49).

DANAOI (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 271). A name applied to all the Greeks.

DANDOLO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 137). Enrico Dandolo was chosen Doge of Venice in 1192, although he was blind and seventy-two years old.

DANIEL BARTOLI (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 132) lived 1608–1685. A learned Jesuit who wrote the history of his order in six volumes. His facts are drawn from records in the Vatican, English colleges, and memoirs written by friends; but his work, valuable as it is in many respects, is full of miraculous stories difficult of digestion. He was a virtuous man and a learned writer, and his style is highly esteemed for its purity and lucidity. He was renowned for his sacred oratory, wrote many essays on scientific subjects, and numerous works on moral science and philology.

'DANTE ONCE PREPARED TO PAINT AN ANGEL' (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 298). Dante was a skilful draughtsman. He tells us that, on the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, he drew an angel on a tablet. Giotto was his intimate friend. He said that it was from Dante he drew the inspiration of the allegories of Virtue and Vice for the frescoes of the Scrovegni Palace at Padua.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 88). The nymph Daphne being pursued by Apollo, was changed into a bay-tree at her own entreaty.

DARIUS (*Gerard de Lairesse: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 215). The last king of Persia. Defeated by Alexander and his valiant Macedonians, he was found in his chariot dying, and covered with wounds (B.C. 331). Alexander covered the dead body with his own mantle, and honoured it with a magnificent funeral.

DA VINCI (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 80). Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519) was an artist, sculptor, architect, musician, man of letters, scientist, and explorer.

DE ARCHANGELIS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 242). The procurator, proctor or counsel for the poor, who defends Count Guido in the eighth book of the poem.

DEÏDAMIA and ACHILLES (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 247). Deïdamia was the daughter of Lycomedes, king of Scyrus. Achilles lived in disguise at her father's court, dressed in women's clothes, under the name of Pyrrha. Deïdamia bore a son to him called Pyrrhus or Neoptolemus.

DEKELEIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 42). A village of Attica, north of Athens.

DELIAN GIRLS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 183). Of Delos, one of the islands of the Cyclades.

DELLO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 80). A Florentine painter, born towards the end of the fourteenth century. His registered name was Dello di Niccolo Delli. He was a sculptor as well as a painter, and was employed by the King of Spain.

'DELPHIC QUILL AND GETIC TRUMP' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 228). Delphi was sometimes called the valley of Parnassus. There was an ancient fable of inspiration caused by inhaling the steam which issued from the earth, and in consequence a temple of Apollo was erected there, and thus the Delphic oracle was established. The oracles were usually

given in verse. The Getæ were a tribe of the Thracians. Xenophon says that the Thracians played on horns and trumpets made of raw ox-hide, and worshipped Dionysus with loud instruments of music, shouting, and noises like the bellowing of cattle. Ovid was banished to the land of the Getæ, and learned their barbarous tongue, as he tells us in the *Tristia* (v. 12, 58). Claudian wrote a poem on the wars with the Getæ entitled *De Bello Getico*. The 'Delphic quill' alludes to Greek lyric poetry of a prophetic character. The 'Getic trump' would seem to allude to martial or perhaps barbaric poetry. Perhaps the poet intended to imply that René Gentilhomme united the prophetic classical utterance with a more barbarous kind of verse which did not please the reader.

DEMIURGE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 216). Lit. 'a worker for the people,' especially applied to the Creator of the world and man from matter; so called by the Gnostics, and regarded by them as the origin of everything evil.

DEMODOCUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 36). A musician at the court of Alcinous. He sang the amours of Mars and Venus. The gods gave him the power of song, but denied him the blessing of sight.

DESHOULIÈRES, ANTOINETTE (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 252). A French poetess (1634-1694), the wife of Seigneur Deshoulières, who had to go abroad with the Prince of Condé on account of his complicity in the Fronde. She became a conspicuous personage at the court of Louis XIV., and moved in the best literary society. Her poems were very numerous, but some only of her idylls have stood the test of time. Voltaire pronounced her the most successful of all the female poets of France.

'DE TRIBUS' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 149). A scandalous pamphlet widely circulated in the seventeenth century, entitled *De Tribus Impostoribus*, is referred to here. The 'three

impostors' were, according to this infamous tract, Moses, Christ, and Mahomet. One of the writers to whom this was attributed was Arnold of Villanova.

'DEVIL'S DUNG' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 217). A nasty-smelling drug, asafœtida.

DIAULOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 14). The double track of the race-course arranged for the return of the runner to the starting place.

DICTIONARY OF THE FATHERS OF TREVOUX (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 253). The famous *Dictionnaire de Trevoux* (published in 1704, 2 vols. fol.) was made by the Jesuit fathers. It was compiled from the work of Antoine Furetière, one of the French Academicians engaged on the great Dictionary of the Academy.

DIKAST (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 6). The judge in the broadest acceptation of the word. There were, however, many distinctions between the Attic tribunals and those of our own times.

DIKASTERIA (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). Tribunals, *ut supra.*

DIODATI, GIOVANNI (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 200) (1576-1649). Professor of Hebrew at Geneva, a theologian of the Swiss Church who held a high place among the Swiss Reformers. He is chiefly celebrated for his translation of the Bible into Italian, which appeared in 1603.

DIOMEDE (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 165 ; *Bal. Adv.*, ol. xi. p. 51). A Thracian king who fed his horses on the flesh of human beings. One of the labours of Hercules was to destroy him.

DIONUSIA (*Arist. Apol.* vol. xiii. p. 8). Festivals of Bacchus at which dramatic representations took place.

DIONYSIUS ZAGRIAS (*Easter-Day*, vol. v. p. 272). A name given to the god by the Orphic poets.

DIONYSUS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 26). Bacchus. The goat was sacrificed to him on account of the propensity which the animal has for destroying the vine.

'DIRE ONES' (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 97). The Fates: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos.

'DIVINIOR MENS' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 224). Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 41, where the 'diviner mind' of the true poet is described.

DOMINIC (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 7). St. Dominic, born in 1170 at Calaruega (now called Calahorra) in Old Castile, was the founder of the celebrated order of the Dominicans.

DONALD (*Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 169). The poem is founded on fact. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Keepsake* for 1832, tells the same story.

DON JUAN (Note before Prologue to *Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 214). The Don Juan of legend is not without a certain historic basis. In the time of Peter the Cruel there lived at Seville Don Juan Tenorio, the prince of libertines. He attempted to carry off Giralda, daughter of the governor of Seville; the consequence was a duel, in which the lady's father was killed. Don Juan has been well described as the impersonation of the scepticism which results from sensuality, as Faust is of that which results from intellectual speculation.

DONNE, JOHN (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 254) (1573-1631). Dean of St. Paul's. Poet and divine. He wrote several books; *The Progress of the Soul* and his *Satires* are perhaps the most important.

D'ORMEA (*King Victor and King Charles*, vol. iii. p. 85). The Marquis d'Ormea was the minister of King Victor. When King Charles received the crown on his father's abdi-

cation he was active in defeating the attempts of King Victor to regain it.

'DROPPINGS OF THE WAX' (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 209). The wax which drops from the many candles used in Catholic processions, &c., in Italy and other countries, is carefully gathered by poor boys and sold.

DRUSES (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 167). The Druses are a mysterious, uncommunicative people who occupy the mountainous region of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. They call themselves 'disciples of Hamza,' who came to them in the tenth century, and whom they regard as their Messiah. They have a regular priesthood and a sort of hierarchy. Their religion contains traces of Gnosticism and Magianism. They believe in the absolute unity of God, and hold that He has more than once been incarnated. Mr. Browning's poem does not appear to be founded on any historical facts.

DRYOPE (*Gerard de Lairesse: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 206). The mother of Amphissus, who when but one year old was with his mother changed into a lotus.

EAGLE, THE (*Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 6). A versification of a fable in *The Fables of Pilpay* entitled 'The Dervise, the Falcon, and the Raven.'

EBION (*A Death in the Desert: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 133). The word Ebionite means 'poor' in Hebrew. Ebion as the name of a founder belongs to early fiction. The Ebionites were Judaising Christians who as a distinct sect first appeared in the reign of Trajan. They taught that the Jewish law was binding on Christians, and made a profession of Apostolic or Essene poverty.

ECELIN ROMANO [III.] (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). A powerful noble who was the Emperor Frederick's chief in North Italy, and one of the principal supporters there of the Emperor Frederick II. and the Ghibelline cause. After a life of turmoil

and intrigue, he retired into a monastery and died there. From time to time Mr. Browning mentions, also in *Sordello*, the younger Ecelin, who was the son of Ecelin Romano III. He was a monster of cruelty, 'the thin, grey, wizened, dwarfish devil Ecelin.' He was nicknamed 'The Son of the Devil.' Ariosto describes him (*Orlando Furioso*, iii. l. 233) as owing his birth to a demon. His story may be read in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes.* His outrages caused the people to declare a crusade against him, and he died a prisoner in 1259, tearing the bandages from his wounds, fierce and defiant to the last.

ECHETLOS (*Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 85). The legend which is the basis of this poem is found in Pausanias' Description of Greece, bk. i. c. 32. At the battle of Marathon a man of rustic aspect appeared, who slew many of the Persians with a ploughshare, and vanished after the fight. The Athenians inquired of the oracle who their helper was, and were given no other answer but that they were to honour the god Echetlæus, 'the wielder of the ploughshare.'

EDOM (*Jochanan Hakkadosh : Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 232). The name applied in the Talmud to Rome and Christianity.

EGLAMOR (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 93). The chief troubadour of Count Richard of St. Bonifacio. He died of grief at his defeat by Sordello at the contest of song in the Court of Love. 'He loved art for its own sake, thinking more of his songs than of the things about which he sang.'

EIDOTHEÉ (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 261). A sea-goddess ; daughter of Proteus, the old man of the sea.

EINSIEDELN (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 15). A town in Canton Schwyz, Switzerland, thirty miles from Zurich, with an abbey, founded in 861, containing a black statue of the Virgin. The population is now about 7,650. It is a noted place of

pilgrimage, and immense quantities of missals, rosaries, &c., are produced there.

'ELAPHEBOLION MONTH' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 248). The month of March. A festival in honour of Diana the huntress was kept at this season.

ELAPHION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 27). The leader of the chorus of females or flute-players.

ELEKTRUON (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 87). The father of Alcmene. Tiryns was an ancient city of Argolis.

ELELELELEU (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 255). A loud crying.

ELVIRE (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 221). The wife of Don Juan in Molière's comedy of *Don Juan, ou Le Festin de Pierre.*

ELYS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 94) = the lily. The ideal subject. Sordello's type of perfection.

EMPOUSA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 89) A hobgoblin or spectre.

ERASMUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 86). Born at Rotterdam in 1466. In his old age he lived at Basel, to be near his friend Frobœnius, the great printer. At this city he made the acquaintance of Zwingli, Holbein, and other men full of the desire for the new learning.

ERINUES (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 290). The Furies.

ERUXIS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8). The magnificent temple on Mount Eryx was dedicated to Venus Erycina.

ESCOBAR [V MENDOZA] (*Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 201). Died in 1669. A celebrated Spanish casuist severely criticised by Pascal in the *Provincial Letters.* His doctrines were condemned at Rome. Although himself an excellent man, he endeavoured in his works to find excuses for human frailties.

ESTE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). A town of Lombardy in the delegation of Padua. The castle occupies the site of the original fortress of Este.

ESTE, THE HOUSE OF (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). Albert Azzo II. first bore the title of Marquis of Este. In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries the history of this old princely house is mixed up with that of the other noble houses of Italy in the contests of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The Estena were the head of the Guelph party, and at various periods were princes of Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio.

'EST-EST' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 246). At the church of S. Flaviano, Montefiascone, on the road from Viterbo to Rome, is a subterranean chapel which contains the tomb of the Bishop Johannes Fugger, of Augsburg, with the inscription :—

> 'Est, Est, Est. Propter nimium est,
> Johannes de Fuc., D. meus, mortuus est.'

It is recorded of this ecclesiastic that, when travelling, he directed his valet to precede him and to inscribe the word 'est' on the gates of the towns where the best wine was to be had. On the gate of the town at Montefiascone the 'est' was written three times, and the good Bishop relished the wine here so highly that he never got any further. The best muscatel of the district is still known as Est-est.

ETRUSCAN KINGS (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 94). The kings of the Etrusci were elected for life. Roman families were proud to trace back their ancestry to the Etruscan kings.

ETRUSCAN MONSTER (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 193). The Chimæra, represented with three heads, those of a dragon, a lion, and a goat. Bellerophon, mounted on the horse Pegasus. attacked and overcame it.

EUPHORION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 54). Son of

Æschylus. After his father's death he published four of his father's plays, and with one of them defeated Euripides.

EUPOLIS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 43). A poet, born 446 B.C. He is joined with Aristophanes as a chief representative of the old comedy.

EURIPIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8), the tragic poet, was born at Salamis in Greece, 480 B.C. At the age of twenty-five he brought out the *Pleiades*, his first play. He gained the first prize at thirty-nine, and in his career of fifty years he received the honour only five times. Aristophanes criticised Euripides in a very hostile and witty manner. Although he wrote many tragedies, only eighteen have come down to us: The *Alcestis*, *Andromache*, *Bacchæ*, *Hecuba*, *Helena*, *Electra*, *Heraclidæ*, *Heracles in Madness*, *The Suppliants*, *Hippolytus*, *Iphigenia at Aulis*, *Iphigenia among the Tauri*, *Ion*, *Medea*, *Orestes*, *Rhesus*, *The Troades*, *The Phenissæ*, and the satiric play *The Cyclops*. He was ridiculed by Aristophanes for being 'meteoric,' that is, for alluding so often to the elements and heavenly bodies.

EURIPOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283). A strait separating Eubœa from Bœotia.

EUROPA AND THE BULL (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 160). Jupiter became enamoured of Europa, the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia. He assumed the form of a beautiful bull; Europa mounted on his back, and he carried her off.

EURUSTHEUS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 25; *Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 25). King of Mycenæ. He imposed the twelve labours on Hercules, hoping he might perish in one of them.

EURYDICE (*Eurydice to Orpheus: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 170) was the wife of Orpheus, who was so powerful in song that he could move rocks and trees and tame wild beasts by his voice. His wife having died, he descended to the lower regions in search of her. Permission was given

him to take her back to life if he should not look round on his journey to the upper world. His love caused him to turn his head and gaze back on his wife, who, in consequence, had to return for ever to Hades.

EUTHUKLES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 3). The husband of Balaustion. They first met at Syracuse, when the maid recited *Alcestis*. He followed her when she returned to Athens, and married her. When Athens fell they took ship to Rhodes, and Balaustion dictated to him the *Apology* of Aristophanes, which he wrote down on board the vessel.

FANO (*The Guardian Angel: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 187). A city of Italy on the shores of the Adriatic. The picture referred to is in the church of St. Augustine. It was painted by Guercino, who was born at Certo, near Bologna, in 1590. He painted 106 large altar-pieces, besides 144 other pictures, and died in 1666, having amassed a large fortune by his labours.

FARINACCI (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 143). Procurator-general to Pope Paul V. He was the author of a work on torture in relation to evidence, entitled *Praxis et Theorica Criminalis* (Frankfort, 1622), which is a standard authority.

FATEMITE (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 238). Fatima was the daughter of Mohammed and wife of Ali. The founder of the dynasty of the Fatemites claimed descent from these.

FATES, THE (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 97). The Destinies who preside over human life. *Clotho* spins the thread of life; *Lachesis* determines its length; and *Atropos* cuts it off.

FELTON (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 200). Felton assassinated Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, and was executed.

'FÉNELON WILL BE CONDEMNED' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 246). Fénelon was made Archbishop of Cambrai in 1695. In February 1697 he published his *Explication des Maximes*

des Saints sur la Vie intérieure. He defended the Quietist doctrine of 'holy indifference,' in which the soul becomes indifferent to its own happiness or fear of woe. He was censured by sixty doctors of the Sorbonne, and appealed to Rome, when twenty-three propositions of his work were condemned as scandalous and rash in a brief of Innocent XII., dated 1699. Fénelon submitted, and publicly burned his own book.

'FENNEL-FIELD' (*Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 25). The Greek word Marathon means Fennel-field. When Pan gave the fennel to Pheidippides he foretold the victory of Marathon, where the battle was to be fought.

'FERDINAND, THE GREAT DUKE' (*Statue and Bust: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 178). Ferdinand I. was Grand Duke of Florence. He was thirty-eight years old when he succeeded his brother on the throne (1587). He was an amiable and capable ruler, and Tuscany flourished under his government.

FERN SEED (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 78). If any one ate fern seed it was supposed to make the eater invisible.

FESTUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 8). The old and faithful friend of Paracelsus, who believes in him, and loves him from first to last. He is the husband of Michal.

FICHTE (*Bishop Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 268). Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814) was an eminent German metaphysician.

FIENNES (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 203). Nathaniel Fiennes was a lawyer, a rigid Presbyterian, who, in 1640, sat in the House of Commons for Banbury. He was a member of nearly all Cromwell's Parliaments.

FIESOLE (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 221). A celebrated city, about three miles from Florence, situated on the crown of a hill above the Arno.

FISC, THE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 2). Public prosecutor and advocate of the Apostolic Chamber at Rome. Bottinius, the Fisc of the ninth book of the *Ring and the Book*, prosecuted Count Guido.

FISH (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 68). 'ΙΧΘΥΣ, which means Fish.' The fish symbol was very commonly connected with Jesus Christ in the early Church. It is constantly found in the Roman catacombs. The letters of the Greek word make the initials of the Greek words for Jesus, Christ, of God, Son, Saviour. It has also reference to Our Lord as the divine fisherman, and also to Baptism.

FISHERMAN (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 68). 'The Pope is Fisherman,' as he is the successor of St. Peter the fisherman, and Christ said he would make Peter a fisher of men (Mark i. 17).

'FISHER'S RING,' &C. (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 142). The Pope's signet is the ring of the fisherman.

FLACCUS (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 93). 'Little Flaccus' was Horace, who said that Varius was the only poet capable of singing the praises of M. Agrippa. Quintilian highly praised the tragedy *Thyestes*, written by Varius.

FLORENCE ('Her, that visits Florence in a vision,' *One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 297). The painting of the Madonna at Florence called *del Granduca*, which represents her 'as appearing to a votary in a vision.' It is in the Pitti Palace.

FOLIGNO (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 297). The Madonna di Foligno is in the Vatican; it was painted in 1511. Sigismund Corti of Foligno, private secretary to Pope Julius II., having been in danger, vowed an offering to Our Lady, to whom he attributed his escape. He

dedicated this picture to her. The picture was once hung in the Church of S. Anna at Foligno.

FOMALHAUT (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 149). A star in the constellation Priscus Australis. It shines very brightly in the midnight meridian of September.

FORMOSUS, POPE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 65). He succeeded Stephen V., 891. Formerly he had left his bishopric and fled to France, for fear of Pope John VIII. After being anathematised and deprived, he was absolved and restored by Pope Martin. He attained the popedom by bribery.

FOURIER (*Easter-Day*, vol. v. p. 280). Charles Fourier (1772–1837) was a Frenchman who recommended the reorganisation of society into small communities living in common. His system was named Fourierism.

FRA ANGELICO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). The great Dominican painter, Il Beato Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, was a great painter of sacred subjects. He was a man of most saintly life, shunning all advancement, and devoting himself to the poor.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 205), the Florentine painter, was the son of a butcher. Left an orphan at the age of three years, he was adopted by his aunt Monna Lapaccia, who kept him till he was eight years old, when she gave him over to the care of the Carmelite fathers of the Carmine monastery at Florence. He remained in the monastery till 1432, and there became a painter. If he took any vows, he must have received ultimately a more or less complete dispensation from them. In 1452 he was appointed chaplain to the convent of St. Giovannino in Florence, and in 1457 was made rector of St. Quirico at Legnaia. He made a large income, but his loose habits and love affairs brought him ever and again into poverty. He died at Spoleto on or about October 8, 1469.

FRANCIS (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 227). Francis I., King of France, was the patron of Andrea.

FRANCIS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 7). St. Francis of Assisi founded the order of Franciscans, 1209.

FRANCIS FURINI (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 175). A painter of the Florentine school, born in 1604, died 1649. He was the son of the painter Sciameroni. He studied under Passignano and Rosselli, and went to Rome to work with the famous Giovanni di San Giovanni. He excelled in painting the nude, but begged on his death-bed that all his undraped pictures might be collected and destroyed, which request was of course not complied with. At the age of forty Furini had devoted himself to the Church and had become a priest, remaining until his death an exemplary parish curate, although he did not entirely desert the service of the fine arts. Most of the Florentine galleries contain some of his pictures.

FROBŒNIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 79) (1460–1527). The famous printer of Basle, the friend of Erasmus, who was cured by Paracelsus.

FUGUE (*Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 196). 'A fugue is a short, complete melody, which *flies* (hence the name) from one part to another, while the original part is continued in counterpoint against it. The beginning of this art-form dates from very primitive times' (*Sir G. Macfarren*). The fugues referred to in the poem are probably Bach's. *Hugues* is a purely imaginary composer.

'FURIES IN THE ORESTEIAN SONG' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 9). After Orestes had murdered his mother Clytemnestra, he was haunted by the furies Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megæra.

FUSELI (*Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli: Jocoseria*,

vol. xv. p. 195). The artist for whom Mary Wollstonecraft conceived an ardent affection.

FUST AND HIS FRIENDS (Epilogue to *Parleyings*, vol. xvi. p. 241). The invention of printing is attributed to several persons, of whom Johann Fust is one. He was born at Mayence in the early part of the fifteenth century. He was connected with Gutenberg, who is now generally credited with having been the actual inventor of printing : Fust was probably the inventor of typography. He was suspected of magic, as he concealed the method by which he produced his works.

GALEN (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 147), the celebrated physician and philosopher, was born at Pergamos in Asia A.D. 131. He was the greatest savant of all the ancient physicians ; and for thirteen centuries his name and influence dominated the medical profession in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and this influence, under the name of Galenism, was paramount in the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the discovery of the circulation of the blood and other great advances in science.

GALUPPI (*A Toccata of Galuppi's : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 72). Baldassare Galuppi (1706-1785), a celebrated musical composer, born at Burano, near Venice. He was a most industrious writer, and left no less than fifty-four operas. Galuppi resided in London from 1741 to 1744. In 1762 he became *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's, Venice, and shortly afterwards he went to Russia, by the invitation of the Empress Catherine II., and did much for the improvement of musical taste in that country. He died in 1785, leaving fifty thousand lire to the poor of the city of Venice. His best comic opera is his *Il Mondo della Luna.*

'GARRARD—MY NEWSMAN' (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 294). A gossiping parson who was instructed to furnish Wentworth with news when he went to Ireland in 1633, as Lord Deputy. He fulfilled all the duties of a newspaper.

'GAWAIN TO GAZE UPON THE GRAIL' (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 222). In the Arthurian legend of the Holy Grail, Gawain was the son of King Lot and Margause, and nephew of King Arthur. He was noted for his sagacity, courtesy, and his marvellous strength, and was one of the most famous of the Round Table knights.

GEIER EAGLE (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 19). Probably a small vulture.

GEMINIANI, FRANCESCO (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 225). An Italian violinist (1680–1762). Under the patronage of the Earl of Essex he came to London in 1714.

GENETHLIAC (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 40). An astrologer who calculates nativities.

GEORGE BUBB DODINGTON (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 160), born 1691, died 1762, was the son of a gentleman named Bubb. He was educated at Oxford, sat in Parliament for Winchelsea in 1715, and was sent as envoy to Madrid shortly after his election. He took the name of Dodington on succeeding to the estate of Eastbury in Dorsetshire in 1720. His political changes were of the most discreditable kind, as he was always seeking to better his fortune by siding with the most influential party. The editor of his Diary says his conduct was 'wholly directed by the base motives of avarice, vanity, and selfishness.' He was 'a composition of vanity, versatility, and servility.' His one desire in life was to secure a title. Pope nicknamed him 'Bufo.' Churchill satirises him, yet many great writers, such as Young, Warton, Fielding, and Bentley, deigned to flatter him. He posed as a wit and wrote verses, lived in luxury, and made a great show of his wealth. With all this, his private life was as mean and degraded as was his political career. At last he achieved the object of his ambition. He was a great favourite with Lord Bute, and from him he received the title of Lord Melcombe in 1761, but he died the next year.

GERARD DE LAIRESSE (*Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 201). A painter, born at Liège 1640, died 1711. His art career began in very early life. He produced portraits and historical paintings at the age of fifteen. Although of a deformed figure, he was a dandy, and led an extravagant and dissipated life. The Dutch called him their 'second Raphael,' Heemskirk being the first. He painted for many years at Amsterdam, where he was surrounded by many friends. Towards the end of his life he became blind. He was fond of teaching and of discoursing on the ideal in art. His companions made notes of his conversations, and after his death a society of artists made them into a volume, which was published under the title of a *Treatise on the Art of Painting*. The work was translated into English by J. F. Fritsch, and published in 1778. His picture called the 'History of Heliodorus' was considered his masterpiece, and his 'Young Moses trampling on the Crown of Pharaoh,' 'Polyxena,' 'Germanicus,' and 'Antony and Cleopatra' were highly esteemed.

GÉRÔME (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 257). A French painter, born 1824.

GERUON or GERYON (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 309; *Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 144). A mythical king, fabled to have had three bodies and three heads.

GHIBERTI, LORENZO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 86) (1378–1455). The sculptor who executed the bronze gates of the Baptistery at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

GHIRLANDAJO, DOMENICO ('Dom Bigordi') (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 86). Florentine painter (1449–1494).

'GIAMSCHID, JEWEL OF' (*Old Pictures in Florence:*

Dramatic Lyrics, vol. vi. p. 89). A precious stone called by Byron 'The Jewel of Giamschid,' by Beckford 'The Carbuncle of Giamschid.'

GIBBON (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 203) wrote the latter part of the *Decline and Fall* at Lausanne.

GIBSON, JOHN (*Youth and Art: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 174), the sculptor (1790–1866), died at Rome.

GIOTTO AND THE '◯' (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 83). A messenger was sent by Pope Benedict XI. to Giotto, the great Florentine painter, to bring him a specimen of the artist's skill. Giotto refused to give any other proof of his talents than a ◯ drawn with a free sweep of the brush from the elbow. This completely satisfied His Holiness, who forthwith engaged Giotto, at a great salary, to decorate the Papal palace at Avignon.

GIRDLE OF OUR LADY (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 127). There is a legend of the Virgin, that as she was being assumed into heaven she loosened her girdle, which, as it fell, was received by St. Thomas.

GLUMDALCLICH (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 267). A girl in *Gulliver's Travels* who, though only nine years old, was forty feet high.

'GOD'S WAFER' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 57). 'Ostia di Dio,' an Italian oath.

GOITO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 75). A castle near Mantua in which Sordello was brought up by Adelaide, wife of Ecelin, with Palma. Sordello lived there till he was nearly twenty years old.

GOLDEN FLEECE (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 228). The fleece of gold taken from the ram that bore Phryxus through the air to Colchis, to find which Jason undertook the Argonautic expedition. 'Knight of the Golden Fleece,'

an order of chivalry instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in 1429.

'GOLDEN MEAN' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 131). 'Keep the Golden Mean.' The wise saying of Cleobulos, king of Rhodes (B.C. 630-559).

'GOLD SNOW' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 20). The Rhodians were the first to offer sacrifices to Minerva. To reward their piety towards his daughter, Jupiter sent a golden cloud over the island, from which showers of treasures and plenty fell upon the inhabitants.

GONFALONIER (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 275). The supreme magistrate of the Florentine republic. The *gonfalon* is the standard or ensign.

'GÖTTINGEN, MOST LIKELY' (*Christmas Eve*, vol. v. p. 241). The famous German university of Göttingen has produced many eminent biblical critics—*e.g.* Neander and Ewald.

GRACCHUS (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 200). The Roman people worshipped the Gracchi as gods. The mother of these illustrious sons esteemed herself the happiest of Roman matrons.

GRAMMARIANS, THE (*Grammarian's Funeral: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 159). The line 'Hoti's business, properly based Oun, enclitic De,' refers to points in Greek grammar concerning which the most learned treatises have been written by scholars.

'GREAT DOOR NEW-BROKEN FOR THE NONCE' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 143). On the occasion of a Papal jubilee, the Pope, at the beginning of the jubilee year, goes in procession to the Portea Aurea or golden door of St. Peter's, which is walled up, and knocks three times, using the words of Psalm cxviii. 19—'Open to me the gates of righteousness.' The door is then opened and sprinkled with holy water. At

the close of the jubilee this special doorway is again built up with appropriate solemnities.—*Ency. Brit.*

'GREAT KING'S EYE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 51). In the *Acharnians* this is the nickname given to the Persian Ambassador.

'GREAT WORK, THE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 128). The Magnum Opus—the Philosopher's stone. The great Arcanum.

GRESSONEY (Prologue to *Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 5). A village in the valley of the Aosta in northern Piedmont.

GRISI, GIULIETTA (*Youth and Art: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 171). The distinguished opera singer, born in Milan 1812. She came to London in 1834.

GRISSEL (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 117). Patient Griselda, a lady in Chaucer's *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale.* She was victorious in all the trials of her maternal and conjugal affections.

GUELFS AND GHIBELLINES (*Sord.*, vol. i. pp. 55, 59). The poem of Sordello demands of its students some considerable acquaintance with the history of the conflicts between these two great Italian factions, or it cannot be comprehended. If the reader approach the study of this work with no more than a vague notion of the history of the period, he will rise from its perusal bewildered and disappointed. A fairly accurate knowledge of the motives and actions of the great parties concerned will in a large measure serve to dispel the acknowledged difficulties of the poem. The names Guelphs and Ghibellines were given to the Papal and Imperial factions who destroyed the peace of Italy from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century. The name Ghibelin is derived from Waiblingen. Conrad of Hohenstauffen, duke of Swabia, was lord of Waiblingen. Guelf is from Welf, duke of Bavaria. *Hie*

Guelf and *Hie Gibelin* are said to have been used as war cries in 1140, at a battle before Weinsberg in Würtemberg, when Guelf of Bavaria was defeated by the Emperor Conrad III. who came to help the rival duke Leopold. The Guelfs were the Pope's party, and laboured to set the Pope's party above the Imperial. The Ghibellines were the Imperial or civil party, and tried to set the Emperor above the Pope.

'GUELF'S PAID STABBER' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 83). In 1209 Otho IV. held his court near Verona. Eccelino II. da Romana and Azzo VI., Marquis d'Este, were present, and their hatred of each other led to a dramatic scene before the Emperor. Eccelino accused Azzo publicly of employing assassins to stab him at Venice. Salinguerra made a similar charge against the Marquis, and both demanded the ordeal of battle, but this Otho refused, and, by conferring various honours on the contending parties, secured their allegiance.

GUIDI (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 216). Masaccio or Tommaso Guidi, the Florentine painter (1401–1428).

GUIDO FRANCESCHINI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 6). The wicked Count of Arezzo, who having married Pompilia for her dowry, and having been disappointed in his wife, persecutes her with a view to drive her from his house, and when he has succeeded finally murders her and her foster-parents.

GUIDONE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 74). Guido da Siena, the Siennese painter of the thirteenth century, was one of the earliest artists to liberate himself from the prevailing Byzantine influence.

GUIDO RENI (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 297), the Bolognese painter (1574-1642), left to his heir, Signorini, a volume of one hundred designs drawn by Rafael. It was probably this volume to which the poet refers, and not to a book of sonnets.

HAKEEM (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 169). The chief

of the Druses B'amr-ellah, the Fatemite Caliph, was the first hakeem. He professed to be an incarnation of the Supreme Being. He was killed near Cairo, on Mount Mokattam.

HAMAN (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 195). In the Book of Esther is recorded how Haman plotted to extirpate the Jews of the Persian Empire. Haman, however, fell, and Mordecai was advanced to his place.

HAMELIN (*The Pied Piper of Hamelin : Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 102). A town in the province of Hanover in Prussia.

HAMILTON (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 194). Charles sent the Marquis of Hamilton to Scotland to suppress the Covenant. He dared not land. Being suspected of treason, he fled ; but having been restored to the Royal favour, he was made a leader of the King's troops. He was defeated by the Parliamentary army, fined 100,000*l.*, and executed.

HAMPDEN, JOHN (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 191). A gentleman of Buckinghamshire, quiet, courteous, and submissive, but with a correct judgment, an invincible spirit, and the most consummate address. In 1627 he was imprisoned for refusing to contribute towards the forced loan ; he resisted the payment of ship-money. He threw himself heartily into the work of the Long Parliament, and commanded a troop in the parliamentary army. He was a great patriot and defender of the rights of the people.

HANNAH MORE (*Bad Dreams, II. : Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 22). A well-known philanthropist and writer of Bristol, who lived 1745–1833.

HANS OF HALBERSTADT (*Pietro of Abano : Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 125). An ecclesiastic of Halberstadt in Germany, who was given to diabolical arts. He used to ride upon a devil in the shape of a black horse, and was credited with the ability to perform the most marvellous things, such as con-

juring up roses in winter. See Mr. Browning's poem *Transcendentalism*.

HASELRIG, SIR ARTHUR (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 273). One of the five Members of Parliament whom Charles tried to impeach. He introduced the Bill of Attainder in the Commons against Strafford.

HASTE-THEE-LUKE (*In a Gondola: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 75). Luca Giordano, a Neapolitan painter (1632–1705), was nicknamed *Luca-fa-presto* ('Luke work-fast') because his covetous father was for ever urging him to increased exertions by exclaiming 'Fa presto!'

HECATE (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 49). A goddess of Hell. Offerings of eggs, fish, and onions were made to her.

HECUBA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 146). Wife of Priam. According to Homer she bore to her husband nineteen children, most of whom she saw perish in the Trojan war.

HEINRICH (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 195). Henry VI., who reigned from 1190-1197. He married Constance, daughter of the king of Naples and Sicily.

HELEN AND PARIS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 50). The war between the Greeks and Trojans was caused by Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, carrying off Helen, the wife of Menelaus.

HELIAST (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 6). The heliasts were Athenian jurors. In the flourishing period of the democracy, they numbered six thousand.

HELIOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 30). The Sun-god.

'HENETIAN HORSES' (*Artemis Prologizes: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 182). Of a district near Paphlagonia.

'HENRY OF EGNA,' 'SOFIA,' 'LADY OF THE ROCK,' &c. (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 281). 'Sofia was the youngest daughter of

Eccelin, widow of Egna the "Lady of the Rock" or of the Trentine Pass.'—*W. M. Rossetti.*

HEPHAISTOS (*Agamemnon,* vol. xiii. p. 282). A festival with a game called torch-bearing or torch-race, probably common throughout Greece. It is variously described, but the main feature was that a lighted torch was carried from one point to another by a chain of runners, each of whom formed a successive link. The first, after running a certain distance, handed it to the second, the second handed it to the third, and so on till it reached the goal.

'HERACLEIAN HOUSE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 25). The house of Hercules.

HERACLES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 24) = Hercules, who restored Alcestis to the upper world. The subject of a play by Euripides.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 40). Hercules loved Omphale, queen of Lydia, and would sit by her side and spin with her women, allowing her to wear the lion's skin and bear the hero's club.

HERÉ (*Ixion : Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 201). Juno, wife of Jupiter.

HERMES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 31). Mercury.

'HERMES THE INFERNAL' (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 74). Mercury was the guide of the dead in Hades; hence the epithet 'infernal.'

'HERMIPPOS TO PELT PERIKLES' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8). The poet Hermippos accused Aspasia, the mistress of Perikles, of impiety.

HERMIT-BEE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 279). A species of Apidæ. Some of this species are of solitary habits.

HERTRIPPA (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 49). A character in Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel.*

HERVÉ RIEL (vol. xiv. p. 77). The reports of the French Admiralty have been examined, and the facts as given in the poem have been established. The war between Louis XIV. and William III. had for its object the restoration of James II. to the throne of England. The great naval battle of La Hogue was fought in 1692. There is a very curious coincidence of names, &c., in relation to the story of Hervé Riel in Rabelais' *Pantagruel*, lib. iv. cap. xxi., and a note thereto concerning a forerunner of Browning's hero, le Breton Hervé Primoquet.—*Browning Society's Papers.*

HESIONE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 39). The daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy. She was exposed to a sea monster, which was killed by Hercules, and the maiden liberated, but Laomedon denied the hero his promised reward.

HESPERIAN BALL (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 135). The golden apples of the Hesperides.

HETAIRAI (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 50). Courtesans.

HILDEBRAND (*Bishop Blougram's Apology : Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 251 ; *Sord.*, vol. i. p. 220). Pope Gregory VII., one of the most famous of the Popes (1073-1085), claimed the authority of the Papacy over sovereigns, and established the temporal power of the Popes.

'HILL-CAT' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 56). Ecelino da Romano III., tyrant of Padua, and nicknamed 'the Son of the Devil.'

HIPPARCHUS (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 36). Tyrant of Athens and a generous patron of literature. He was assassinated for his crimes by a band of conspirators.

'HOCUS POCUS' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 180). A juggler's trick. Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, derives it from Ochus Bochus, a magician of northern mythology. Tillotson says it is a corruption of *hoc est corpus* used in the Mass, and this is the sense required by the context.

HOGUE (*Hervé Riel*, vol. xiv. p. 77). 'The Cape of the Hogue (*Cap la Hougue*) must not be confounded with that of *la Hague*, from which it is distant some thirty miles, on the eastern side of the same peninsula. The naval battle referred to took place on the 19th of May, 1692 (O.S.), when the united fleets of the English and Dutch defeated and nearly destroyed the expedition prepared by Louis XIV. for a descent upon England with the design of restoring James II. to the throne.'—*Dr. Rolfe.*

HOHENSTAUFFEN (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 59). A German dynasty which began with Conrad III. (1137-52). Of this illustrious family the Emperor Frederick II. was the most famous.

HOLLAND, THE EARL OF (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 205). This nobleman fought against the Parliament after having espoused its cause against the King. He was tried after the execution of Charles, and sent to the scaffold.

HOLLIS, LORD DENZIL (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 191). Strafford's brother-in-law. Burnet says, 'though in the Parliament he was one of the hottest men of the party, yet when that matter (the bill of attainder against Strafford) was before them he always withdrew.' He endeavoured to save Strafford, and Burnet adds, 'In this he had wrought on so many that he believed if the King's party had struck into it he might have saved him.'

HOLY-CROSS DAY (*Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 167). Two festivals of the Cross are kept in the Catholic church. 'The Invention (Finding) of the Cross' is observed on May 3rd, and commemorates the successful search for the actual cross of Christ instituted by Helena, mother of Constantine, in 326. The other festival, that of the 'Exaltation of the Cross,' observed on September 14th, commemorates the miraculous apparition which Constantine saw in the year 317

as he was about to engage in battle with Maxentius. He saw in the daylight a luminous cross before him with the inscription 'Conquer by this.' The feast was afterwards kept with greater solemnity when Heraclius in 627 recovered the true cross which Chosroes, the Persian emperor, had carried away when he became master of Jerusalem (Addis, *Cath. Dict.*). A Papal bull issued in 1584 compelled the Jews of Rome to hear sermons at the church of St. Angelo in Pescheria close to the Ghetto.

'HOLY YEAR' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 142). The year of the Papal jubilee, which occurs at Rome every twenty-fifth year. The first jubilee was given in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII. 'and for each hundredth year to come, not only a full and more ample, but rather a most full pardon of all sins to those who repented and confessed, and visited the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul thirty times if Romans, fifteen times if strangers' (Addis, *Cath. Dict.*) The recurrence of the jubilee was gradually reduced from a hundred years to twenty-five.

'HOMAGER TO THE EMPIRE' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 7), *i.e.* Guido held lands of the Emperor by declaring himself a feudal tenant, and in the presence of his lord acknowledging that he was his *man*, or vassal.

'HOME'S STILTS' (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 125). D. D. Home, the medium, used to pretend to rise in the air and float about the room.

'HOOPOE TRIPLE-CREST' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 98). Tereus, a king of Thrace, having offered violence to his sister-in-law Philomela, was said to have been changed into a hoopoe.

'HORACE TO THE BOAT' (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 294). Horace's Odes (bk. i. 3), where he wishes Virgil a good voyage, and inveighs against the impious boldness of mankind.

'HORSE WHOSE NECK GOD CLOTHED WITH THUNDER' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 272). Job xxxix. 19: 'Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?'

HORTENSIUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 246). Hortensius Q., the celebrated Roman orator, was distinguished for eloquence at the age of nineteen. He had a remarkable memory, but his action was very affected. He wrote much amorous poetry and historical matter, all of which is lost.

HOSPITALLERS (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 183). Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem; Knights of Rhodes; Knights of Malta. A celebrated and wealthy order which grew up from a foundation of some merchants of Amalfi, who endowed a convent at Jerusalem in the middle of the eleventh century for the benefit of poor pilgrims to the holy places at Jerusalem.

'HOWLING TO HIS GODS' (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 201). (Byron's *Childe Harold*, canto iv. clxxx.).

> 'And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
> And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
> His petty hope in some near port or bay,
> And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay' &c.

HUBERT, ST. (*Flight of the Duchess: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 126). Before his conversion this saint was passionately fond of hunting; he is accordingly the patron of hunters.

HUDHUD (*A Pillar at Sebzevar: Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 65). According to Eastern legend, the fabulous bird of Solomon.

HUGUES (*Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 196). A purely imaginary composer.

'HUMAN WITH HIS DROPPINGS OF WARM TEARS'

(*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 110). This is a quotation from Mrs. Browning's poem, the *Wine of Cyprus*.

'HUNDRED MERRY TALES' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 177). These are by Franco Sacchetti.

HUPSIPULE (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 15). A queen of Lemnus in the time of the Argonauts. She saved her father when the women killed all the men.

HUSS, HUSSITES (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. pp. 272–275). The Bohemian John Huss, rector of the University of Prague, was burnt for heresy at the Council of Constance. The Hussites were his followers who rose in arms in 1418 against the Government, and the consequent war lasted thirteen years. Their principal leaders were John Ziska and the blind Procopius, an ex-priest.

IACCHOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 26). A surname of Bacchus.

ICONOCLAST (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 263). The image-breaker.

IDALIAN (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 259). Of Idalia, a mountain city in Cyprus sacred to Venus.

IDE (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 282). Mount Ida

'IDLE CHEEK-BAND' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 30). Trumpeters wore a support for their cheeks when performing on their trumpets.

IDYLLIST, THE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 262). The Sicilian poet Theocritus.

'IDYLLIUM MOSCHI' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 22). The title of the first Idyl of the Greek poet Moschus is 'Love a Runaway.'

IEÏOS PAIAN (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 275). A name of Apollo. He was the healing deity (*παιάν*, the healing).

'IKETIDES, THE HALT AND MAIMED' (*Christmas-Eve*, vol. v. p. 253). An incomplete play of Æschylus, *The Suppliants*—halt and maimed, because only a portion of the work is extant.

ILION (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 270). A citadel of Troy.

'IMPERANTE AUGUSTO NATUS EST' (*Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 93). Mrs. Jameson (*Legends of the Madonna*, p. 197) says: 'According to an ancient legend, the Emperor Augustus Cæsar repaired to the Sibyl Tiburtina, to inquire whether he should consent to allow himself to be worshipped with divine honours, which the Senate had decreed to him. The Sibyl, after some days of meditation, took the Emperor apart and showed him an altar; and above the altar, in the opening heavens, and in a glory of light, he beheld a beautiful Virgin, holding an infant in her arms, and at the same time a voice was heard saying, "This is the altar of the Son of the living God!" Whereupon Augustus caused an altar to be erected on the Capitoline Hill with this inscription, 'Ara Primogeniti Dei"; and on the same spot, in later times, was built the church called the "Ara Cœli," well known, with its flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, to all who have visited Rome. This particular prophecy of the Tiburtine Sibyl to Augustus rests on some very antique traditions, pagan as well as Christian. It is supposed to have suggested the "Pollio" of Virgil, which suggested the "Messiah" of Pope. It is mentioned by writers of the third and fourth centuries.'

'INCENSE FROM A MAGE-KING'S TOMB' (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 194). It is said by the credulous that sweet odours have been known to issue from the tombs of magicians and that lamps have been discovered therein burning brightly.

'INFALLIBLE NOSTRUM' (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 85). All the mediæval doctors' remedies were 'infallible.' The greater

the absurdity of the treatment, the more confidently did they declare that the cure was certain to be effected.

INGRES (*Dis Aliter Visum: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 87). Jean August Dominique Ingres (1780–1867).

INNOCENT XII., POPE (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 13). Antonio Pignatelli filled the Papal throne from 1691 to 1700. He was a holy and self-abnegating man, who did much to reform the Church. He died on September 27, 1700.

'IN PARTIBUS, EPISCOPUS' (*Bishop Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 277). Before the time of Cardinal Wiseman the Roman Catholic hierarchy was not re-established in England. Instead therefore of consecrating bishops to sees with English names, they were consecrated to a see which formerly existed, but had been lost to Christendom through the spread of Mahometanism. Such were called Bishops 'in partibus infidelium.' As Christianity has again flourished in Mahometan lands, Leo XIII. has substituted the phrase 'titular bishop' for 'bishop in partibus infidelium.'

IOSTEPHANOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 42) = 'violet-crowned,' a name for Athens.

IPHIGENEIA (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 348) was the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. That he might appease the anger of Diana, Agamemnon offered to sacrifice his daughter to the goddess.

'IPHIGENIA IN AULIS' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). The title of a tragedy by Euripides.

'IRIS MYSTIC-LETTERED' (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 121). 'There was an old superstition that if you look into the iris of a man's eye, you see the letters of his name, or the words telling his fate.'

'IRRITABILIS GENS' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 239).

Horace, Ep. ii. 2. 102 : 'Genus irritabile vatum.' The fretful tribe of poets.

'ISOCRATES, THAT FAMED PANEGYRIC OF' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 63). A celebrated Athenian orator who amassed immense wealth by teaching eloquence. He was born B.C. 436. He delivered his famous panegyric B.C. 380 with the view of stirring up the Athenians to unite against the growing power of Asia. He did not survive the defeat of the Athenians at Cheronæa, but died in the ninety-ninth year of his age, about B.C. 338.

ITUS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 324). The son of Tereus, king of Thrace. His mother killed him when he was a child, and dished him up as meat for his father.

IVY (*Pheidippides : Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 21). The ivy plant was sacred to Apollo, and the brows of Bacchus and the spear of the god were decked with it.

IXION (*Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 199). A king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly. Having been admitted by Jupiter to the table of the gods in Olympus, he endeavoured to seduce the affections of Juno. He was in consequence hurled by Jupiter to Erebus, where he was fastened by Mercury with brazen bands to an ever-revolving wheel of fire.

JANSENISTS (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 13). Followers of Cornelius Jansen, born 1585. Although there is an enormous literature on the Jansenist controversies, it is not easy to say precisely what Jansenism is, or to decide it in general terms. It has been defined as 'a heresy which consisted in denying the freedom of the will and the possibility of resisting divine grace.' From another point of view it was 'a professed attempt to restore the ancient doctrine and discipline of the Church.' The Jansenists wished to remain in the Roman Catholic Church, and reform it from within, and teach Calvinism while remaining in its communion.—Addis, *Cath. Dict.*

'JANUS OF THE DOUBLE FACE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 276). The Roman deity was represented with two faces, and called Bifrons because he was acquainted with the past and the future; or because he was taken for the sun, who opens the day at his rising, and shuts it at his setting.—Lemprière, *Class. Dict.*

JERBOA (*Saul: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 102). The jumping hare (*Dipus Ægyptius*), a small rodent animal with very long hind legs and a long tail.

JEROME, ST. (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). He spent four years in the Syrian desert wrestling with his own irregular thoughts and the powers of evil. He lived in the middle of the fourth century, and translated the Scriptures into Latin. His version is called the Vulgate.

JERONIMITES (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 274). Hermits of St. Jerome, a very austere order of the middle ages. The most important congregation was that of the 'Hermits of Spain' (disciples of B. Thomas of Sienna), founded about the middle of the fourteenth century.

JEWS AND THE NAME OF GOD (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 94). The Jews do not pronounce the name of Jehovah, or Javeh, out of reverence, but substitute the word Adonai, Lord.

JOAB (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 199). When King David was dying he charged Solomon to put his enemy Joab to death, which was done.

JOCASTE or JOCASTA (*Arist. Apol.* vol. xiii. p. 9). The wife of Laius, king of Thebes, by whom she had a son Œdipus, whom she afterwards married, not knowing who he was. When she discovered the horrible fact she hanged herself in despair.

JOCHANAN HAKKADOSH (*Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 209). Rabbi Yehudah Hannasi, the reputed author of the *Mishnah*,

was born before the year A.D. 140. On account of his saintly life he was surnamed Rabbenu Hakkadosh. Jochanan means John.

JOHN OF BRIENNE (*Sord.* vol. i. p. 59). Crusader and titular King of Jerusalem. He became Emperor of the East. Yolande, his daughter, married Frederick II.

JOHN OF DOUAY (*Statue and the Bust: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 187). (1524-1608.) A celebrated sculptor of Italy, usually called Giovanni da Bologna.

JOHN IX. (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 69). Was Pope from 898-900. He caused great disturbances in Rome by his re-assertion of the cause of Formosus.

JOPHON or IOPHON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 54; *Bal Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 16). The son of Sophocles, the tragic poet. He tried to prove that his father was an imbecile and unable to manage his affairs. Sophocles defended himself before his judges by repeating the tragedy of *Œdipus Coloneus*, which he had just completed.

JOVE ÆGIOCHUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 224). Jupiter was surnamed Ægiochus from the *ægis* which he bore.

JOVE AND THE TITANS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 145). The defeat of the Titans, with whom the Giants are often confounded, incensed them against Jupiter, and they all conspired to dethrone him. They hurled immense rocks against him: those that fell in the sea became islands, those on the earth became mountains. With the aid of Hercules they were all defeated.

'JOVE'S FEATHERED FURY' (*Gerard de Lairesse: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 209). The vulture or eagle which Jupiter sent to devour the liver of Prometheus, who stole the heavenly fire.

JUNIUS (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 86). The

famous pseudonym adopted by the author of a series of political letters, published from 1769 to 1772 in the *Public Advertiser*. The writer attacked all the public characters of the period who were connected with the Government, not sparing even royalty itself. Many eminent men were suspected of the authorship, but no one could be definitely discovered as the writer.

JUSTINIAN'S PANDECTS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 71). Justinian was Emperor of the East; he ascended the throne A.D. 527. He has immortalised his name by the code of laws which he employed the ablest lawyers to select, and which was called Justinian's Pandects or Digests.

JUVENAL (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 12). The famous Roman poet who lashed with his satires the vices of the age in which he lived.

KALCHAS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 275). A soothsayer who accompanied the Greeks to Troy.

KALCHIS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 277). The chief city of Eubœa, founded by colonisers from Athens.

KALLIKRATIDAS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 102). The Spartan who routed the Athenian fleet under Conon. He was afterwards defeated and killed in a naval battle, B.C. 406.

KALLISTRATOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 54). A comic actor of the time of Aristophanes.

KANT, EMMANUEL (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 168). (1724 1804.) The celebrated author of the *Critique of Pure Reason*. Kant was the greatest philosopher of the eighteenth century, and was hailed by some as a second Messiah.

'KARNEIAN-MONTH' (*Bal. Adv.* vol. xi. p. 47) = August-September. At this season the Carnean festival was held in honour of Apollo Carneios, the protector of flocks.

KARSHISH (*An Epistle, &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv.

p. 186). The scholar-physician, travelling in pursuit of medical learning, who writes to his master Abib concerning the curious case of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead.

KASSANDRA (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 316). Daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who continually proclaimed the approaching doom of Troy, but no one believed her. She was assassinated by Clytemnestra.

'KAUNIAN PAINTER' (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 121). Protogenes, of Caunus in Caria, who flourished about 328 B.C. The description of the picture in the poem refers to Sir Frederic Leighton's work on the subject.

KEATS, JOHN (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 210). (1795–1821.) The poet died at the age of twenty-five.

KERAMIKOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). The name of two places at Athens, one used as a market and for assemblies; the other was in the suburbs, and was devoted to the honour of the brave and noble Athenians who had fallen in the service of their country.

KIMON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 86). The son of Miltiades. He was a famous Athenian general, and was banished by the Council of State at the instigation of Pericles on an unjust charge of treason, but was ultimately recalled.

KING-BIRD (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 277). It was fabled of the Phœnix that it travels in an egg of myrrh to Heliopolis to die.

'KING VICTOR AND KING CHARLES' (vol. iii. p. 81). Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, was born in 1666. He acquired Sardinia in 1720, with the title of king. In 1730 he abdicated in favour of his son Charles. In attempting to recover his throne he was taken and cast into prison, where he died in 1732.

KING WHO LOST THE RUBY, THE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 170). Polycrates of Samos, who was so fortunate and prosperous

that he was advised to relinquish some of his most valued possessions. He accordingly threw into the sea a beautiful seal, the most precious of all his jewels. He was greatly afflicted at its loss, but a few days after the jewel was found in the belly of a fish which was presented to him. Amasis, king of Egypt, who had persuaded him to make the sacrifice, hearing of this, broke off his alliance with him, as he felt sure that sooner or later his good fortune would fail him. He was put to death B.C. 522 by Oroetes, satrap of Sardis, who, envious of the constant prosperity of Polycrates, determined to end it.

'KIRKUP, MY' (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 5). Baron Kirkup, who received that title from the King of Italy for his services to literature. He was on friendly terms with the poet at Florence. The portrait of Dante in the Bargello was discovered by Baron Kirkup.

KLEON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 19), the Athenian demagogue, was a tanner, who was afterwards distinguished as a general. He was a great enemy of Aristophanes.

KLEONUMOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 42). An Athenian attacked by Aristophanes as a pestilent demagogue.

KLEOPHON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 21). An Athenian demagogue of obscure origin.

KLUTAIMNESTRA (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 272 ; *Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 9). The wife of Agamemnon, King of Argos. She formed an adulterous connection with Ægisthus while Agamemnon was absent at the Trojan war, and when he returned home she murdered him as he came out of the bath. Cassandra, whom Agamemnon had brought from Troy, also shared his fate.

'KNOW THYSELF' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 131). A saying attributed to various authors, amongst others to Socrates, Cleobulus, and Pythagoras. It was written over the Temple

at Delphi, and according to Juvenal was therefore of divine origin.

'KOKUTOS' STREAM' (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 48). According to the poets, one of the rivers of hell. The real river Cocytus, in Epirus, had unwholesome water, and was near Acheron, hence the connection with the lower world.

'KOMOS-CRY' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 26). A noise of merrymaking after supper.

KONNOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 140). Ameipsias, a comic poet of Athens, was ridiculed by Aristophanes for the insipidity of his verses, but the judges awarded Ameipsias the prize for his play called *Konnos*, which beat that of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes in their opinion.

'KOPAIC EEL' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). Lake Copais, in Bœotia, was anciently, and is still, famous for its eels.

'KORDAX STEP' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 7). The dance of the comic chorus which was of the most indecent description. It was only tolerated at festivals of Bacchus when everyone was expected to be intoxicated. Aristophanes, who was not punctilious on such matters, prided himself for omitting the Cordax in *The Clouds*.

KORE (*Arist. Apol.* vol. xiii. p. 4) = Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres.

KOTTABOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 87). A social game introduced into Greece from Sicily. It became one of the most favourite amusements of young people after meals. There were several ways of playing it. Originally it consisted in one of the company throwing wine at a certain distance into a metal basin without spilling any of it, and while doing so thinking of the name of his mistress. The lover drew his conclusions respecting the sentiments of his lady love according to the sound produced when the wine struck the basin.

KRATEROS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii p. 18). A literary and brave general of Alexander the Great. He wrote the life of Alexander, who always placed the greatest confidence in him.

KRATINOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8). A comic poet of Athens. He was a severe satirist much addicted to wine. He died B.C. 422.

K. τ. λ. (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 16). Καὶ τὰ λειπόμενα, the initial letters of which words are *kappa*, *tau*, *lambda*. The sentence means 'and so forth,' and is often used in learned books.

KUKNOS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 53). Cycnus, the son of Mars and Pelopia.

KUPRIS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 83). Venus, the goddess of Cyprus.

KUTHEREIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 93). A surname of Venus.

LABDANUM (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 119). A fragrant gum exuding from the plants *Cystus creticus* and *Cystus ladaniferus*.

LABORATORY, THE (*Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 30). When chemical analysis was unknown or imperfectly understood, professional poisoning was exceedingly common. Tofana and others combined poisoning with cookery. She was the greatest of all the seventeenth century poisoners, and is said to have poisoned six hundred persons, including Popes Pius III. and Clement XIV. Arsenic in solution is supposed to have been chiefly employed.

LAIS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 17). A courtesan of Corinth, who ridiculed the austerity of the philosophers. She was the mistress of Alcibiades, and was assassinated in the temple of Venus, B.C. 340.

LAMACHOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 60). A son of Xenophanes. He displayed great courage before Syracuse (B.C. 414), where he was killed. Aristophanes satirised him in *The Acharnians.*

'LAMIA-SHAPE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 137). The Lamiæ were African monsters with the face and breast of a woman and the rest of the body like a serpent. They allured strangers in order to devour them. They were also called Lemures.

'LAMP, THE RUDE BROWN' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 265). Great numbers of terra-cotta lamps have been found in the catacombs at Rome, which were used by the early Christians in their subterranean retreat. Many of them have the name and cross of Christ or the monogram ☧ or ☩. Little vases and *ampullæ* which have contained blood of the martyrs have often been found in the tombs near the head of the deceased. —Northcote and Brownlow, *Roma Sotteranea.*

LAOCOÖN (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 172). Priest of Apollo. While offering sacrifice to Neptune two enormous serpents issued from the sea and attacked Laocoön's two sons, who stood next to the altar. The father attempted to defend his sons, but the serpents enclosed him in their coils and crushed him to death. The famous group of statuary representing this tragedy is in the Vatican Museum. It was discovered in 1506 in the ruins of the palace of Titus.

LAPACCIA (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 208). Mona Lapaccia, the aunt of Lippo, who brought him up till he was eight years old, when she took him to the Carmelites, being no longer able to support him.

LA ROQUE (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 241). The editor of the Paris *Mercury*, who fell into the trap Maillard set to get his verses published.

LA SAISIAZ (vol. xiv. p. 153). The name of a villa amongst the mountains near Geneva, which in the Savoyard dialect means 'The Sun.'

LATERAN (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 140). The Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is the chief or Cathedral Church of Rome. It is pre-eminent even over St. Peter's, and bears the inscription over the entrance: 'Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput' ('The mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world').

LAUD (*Strafford*, vol. ii. pp. 202, 210, &c.). Archbishop Laud was hated by the Puritans because he endeavoured to assimilate the doctrines and practices of the Church of England to those of Rome. He was charged by the Long Parliament with high treason and executed.

LEAGUE AND COVENANT (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 195). In 1638 the Scottish Parliament made a solemn agreement, called the National Covenant, for the preservation of the reformed religion in the Church of Scotland and for the extirpation of popery and prelacy. As the Solemn League and Covenant, it was renewed in 1643. Those who subscribed and defended it were called Covenanters.

LENAIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 11). A festival of Bacchus with poetical contentions, &c.

LEOGORAS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 17). An Athenian debauchee.

LEONARD (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 231). Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), Italian artist, scientist, and man of letters, who, in fact, excelled in almost every noble attainment and pursuit.

LERNAIAN SNAKE (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 167). Hercules slew the hydra of Lerna, and then drained the marsh in which it had lived.

LIECHTENFELS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 114). The Canon who refused to pay Paracelsus the stipulated fee after he had saved the ecclesiastic's life.

LILITH (*Adam, Lilith and Eve : Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 197). 'The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lillis before he married Eve, and of her he begot nothing but devils.'

L'INGEGNO (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 91). A name given to the painter Andrea Luigi d'Assisi. He was called 'L'Ingegno' on account of the versatility of his talents.

LINOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 274). A son of Apollo and Terpsichore who instructed Orpheus and Hercules. He was killed by the latter by a blow with the lyre because Linus ridiculed him.

'LION'S MOUTH' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 184). The Via di Bocca di Leone is the name of a street in Rome.

'LIPPINO, THE WRONGED' (*Old Pictures in Florence : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). This was Filippo Lippi, or Filippino, or Lippino (1460-1505). A Florentine painter, the son of Fra Lippo Lippi. The expression 'wronged' is used because some of his pictures were attributed to other artists.

'LITTLE-EASE' (*Charles Avison : Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 238). A name for a cell made so small that a prisoner could not lie down or stand up.

'LITTLE FLACCUS' (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est : Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 93). Horace the poet, whose name was Horatius C. Flaccus.

'LITTLE-IN-THE-FIELDS' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 39). Village feasts of Bacchus.

LOCUSTA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 33). A woman in the pay of Nero. She was skilled in the use of poisonous herbs, and was employed to poison Claudius and Britannicus. Having tried to poison Nero, she was executed.

LOGEION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 135). 'The speaking-place,' the stage on which the actors perform.

'LOMBARD AGILULPH' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 237). King of Lombardy, A.D. 590–615.

LOMBARD LEAGUE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). The great alliance of Lombard cities began in 1164; it consisted of Milan, Venice, Pavia, Modena, &c. and was formed to restrain the power of the German emperors. They defeated Frederick Barbarossa at Legnano, and in 1183 compelled him to sign the peace of Constance. In 1226 another league was formed against Frederick II., when the Lombardians were again successful.

'LONG WALLS, THE' (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 295). At Athens, which was connected with the Peiræus, its chief harbour, by the long walls of Themistocles, who planned the fortifications.

LORENZO, BROTHER (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 214; *Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). Don Lorenzo Monaco, the monk, a celebrated Florentine painter, of the order of the Camaldolese. He was a man of saintly life.

LOUDON (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 197). A Scottish nobleman and Covenanter. He was sent to the Tower for soliciting help from the King of France.

'LOUIS LIKED TO SEE,' &C. (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 232). In the *Historical Memoirs* of Philip de Comines are many curious incidents and accounts of the royal vagaries connected with the last illness of Louis XI.

LOURDES AND LA SALETTE (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 23). Famous pilgrimage places in France.

LOXIAN (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 75). A surname of Apollo.

LOXIAS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 319). A surname of Apollo.

LOYOLA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 140). St. Ignatius Loyola, who founded the Order of the Jesuits, was born in 1491 of a noble family in Biscay. He died in 1556.

LUCIUS AND ANTONINE (*Sord.* vol. i. p. 74). 'Mad Lucius' was Verus Lucius Ceionius Commodus, who has been greatly censured for his debauchery. 'Sage Antonine' was Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher. During their joint reign, Lucius Verus was in command of the Roman forces in the East and engaged in a war with Parthia. Seleucia was sacked by his generals, and he was himself present in the neighbourhood of Babylon during the winters of A.D. 163–5.

LUCIUS JUNIUS [BRUTUS] (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 51), whose example animated the Romans to rise against the tyranny of Tarquin.

LUCIUS VARIUS RUFUS (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 93). A tragic poet who was the friend of Horace and Virgil.

'LUCOMONS, THE KINGCRAFT OF THE' (*Easter-Day*, vol. v. p. 280). 'The Lucomons were the heads of ancient Etruscan families, and combining both priest and patriarch. The kings were drawn from them.'—*Dr. Furnivall.*

LUCREZIA (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 221) del Fede was the widow of a hatter named Carlo Recanati. Andrea married her on December 26, 1512. She was a very handsome woman, and regularly sat to her husband for his Madonnas and other pictures. She survived her husband forty years.

LUCREZIA DI BORGIA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 235) was married three times, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, being her

last husband. Many persons were put to death through her influence.

LUITPRAND (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 69). A celebrated Italian historian. Having fallen into disgrace with Berenger, King of Italy, he took refuge at the Court of Otho I. of Germany.

LUKEION APOLLON (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 332). One of the many names of Apollo was Lyceus.

LUKOS, KING (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 25). A Theban exile who offered violence to Megara in the absence of her husband.

LUPINE-SEED (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 49). The seed of a herb used in Southern Europe as food and medicine. Its roots penetrate some depth into the soil.

LURIA (vol. vi. p. 209). Wars between different Italian cities were frequent in the middle ages. The first conflict was waged in 1003, when Pisa and Lucca contended for the mastery. Pisa greatly developed her military importance in the eleventh century. The first quarrel with Florence broke out in 1222.

'LUSISTRATE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 19). The title of a play by Aristophanes, in which peace at any price was demanded.

LUTHER (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 81). As Luther led the revolt against authority in religion, so Paracelsus rebelled against authority in science. He was therefore called 'Luther alter.'

LYCAON ('*sed Lycaon in lupum*,' *R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 229). A cruel king of Arcadia named Lycaon offered human sacrifices on the altar of Pan. He was changed by Jupiter into a wolf.

LYDA (*Gerard de Lairesse: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi.

p. 213). A nymph beloved by Pan, but who disdained his uncouth pathos.

'LYDIAN KING' (*Sord.* vol. i. p. 217). Crœsus, who interpreted an ambiguous answer of the oracle in his own favour, and was destroyed for following the advice which he imagined had been given to him.

'LYRIC SHELL' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 36). The Greek 'lyra was also called χέλυς, or χελώνη, and in Latin *testudo*, because it was made of a tortoise-shell.'

MACCHIAVELLI (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 265). Niccolo Macchiavelli, of Florence, set forth a crooked perfidious policy of expediency and chicanery in his *Del Principe*.

MÆCENAS (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 94) was descended from the ancient kings of Etruria. He is celebrated as the munificent patron of men of letters. Virgil and Horace owed many favours to him, and both poets dedicated works to him.

MAILLARD, PAUL DESFORGES (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 236), one of the poets of Le Croisic, was born in 1699. He was a member of the Academies of Rochelle. Caen, and Nancy. Having sent a poem to the French Academy, in competition for a prize, on the art of navigation, he failed to win the reward, and in consequence became indignant with his judges. He sent his poems to La Roque, the editor of the Paris *Mercury*, but they were 'declined with thanks.' Desforges was not satisfied with a polite rejection, but insisted on the publication of his work, and accused La Roque of lacking courage to print what the Academy had rejected. La Roque threw the poems on the fire. The disappointed poet now resorted to a strange trick. He sent his inferior verses to La Roque, under the name of Mlle. Malcrais de la Vigne. The editor fell into the trap, read the lady's supposed poems with delight, and not only

published them, but thanked and fell in love with her. Malcrais captivated all Paris with her verses. Voltaire and Destouches vied with each other who should say the most in praise of them, Voltaire writing of her, 'Thou whose brilliant voice has resounded upon our banks.' At last Desforges thought proper to disclose himself. He put his admirers to shame and confusion, but he made himself ridiculous in the process. Desforges has not achieved any lasting fame. Piron made the incidents of Desforges' curious artifice the subject of his comedy *Métromanie.—Biographie Universelle.*

MAKARIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8). A daughter of Hercules and Deïaneira; a character in the *Heraclidæ* of Euripides. She devoted herself to death in order to enable the Athenians to win a victory.

MAKISTOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283; *La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 201). A city of Triphylia. It had a watch-tower on a neighbouring eminence from which the beacon lights flashed the news of the fall of Troy to Greece.

MALAMOCCO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 32). The port of Malamocco. The main entrance to the lagoons from the sea.

MALCRAIS (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 248). The name adopted by Maillard when he sent his verses to the Paris *Mercury*.

MALLET. 'The three little taps o' the silver mallet' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 145). On the occasion of the death of the Pope the *camerlengo*, or chamberlain, must give three taps with a silver mallet on the Pope's forehead while he calls him by name.

MALPICHI = Malpighi (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 184). A great physician of Bologna (1628–1694). He was the founder of microscopic anatomy. He removed to Rome to become physician to Innocent XII.

MALTRAVERSI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 103). A name of a faction at Bologna.

MANDRAKE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 220). The plant Mandragora. It has a bifurcated root, and is supposed to resemble a man. It was anciently supposed to have animal life and to cry out when pulled out of the ground.

MANICHEE (*Soliloquy of Spanish Cloister: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 28). A follower of Manes who tried to combine Persian philosophy with Christianity. He taught the Zoroastrian doctrine of the two principles—*light* the author of all good, and *darkness* the author of all evil.

MANNAIA (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 54; vol. x. p. 156). An axe for decapitating criminals.

'MANTUAN, THE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 12). Virgil, the poet, born at Andes, a village near Mantua.

'MANTUAN ALBERT' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 222). Alberti (Leon Battista), born about 1404 in Florence, was a celebrated mathematician, poet, painter, and sculptor. He was invited to Mantua by the duke of that town, and built many public edifices, among them the Church of St. Andrew.

MARATTA (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 122). Carlo Maratta (born 1625), a celebrated Roman painter. He was named 'Carlo delle Madonne,' on account of the great number of his pictures of the Madonna.

MAREOTIC, of Mareotis (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 216). Lake Mareotis, in Egypt. The country round was very famous for its wine.

MARGHERITONE OF AREZZO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 88), painter, sculptor, and architect (1236–1313), was the first who in painting on wood covered the surface with canvas.

MARGITES (*Development: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 105).

'A man against whom, as some suppose, Homer wrote a poem to ridicule his superficial knowledge and to expose his affectation.'—Lemprière, *Class. Dict.*

'MARINESQUE ADONIAD' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 96). Giovanni Marini wrote a poem called *Adonis* at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

MARO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 54). Virgil. Virgilius Maro.

MARTIN'S SUMMER, ST. (vol. xiv. p. 71). From October 9 to November 11. It is also called Martinmas, and Martilmas. The feast of St. Martin is on November 11.

'MARVELLOUS MODENESE, THE' (*Bishop Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 242). The painter Correggio was born in the territory of Modena, Italy.

'MASSIC JARS DUG UP AT BAIÆ' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 103). Mount Massicus, of Campania, was famous for its wine. It is now called Monte Marisco, and still preserves its ancient reputation. Baiæ, near Naples, was a famous sea-side resort of Roman senators, and the ruins of its magnificent buildings testify to its ancient grandeur.

MATILDA (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 195). Countess of Tuscany (1046–1115), called 'The Great Countess,' was one of the most famous characters of her age. Absolute ruler of the most powerful state in Italy, she defended Hildebrand, and adhered to the Pope against all enemies. During her lifetime she transferred the greater part of her possessions by deed of gift to the Papacy; and that deed was the foundation of Papal claims to many lands in Italy throughout the following centuries. She owned the Castle of Canossa, where the Pope took refuge from Henry IV., who had married Adelaide's daughter; and it was to Canossa that that Emperor was obliged to resort when later he sought the Pope's forgiveness, and when he was left standing barefoot in the snow awaiting the Pope's pleasure. Matilda conveyed her estates

to the Pope in 1102, was made sovereign of all Italy in 1110, and died 1115.—*Biographie Universelle.*

MAURITANIA (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 216). Now the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, in the western part of Africa. The land of the Moors, celebrated for the citrus wood, tables of which fetched fabulous prices in Ancient Rome.

MAXWELL, Usher of the Black Rod (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 258). He received Strafford as his prisoner after his impeachment, and demanded of him his sword.

'MAY AND DEATH' (*Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 165). The plant referred to in the fourth stanza, with a streak of Spring's blood in its leaves, is the *Polygonum Persicaria*, or Spotted Persicaria. An old legend has it that the plant grew beneath Christ's cross, and that the dark spot on every leaf is due to the drops of our Lord's blood which fell on them at the crucifixion.—Friend's *Flowers and Flower Lore.*

MEGARA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 43). Megaris was situated between Phocis and Attica. Its capital city was Megara, situated midway between Corinth and Athens.

'MENDESIAN WINE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 17). Mendes was a city of Egypt on one of the mouths of the Nile.

MENELAOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 270). The brother of Agamemnon. He was king of Sparta.

MENHIR (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. pp. 214, 215). A Druid monument. A monolith, or prehistoric stone structure, the best example of which is at Carnac, in Brittany. There are some 800 of them in this part of France. The word 'menhir' is derived from *maen*, stone, and *hir*, long.

MERMAID, THE (*At the Mermaid*, vol. xiv. p. 31). The name of a celebrated tavern in Cheapside, the favourite resort of the Elizabethan dramatists and poets.

MESSAPIOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283). A mountain of Bœotia.

METTERNICH (*The Italian in England: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 48). Prince Metternich, the great Austrian diplomatist, was the enemy of Italian independence.

'MILESIAN SMART-PLACE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 10). The capture of Miletus is referred to.

MILTIADES AND MARATHON (*Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. pp. 23, 24). The Athenian forces at the battle of Marathon were commanded by Miltiades. 'Marathon day' preserved the liberties of Greece, and perhaps of Europe, from the dominion of Persia. The victory was gained in the month of September B.C. 490 (see the poem *Echetlos*). After the victory of Marathon, Miltiades fell into disgrace and was sentenced to a heavy fine, which he was unable to pay, and he died in debt and dishonour.

MIRAMOLINE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 85). The title of a Mohammedan sovereign; a corruption of the Arabic words *Emir al maromenim*, prince of the faithful. St. Francis of Assisi set out for Morocco in 1214 to endeavour to establish his order there, but nearly perished by shipwreck on the way.

MISHNAH (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 209). Lit. a repetition, doubling, or explanation (of the Divine law). A collection or digest of traditions and explanations of the Jewish scriptures forming the text of the Talmud. It was pretended that Moses on Mount Sinai received many other laws than the Decalogue, and that he taught these to the seventy elders. Jehudah the rabbi collected these floating traditions. The Mishna was written at Tiberias in the second century of our era.

MIZRAIM (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 243) = Egypt.

MNESILOCHOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 27). A comic poet ; a character in the *Thesmophoriazousai.*

MOCK-SUN (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 224). Parhelion or meteor in the form of a bright light near the sun, sometimes rainbow-tinged. A common phenomenon in the Polar regions.

MOLAY, DU (*Heretic's Tragedy: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 161). The military order of the Templars was founded early in the twelfth century by nine French knights, soon after the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was established. The order was sworn to do battle for the defence and maintenance of the oasis of Christianity which had been established in the midst of Mahometan misbelief. In process of time the order became powerful and exceedingly wealthy. After the loss of Jerusalem (1187) and the fall of Acre in 1291, the order established itself in Cyprus, hoping that the Christian powers would help it to regain its footing in the Holy Land. The Templars became luxurious and indolent, and did nothing to justify their continued existence as a body of military knights. Philip the Fair cast greedy eyes on their wealth. Evil men, anxious to aid the king to seize the property of the Templars, made the most horrible charges against them. They were accused of sorcery, idolatry, foul and unnatural lusts, of denying Christ, and of spitting on the Cross at their initiation. The king caused all the Templars in his dominion to be arrested and thrown into prison on the same day. They were put to the most fearful tortures, and under their influence they confessed the worst of the charges brought against them, which in every case, however, they retracted when free to do so. Pope Clement V. did as much as he dared to assist them, but he was weak and irresolute, and the sovereigns of Europe were too strong for him. Many of the knights died under torture ; about a hundred were burned at the stake in France. Du Molay, the Grand Master,

after a long imprisonment, and under the pressure of torture, admitted the truth of some of the charges, and was burned at the stake in Paris in 1314, having retracted all his previous admissions. The order was dissolved in France, and the king seized all its wealth. In Spain, Portugal, and Germany, the knights were all acquitted.

MOLINISTS (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 13). Followers of Michael Molinos, who endeavoured to introduce Calvinism into the Catholic Church.

'MOLINOS' DOCTRINE' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 63). Two parties in the Catholic Church have borne the name of Molinists. Mr. Browning refers to the teaching of Michael de Molinos the Mystic. He was a Spanish priest resident in Rome, a man of singular piety and devout life, who was born at Saragossa in 1627. He is celebrated in Church history as the founder of 'Quietism,' a system, or rather tendency, 'to make perfection here on earth consist in a state of uninterrupted contemplation, during which the soul remains quiet or passive under the influence of God's spirit, without making the ordinary acts of faith, hope, love, &c., without desiring heaven or fearing hell.' He published his *Spiritual Guide* in Rome. In 1685 the Inquisition censured sixty-eight propositions of Molinos, and condemned the author to perpetual imprisonment, in which he died, having recanted his errors in 1696. It was the French ambassador and his friends who were the chief agents in the prosecution of Molinos, and though he had a great number of friends, and the Pope himself was favourable to him, the agent of the French king was successful in silencing him. Mosheim says it is obvious that his system included most of the faults which are justly chargeable upon the Mystics ; and that it was well suited to the disposition of those who obtrude upon others, as divine and oracular communications, the suggestions of their own heated imaginations, uncontrolled by reason and judgment.—*Eccl. Hist.* Cent. XVII.

'MOLY, TRUE' (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 121). A fabulous herb of secret power, having a black root and white blossoms, said by Homer to have been given by Mercury to Ulysses, as a counter-charm against the spells of Circe.

MOMOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 8). The god of pleasantry. He ridiculed all the actions of the gods, and blamed Vulcan because he formed man out of clay and neglected to put a window in the breast, so that his thoughts might be detected. Momos had at last to be expelled from heaven.

'MONSTR'-INFORM'-INGENS-HORREND-OUS' (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 80). Virgil's *Æn.* iii. 657: 'Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademtum.' A horrid monster, misshapen, huge, from whom sight has been taken away.

MONTELUNGO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 174). Gregorio di Montelongo, pontifical legate for Gregory IX., and one of the chiefs of the Guelf party in the time of the Emperor Frederick II.

MONTFORT (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 115). The father of Simon de Montfort, who fought against the Albigenses.

'MOONFERN AND TRIFOLY' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 132). *Rumex lunaria* is moonfern. Trifoly is the trefoil or Herb Trinity which St. Patrick used in explaining the mystery of the Trinity; both plants were supposed to have magical and healing properties.

'MOONSTRUCK MORTAL' (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 304). Endymion. Diana saw him naked as he slept on Mount Latmus, and was so struck with his beauty that she came down from heaven every night to enjoy his company.

MORELLO (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 229; *Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 89). A mountain near Florence.

MORGUE (*Apparent Failure: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 246). A place in Paris, and many other towns of France where bodies of persons found dead are exposed.

MORUCHEIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 44, 140). An archon of Athens, in whose time it was forbidden to ridicule anyone on the stage by name.

'MOSES TO MOSES, FROM' (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 254), *i.e.* from Moses of the Bible to Moses Maimonides. The meaning of the second Hebrew phrase in the Note to the poem.

MOUNUCHIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). A port of Attica between the Piræus and the promontory of Sunium.

MOUTH-OF-TRUTH (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 156). Bocca della Verità—a name sometimes given to Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, in the ancient portion of Rome. So called from the mouth of a fountain to the left in the portico into which, according to an old belief, the ancient Romans thrust their right hands when taking an oath.—Baedeker's *Rome*.

MULLOS and EUETES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 43). Comic poets of Athens.

MÜNZER, THOMAS (1490–1525) (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 107). The German Anabaptist who maintained that Christ was not God, that righteousness is of works, that there is no such thing as original sin, that infants ought not to be baptised, that all men are of one rank, and that civil magistrates are anti-scriptural. Münzer and other fanatics excited a rebellion in Germany amongst the lower orders in 1525 which was quelled with bloodshed.

MUSHTARI (*Cherries: Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 57). The Persian name of the planet Jupiter.

'NAPLES' LIQUEFACTION' (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 267). The miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. The miracle is

publicly performed on the feast of the saint, September 19th. It consists in this : that when the dried up, congealed blood in the phial, which is ordinarily hard and solid and in several pieces, is brought near to the head of the martyr, the blood, after a longer or shorter interval, is usually seen to become liquid and flow, and bubbles arise on the surface.—Addis, *Cath. Dict.*

'NATURE'S APE' (*Old Pictures in Florence : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 80). Stefano was called 'the Ape of Nature.' He was a celebrated Italian painter (1301 ?–1350 ?), whose naturalism earned him this singular title.

NEÆRA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 27). A fancy name used by poets as a synonym of 'sweetheart.'

NED BRATTS (*Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 60). The story of the poem is taken from John Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, published in London, 1680.

NEMI (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 209). Lake Nemi is situated in the Alban Mountains near Rome. Its ancient name was the *Lacus Nemorensis*, and from its extreme beauty it was called sometimes 'the Mirror of Diana.' Remains of a temple of Diana have been discovered in the locality, which derives its name from the sacred grove or *nemus* in which it was situated.

NEPOMUCENE OF PRAGUE (*A Soul's Tragedy*, vol. iii. p. 280). He was an anchorite and apostle who lived in the reign of the Emperor Wenceslaus, who put him to death because he refused to betray what the Empress had confided to him under the seal of confession.

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRITE (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 238). Neptune obtained by means of a dolphin the favours of Amphitrite, the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys, who had made a vow of perpetual celibacy.

'NEW PRISONS' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 249). The *Carceri*

Nuovi, a prison founded by Innocent X. in the Via del Fontanone, a street prolonged by the Via Giulia, and leading to the bridge of St. Angelo.

'NICOLO THE PISAN' (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 86), architect and sculptor, born between 1205 and 1207; died 1278.

'NIKIAS NINNY-LIKE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 63). Nicias, the Athenian general, who perished about 413 B.C. His ill success at Syracuse ruined Athens. He was very superstitious.

NINA and ALCAMO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 218). Sicilian poets. The poetess Nina fell in love with a poet whom she had never seen. The fortunate bard was called Dante, not, however, the great poet of that name. Nina was the loveliest woman of her time, and called herself 'the Nina of Dante.' Sismondi mentions C. d'Alcamo as a Sicilian poet, nearly contemporary with Frederick II.

'NOTHING LASTS, AS BACON CAME AND SAID' (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 185). The reference is to Bacon's essay, *Of Vicissitude of Things*.

NUMPHOLEPTOS (vol. xiv. p. 63). The word means 'caught or entranced by a nymph.' The terms Nympholeptes or Nymphomanes (*possessed by the nymphs*) were names given to the inhabitants of Mount Cithæron, who believed that the nymphs inspired them. Plutarch, in the *Life of Aristides*, says that in a cave on this mountain there was an oracle by which many of those who dwelt there were inspired, and therefore called Nympholeptoi.

NUOCERA (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 137). A town lying between Pompeii and Amalfi, called 'dei Pagani,' because Frederick II. planted there a colony of Saracens.

OBSERVANCY (*Pacchiarotto &c.*, vol. xiv. p. 20). 'St. John's Observance.' In Italy the Franciscans are called

'*Osservanti*, in France Pères ou Frères de l'Observance, because they observed the original rule as laid down by St. Francis, went barefoot, and professed absolute poverty.'—Mrs. Jameson's *Monastic Orders*.

'O DANAIDES, O SIEVE!' (*Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 200). The Danaides were the fifty daughters of Danaus, king of Argos. By the orders of their father they killed their husbands, for which they were condemned in the infernal regions to pour water for ever into a vessel full of holes, so that the water ran out as soon as it was poured in, and their punishment was consequently an eternal one.

'ODIC LIGHTS' (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 215). Reichenbach believed he had discovered an *influence*, which he named Od. He held that it accounted for mesmeric phenomena and the luminous appearance observed at spirit-rapping *séances*.

ŒCOLAMPADIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 79) was a friend of Erasmus, and a celebrated German Reformer, who lived at Basle.

'ŒCUMENICAL ASSEMBLAGE' AT ROME (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 123). A general council of all the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church.

ŒTA (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 153). A mountain range in the south of Thessaly.

OGNISSANTI (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 89). 'All Saints' Church in Florence.

'OG'S THIGH-BONE' (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 255). Og was king of Bashan. It was fabled by the rabbis that he was nearly six miles high. He drank water out of the clouds, and broiled his fish by holding them before the sun. Noah's flood did not reach his knees. He lived three thousand years, and was then slain by Moses.

OIDIPOUS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 47) was the son of Laius, king of Thebes, and Jocasta. Juno persecuted him from his birth. He murdered his father, and committed incest with his mother. He solved the riddle of the Sphinx (*q.v.*).

'OLD FABLE, THE TWO EAGLES' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 278). This is in Pindar's fourth Pythian Ode, where he speaks of 'Jove's Golden Eagles,' which were placed near the Delphic tripod. It is probable that this gave rise to the story of the two birds which were sent by Jupiter, one from the East and the other from the West, in order to ascertain the true centre of the earth, and which met at Pytho or Delphi. (See note in Wheelwright's translation.) Delphi was not 'on a shifting waste of sand,' but on a mountain ; and the temple was not that of Jove, but of Apollo.

OLIERO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 56). A monastery near Bassano, on the Brenta, where Eccelin the monk dwelt.

OLIMPIA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 234). The Countess of Holland and wife of Bireno (in *Orlando Furioso*). Deserted by her husband, she was seized by pirates and bound naked to a rock, but Orlando delivered her and took her to Ireland.

OMOPLAT (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 11). The shoulder-blade.

OMPHALE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 40). Queen of Lydia. Hercules loved her and used to sit by her side, spinning amongst her women, while she wore the lion's skin and bore the club of the hero.

OPORINUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 111). The secretary of Paracelsus, who for two years lived with him in close intimacy. It is probable that he defamed the memory of his master, and that it is largely due to him that so much opprobrium has attached to the memory of that hero of medical science.

ORESTEIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 85). The three

tragedies of Æschylus—the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoræ*, and the *Eumenides*—form a trilogy called the *Oresteia*.

ORCAGNA (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 90), Andrea or Bernardo, probably Andrea Orcagna, a painter of Florence who lived *c.* 1315–*c.* 1368.

ORIBASIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 105). He was physician to the Emperor Julian the Apostate, and lived A.D. 326 403. By the Emperor's command he made a summary from the works of all preceding physicians who had written upon the healing art. He was called the 'Ape of Galen,' but he did some valuable original work.

'ORMUZ' WEALTH (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 234). Ormuz is an island in the Persian Gulf, a famous market for diamonds.

'ORSON THE WOOD-KNIGHT' (*Flight of the Duchess: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 153). One of the heroes in the romance of 'Valentine and Orson,' a twin nourished by a bear. He became the terror of France, and was called 'the wild man of the forest.'

'ORTHIAN LAY' (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 288). Orthian is defined as a kind of loud music used by Arion.

'ORTHIAN STYLE' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 325). In a shrill or loud tone.

OSMAN (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 173) founded the Ottoman Empire in Asia.

OSPREY (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 56). The osprey is a species of eagle, and was the coat of arms of Salinguerra. That of Eccelin was an ostrich with a horseshoe in his beak.

OTOTOTOI (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 319; *Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 194). An exclamation = Woe! Alas!

'OUR LADY OF ALL THE SORROWS' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 111). The Blessed Virgin is called 'Our Lady of Sorrows' or 'Swords,' and is painted with a sword piercing her heart.

'OVID, A LIKE SUFFERER' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 106). Augustus banished Ovid to Tomi on the Euxine Sea, whether for some love affair or imprudence is not known. The poet, in his exile amongst the barbarous tribe of the Getæ, wrote his *Tristia.*

PACCHIAROTTO, JACOPO (vol. xiv. p. 5), a painter, born in Siena in 1474, has been often confused in history with Girolami del Pacchia, another artist of the Sienese school, born in 1477. Critics seem to have decided that Pacchia should be credited with the good pictures and Pacchiarotto with the inferior ones, as one or other of these painters produced works which used to pass as those of Perugino. Pacchia joined a turbulent club called the Bardotti. When the club was broken up he disappeared from Siena, and nothing more is known of him. His most celebrated work is a fresco of the Nativity of the Virgin in the chapel of St. Bernardino, Siena. Pacchiarotto took part in the conspiracy of the Libertini and Popolani in 1530, and he joined the Bardotti in 1534. He had to hide for his life in 1535, and was concealed from his pursuers in a tomb by the monks in the church of St. John. After a while he went back to his work. He was exiled in 1539, but recalled in the following year; he died shortly afterwards. He is credited with having painted an Assumption of the Virgin in the Carmine at Siena.

PAIAN (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 190; *Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 26). A surname of Apollo signifying 'the healer.' As the sun promotes the health and well-being of man, he was considered the chief divinity of healing, and the pæan was sung in his honour. The oath of the Asclepiadæ began with an appeal to him. Our word *pæony* comes from this title of Apollo. He cured the gods of their diseases and healed their wounds by the root of this plant.

PAINTED PEACOCK (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 168). A species of butterfly, the *Vanessa Io.*

PALAISTRA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 79). A place where athletes exercised. Sometimes also a place for disputation.

PALATINE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 214). One who is invested with royal privileges and rights.

PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI P. DA (*c.* 1524–1594) (*Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 204). An Italian composer, who emancipated his art from a pedantry which was tending to reduce it to mere arithmetical problems.

'PALM-BRANCH' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 265) is graven or painted in countless parts of the Roman catacombs in token that a Christian martyr was buried near it. A sign of victory.

PAMBO (*Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 258). The story of Pambo's life is told in the *Ecclesiastical History* of Socrates Scholasticus. In the time of St. Anthony in the Nitrian Desert, A.D. 373, there was a monk named 'Pambo, a simple and an unlearned man, who came unto his friend to learn a Psalm; and hearing the first verse of the thirty-ninth Psalm: "I said, I will take heed unto my ways, that I offend not with my tongue," would not hear the second, but went his way saying, "This one verse is enough for me, if I learn it as I ought to do!" And when his teacher blamed him for absenting himself a whole six months, he answered for himself that he had not well learned the first verse. Many years after that, when one of his acquaintances demanded of him whether he had learned the verse, he said again, that in nineteen years he had scarce learned in life to fulfil that one line.'

PAN (*Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 17). The Arcadian deity who was the god of shepherds and huntsmen. He was a monster in appearance, and sometimes assumed the form of a goat, and was the emblem of fecundity. Pan usually terrified those who saw him, and his name in this connection still exists in our word *panic*.

PAN AND LUNA (*Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 159). Luna was one of the names of Diana or Cynthia, the moon.

PANURGE (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 49). One of Rabelais' characters. He was a companion of Pantagruel.

'PAPAI, PAPAI' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 322) = O strange ! wonderful !

PAPHOS (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 233). A city of Cyprus, devoted to the worship of Venus.

'PAPINIANIAN PULP' (*R. and B.* vol. ix. p. 242). Æmilius Papinianus was a favourite of the Emperor Severus, and governor of his sons Geta and Caracalla. From his school the Romans had many learned lawyers who were called Papinianists.

PARABASIS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 42). The address to the audience in the old Greek comedy was delivered by the chorus, and was called the *parabasis*.

PARACELSUS (vol. ii. p. 1). Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, of Hohenheim (1493–1541), 'the Reformer of Medicine,' is one of the most remarkable figures in the history of civilisation. He was born, ten years later than Luther, at Einsiedeln, near Zürich in Switzerland. He studied philosophy and the occult sciences under the Abbot Trithemius, the alchemist and astrologer. Leaving home, he went to the mines of the Tyrol, and there learned geology and the chemistry of the metals. He became the father of modern chemistry. The metals zinc and bismuth, hydrogen gas, and the medical uses of mercury, antimony, and other minerals were discovered by him. He acted as army surgeon in Italy, Belgium, and England. He travelled in Portugal and Sweden, Transylvania, was carried prisoner to Tartary, visited the famous colleges of Samarcand, and went on an embassy to Constantinople. Without books he picked up scraps of knowledge wherever he went. Associating with the common people

and learning from everybody who could teach him anything, he acquired stores of information which he had a peculiar genius for turning to good account. He went to Basle in 1525, where he was successful in curing Froben, the great printer, of the gout. Froben was the friend of Erasmus, who was associated with Œcolampadius, and upon the recommendation of the latter Paracelsus was appointed by the city authorities a professor of physics, medicine, and surgery at the University with a large salary. His honesty and plain-speaking, however, made him many enemies, and this with the enmity of the other doctors, who were jealous of him and annoyed at his innovations in their art, drove him from his chair and his practice. He was at Colmar in Alsatia in 1528, having suddenly left Basle after a quarrel with a rich ecclesiastic who refused to pay his fees for curing him in a serious illness. He died in the hospital at Salzburg in the year 1541 at the age of forty-eight, in consequence, it was said, of a fracture of the skull sustained through an attack made upon him by the servants of some physicians who hated him. He was buried in the church of St. Sebastian at Salzburg, where the Archbishop erected a monument to his memory in 1752.

PARIS AND PADUA (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 144). The Universities of Paris and Padua were very famous in the Middle Ages. Medicine was not taught at Paris during the twelfth century. In the thirteenth century Padua possessed three teachers of medicine and the same number of teachers of natural science.

PARNASSUS (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 97). A mountain of Phocis sacred to the Muses and to Apollo and Bacchus.

PASIPHAË (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 215). A daughter of the Sun and of Perseis, who married Minos, King of Crete. She was enamoured of a bull,

and the poets say that the Minotaur was the fruit of the connection. After death she received divine honours in Laconia.

'PASQUIN'S STREET' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 249) = Piazza del Pasquino, so named from an ancient group of statuary, said to have been called Pasquino after a tailor of that name who was notorious for his lampooning propensities. It was formerly the custom to affix satires to this statue and call them after the name of the tailor, whose name remains to us in the word 'pasquinade.' The group represents Menelaus with the body of Patroclus.

'PASTORAL CROSS' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 172). The official staff of an archbishop is surmounted by a cross, as distinguished from the pastoral staff of a bishop, which has a curved head like a shepherd's crook.

PATAVINIAN (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 276). Padua was called by the Romans Patavium. The Patavinian was Livy, the historian, who was a native of that city.

'PAUL'—'T IS A LEGEND, &c. (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 135). It is a groundless fiction that Seneca, the philosopher, became a convert to Christianity and carried on a correspondence with St. Paul.

'PAULICIAN, THE GREY' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 125). The Paulicians were a quasi-Manichean sect which first came into notice in the seventh century. They believed in two Powers —one good, the other evil. The former created the soul of man; the wicked power, or Demiurgus, created his body. They held sin to be merely the natural outcome of the bodily constitution, and, of course, without blame to the sinner. They rejected the Old Testament, and held that the earth and all things material were created by the Devil.

PAVIS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 55). A pavise was a large shield

which covered the whole of the body ; when it was *prone* or fallen to the ground the owner was defenceless.

PEIRAIOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. pp. 6, 23). The seaport of Athens.

PELLICO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 52). Silvio Pellico (1788–1854). An Italian patriot who was imprisoned by the Austrian government for fifteen years in the Spielberg, the old fortress of Brünn.

PELOPIDAI (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 351). Descendants of Pelops, the son of Tantalus.

PENELOPE (*St. Martin's Summer*, vol. xiv. p. 75). The wife of Ulysses and mother of Telemachus. She was celebrated for her chastity and constancy.

PENITENTIARY (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. 143). An ecclesiastical officer in some cathedrals who is vested with power from the bishop to absolve a penitent in certain reserved cases. Thus greater and more atrocious crimes were reserved by a Council of Durham in 1250 to those higher in office than the ordinary priest. The penitent had to go to the bishop or the penitentiary with a letter from his confessor stating the nature and circumstances of his sin, or else the confessor had to accompany him. In 1367 Thoresby, Archbishop of York, reserved thirty-seven sins to himself or his penitentiary.—Addis, *Cath. Dict.*

'PENTAPOLIN WITH THE NAKED ARM' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 51). A character in *Don Quixote*, so called because he always engaged in battle with the right arm bare.

PENTELIKOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 58). A mountain in Attica famous for its marble.

PENTHEUS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). A king of Thebes who refused to acknowledge Bacchus as a god.

PEPUSCH, JOHN CHRISTOPHER (*Charles Avison: Parley*.

ings &c., vol. xvi. p. 225). An eminent musician of Berlin, born *c.* 1667. He performed at Drury Lane in 1700. He took the degree of Mus. Doc. at Oxford in 1713. He was organist at the Charterhouse, and died in 1752.

'PERIANDER PRESSED THE METHYMNÆAN HAND' (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 288). Periander was tyrant of Corinth, was a cruel and revengeful ruler; he patronised the fine arts, and was the friend and protector of genius and learning. Arion's native place was Methymna, a town in the island of Lesbos.

PERIDA (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 221). A Jewish teacher who was so patient that he repeated his lesson to a dull pupil four hundred times, and as even then the scholar could not understand it, he repeated it four hundred times more. The Talmud says that God added four hundred years to his life as a reward.

PERSEUS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 99), who rescued Andromeda when chained to a rock in the sea.

'PERSIA BIDS ATHENS PROFFER SLAVES' TRIBUTE' (*Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 18). Darius (B.C. 493) sent heralds into all parts of Greece to require earth and water in his name. This was the form used by the Persians when they exacted submission from those they were desirous of bringing under subjection.—Rollin's *Ancient History*.

'PERSIAN SOFI' (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 89). The Shah, Sophi I. (1628), Sophi II. (1666).

PERUGIA (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 131). The capital of the province of Umbria, a city about forty-eight miles from Arezzo on the road to Rome. It was the first city passed in Pompilia's flight.

PETER'S CHAINS (*Bishop Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 255). The chains with which St. Peter was

bound by Herod, and from which he was miraculously set free, are declared by the Roman Breviary to have been found by the Empress Eudocia and carried to Constantinople (439). They are now said to be preserved at Rome in the Church *Ad Vincula*. They are venerated as relics, and imitations are used by the faithful.

'PETER'S CREED, OR RATHER, HILDEBRAND'S' (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 251). Pope Hildebrand (Gregory VII., 1073–85) claimed the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy and authority over Christian rulers.

PETER THE HERMIT (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 221) preached the first crusade, summoning Europe to a general war, 1094. Godfrey de Bouillon had the command, 1095.

PETITION OF RIGHT (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 200). The second great charter of English liberties. It was preferred March 17, 1627–8. Charles answered, 'I will that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm.' On June 7, 1628, he said, '*Soit droit fait comme il est désiré*.' The petition became a statute, 13 Car. I. c. 1.

'PETRUS, QUO VADIS?' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 162). This is not the usual version of the ancient legend of Christ meeting St. Peter on the Appian Way at Rome. There is a small church called *Domine Quo Vadis*, so named from the legend that St. Peter, trying to escape a martyr's death, here met our Lord and inquired of him 'Domine, quo vadis?' ('Whither goest thou, Lord?') to which answer was made 'Venio iterum crucifigi' ('I come to be crucified again'). The Apostle was so ashamed of his weakness that he returned to his prison at the Mamertine and met his death.

PHAIDRA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. pp. 20, 47). The wife of Theseus, who entertained a criminal passion for Hippolytus, son of Theseus by Hippolyta, the Amazon. The young prince by his virtuous firmness drove her at length to suicide.

PHALES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 26). A name of Bacchus.

PHEIDIPPIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 247; *Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 17). An Athenian courier who was despatched as a herald to Sparta for military assistance in consequence of the invasion of Greece by the Persians. He met Pan near Mount Parthenium, who asked him why the Athenians neglected him who was so willing to help them. The athlete ran from Athens to Lacedæmon, about 152 English miles, in two days. The Athenians raised a temple to his memory.

PHERÆ (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 116). A town in Thessaly where Pheres, the father of Admetus, reigned.

PHILIP AND OTHO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 195). Otho IV. conspired against Frederick II., who was brought up by Innocent III., and after Philip of Swabia's death he became Emperor in 1208. He lived till 1218.

PHILONIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 54). An Athenian comic poet.

'PHILOSOPHIC SIN' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 124). The heretical doctrine of Molinos that a soul in a state of perfect contemplation 'desires nothing, not even its own salvation; and fears nothing, not even hell itself.'

PHŒBÉ, PHŒBUS, AND THE PYTHON (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 257). Phœbé is the moon, Phœbus is Apollo, the Sun; it was he who slew the Python.

PHOIBOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 126) = Apollo, the Sun.

PHOINISSAI (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 15), the Phœnician women—the title of a play by Euripides.

PHOKIS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 11). A country of Northern Greece.

PHORMINX (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 16). A harp or guitar.

PHRUNICOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 10). An Athenian tragic poet who wrote *The Taking of Miletus*, which was so unpopular at Athens that he was fined a thousand drachmas because he had interested the citizens too greatly in favour of a city which the Athenians hated.

PHRYNE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 8). An Athenian beauty, the mistress of Praxiteles, one of whose greatest works was a statue of her, placed in the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

PHUROMACHOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 20). A military leader.

'PIERIAN RILL' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 242), from Mount Pierus in Thessaly, sacred to the Muses.

PIETÀ (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 31). A piece of sculpture which represents the Virgin holding the dead Christ on her knees.

PIETRO OF ABANO (*Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 117). Petrus de Apono or Aponensis, or Petrus de Padua, the Italian physician and alchemist, was born at Abano, near Padua, in 1250, and died about 1316. He learned Greek at Constantinople, mathematics at Padua, and was made Doctor of Medicine and Philosophy at Paris. He returned to Padua, and became Professor of Medicine, following the teaching of Averroes and the Arabian physicians. He was a very successful practitioner, and charged enormous fees. He hated milk and cheese, and fainted at the sight of them. His enemies, jealous of his success and wealth, denounced him to the Inquisition as a magician. He was believed to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and to have the assistance of the Devil in gaining money. He was tried by the Inquisition, and had he not died opportunely would have been burned alive for sorcery. His judges ordered his corpse to be burnt, but in that also they were foiled, and had to

content themselves with burning his portrait by the hands of the executioner. In 1560 a Latin epitaph was put up in his memory in the church of St. Augustine. *Biographie Universelle.*

PIEVE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 96). Sta. Maria della Pieve, a parish church at Arezzo, said to have been built in the ninth century on the site of a temple of Bacchus.

PINCIAN (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 248). The Pincian Hill, above the Piazza del Popolo, where once were the gardens of Lucullus, in which Messalina celebrated her orgies.

PINDAR (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 29). A celebrated Greek lyric poet; born *c.* B.C. 522, at Cynoscephalæ.

PIOMBI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 166). 'The leads.' They were prisons under the leaden roof of the Doge's palace.

PIRON, ALEXIS (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 269). (1689–1773). The foremost epigrammatist of France. He was a dramatic author; he wrote for the stage *Arlequin Deucalion.* His best comedy is *La Métromanie.* He was a literary free lance, and possessed in the highest degree the French faculty of sharply pointed wit.

'PISAN PAIR, THAT' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 74). Niccola Pisano and his son Giovanni were great sculptors and architects of Pisa. Giovanni Pisano was the architect of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

PISGAH (*Pisgah Sights*, vol. xiv. p. 49). Deut. iii. 27. Moses was permitted to view the Promised Land from the top of Mount Pisgah.

PLACE NAVONA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 249). Now called the Piazza del Circo Agonale. The Piazza Navona is the largest in Rome after that of St. Peter.

'PLANT THEY HAVE, A' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 102). The day-

lily, called in France 'Belle de jour,' the *Hemerocallis Liliastrum.*

'PLATEIAN HELP' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 89). Prompt assistance. The Platæans furnished a thousand soldiers to help the Athenians at Marathon.

PLAUTUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 23). The Roman comic poet, who died B.C. 184.

PLEIADS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 307). The seven daughters of Atlas by Pleione. They became a constellation in the heavens after death.

'PLEISTHENIDAI, THE DAIMON OF THE' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 350). The genius of Agamemnon's family.

'PLENA GRATIÂ' (*Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 29). Words from the 'Ave Maria,' beginning 'Hail Mary, full of Grace!'

'PLETHRON SQUARE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 94). A hundred square feet.

PNUX (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 7; *Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). The Pnyx, the place of public assembly for the Athenians.

PODESTÀ (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 57). The governor of a city.

POIKILÉ (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 235; *Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 122). A celebrated portico at Athens, which was adorned with pictures of the gods and the benefactors of the republic.

POLLAJOLO, ANTONIO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). (1433–1498.) A great Florentine painter and sculptor. He began life as a goldsmith.

POLYCARP (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 171). A disciple of St. John. One of the Apostolical Fathers who was martyred A.D. 155.

POLYXENA (*King Victor and King Charles*, vol. iii.

p. 85). The wife of King Charles. She possessed 'noble and right woman's manliness,' which enabled her to counteract her husband's weakness.

POMESCHÌK (*Ivàn Ivànovitch: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 49). The term means a landed proprietor.

PONTE DELL' ANGELO = the Angel's Bridge at Venice (*Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 50). According to the old legend, a house by this bridge belonged to a lawyer, who was a cruel oppressor of all who sought his advice; never was such an extortionate rascal, though a devout one. On one occasion, after a particularly lucrative week, he determined to ask some holy man to dinner, as he could not get the memory of a widow whom he had wronged out of his mind; so he invited the chief of the Capuchins to disinfect his house by his holy presence. The monk duly presented himself, and was informed that a most admirable helpmate in the house was an ape, who worked for him indefatigably. The host leaves his guest for a while, that he may go below to see how the dinner progresses. No sooner had the lawyer left the room than the monk, by the instinct which saints possess for detecting the devil under every disguise, adjures the ape to come out of his hiding-place and show himself *in propriâ personâ*. Satan stands forth, and explains that he is there to convey to hell the lawyer who plagued the widows and orphans by his exactions. The monk asks how it came to pass that he had so long delayed God's commission, by acting as a servant where he should have been a minister of justice. The devil explains that the lawyer had placed himself under the Virgin's protection by the prayers which he never intermitted; thus the man is armed in mail, and cannot be lugged off to hell while saying 'Save me, Madonna!' If he should discontinue that prayer, Satan would pounce on him at once. He waits, therefore, hoping to catch him napping. The holy man adjures him to vanish. The fiend says he cannot leave the

house without doing some damage, to prove that his errand had been fulfilled. The saint bade him make his exit through the wall, and leave a gap in the stone for every one to see, which having duly been done, the monk goes downstairs to dinner with a good appetite. The host asks what has become of the ape, whose assistance he requires, and is terrified to see his guest wringing blood from the table napkin. It is explained that the miracle is performed to show him how he has wrung blood from his clients, and the host is bidden to go down on his knees and swear to make restitution. The man consents, and absolution following, he is forthwith taken upstairs to see the hole in the wall left by the devil exorcised by the saint. The lawyer fears that Satan may use the aperture of exit for an entry to his dwelling at a future time, when the Capuchin bids him erect the figure of an angel and place it by the aperture, which holy sign will frighten the fiend away.

POPE (*Ivàn Ivànovitch: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xvi. p. 49). The title given to every Russian priest.

'POPE (THE) AND THE NET' (*Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 36). The incidents of this poem seem applicable to Pope Sixtus V., whose name was Felice Peretti. He was born in 1521, but it is not true that he was originally a swineherd, as was reported.

PORNIC (*Gold Hair: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 69). The story is said to have a foundation in fact. Pornic is a seaside town in Brittany. In repairing the floor of the Church of St. Gilles, the tomb of a maiden who died with a great reputation for sanctity was disturbed. The coffin had fallen to pieces, and a gold coin was picked up. On examination, thirty double louis d'or were found, which had been hidden in the maiden's hair, which was of a beautiful golden colour, and of which she was so proud that she begged it might not be interfered with after her death.

POSEIDON (*Artemis Prologizes: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 183) = Neptune.

'POU STO (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 255; *Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 138). Archimedes said he could move the world if he had *pou sto* = a place to stand on.

'PRADIER MAGDALEN' (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 132). James Pradier, the sculptor, born at Geneva in 1792, died in Paris 1852. His statue of St. Mary Magdalen, in the Louvre, is referred to. Some of his celebrated works on the public monuments of Paris are the bas-reliefs on the triumphal arch of the Carrousel and the figure of Fame on the Arc de l'Étoile. Rousseau's statue at Geneva is by Pradier.

PRAXED'S, ST. (*The Bishop orders his Tomb, &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 232). The church was built by Paschalis I. in 822, and dedicated to St. Praxedes, the daughter of St. Pudens, with whom St. Peter lodged at Rome. It was restored by Nicholas V. about 1450, again in 1832, and finally in 1869. St. Charles Borromeo took from this church his title of Cardinal, and there is a small monument in it to his memory.

PREACHING FRIARS (*Fra Lippo Lippi: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 210). Dominican monks, the order established by St. Dominic. Pope Honorius III., in 1216, gave them the name of the 'Preaching Brothers,' or 'Friars Preachers.'

'PRESBYTER, PRIMÆ TONSURÆ, SUBDIACONUS, SACERDOS' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 11). These terms partially indicate the steps to the priesthood. The tonsure is the shaving of the crown in a circle, which is a distinguishing mark of Catholic clerics. The first tonsure is made by the bishop, and the person receiving it is thereby admitted to the clerical

state. The three lowest grades of orders are ostiarius, lector and exorcist; then acolyte, subdeacon, and priest.

PRIAMIDAI (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 293). Descendants of Priam.

PRIAMOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 274). The last king of Troy, the same as PRIAM (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 146). When Hercules took the city, Priam was in the number of his prisoners, but his sister Hesione redeemed him from captivity.

PRIAPOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 99). The god of gardens, orchards, and licentiousness.

PRIMATICE (*Cristina and Monaldeschi: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 192). Primaticcio (1504–1572), who designed some of the decorations of the gallery of Francis I. at Fontainebleau.

PRO CHRISTO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 265). The figure ☧ so commonly found in the Roman Catacombs on slabs at the tombs of the martyrs is often explained to mean *Pro Christo*; it is, however, as De Rossi points out, really the first letters of the name of Christ in Greek in the form of a monogram.

PROCURATOR OF THE POOR (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 46). An attorney who acts on behalf of the poor.

PROMACHOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 85). The bronze statue of Athene Promachos (Defender or Champion) is referred to. It was erected from the spoils taken at Marathon, and stood between the Propylæa and the Erechtheum; the proportions of the statue were so gigantic that the gleaming point of the lance and the crest of the helmet were visible to seamen on approaching the Piræus from Sunium.—Seyffert, *Dict. Class. Ant.*

PROMETHEUS (*Death in the Desert: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 131). A son of Japetus and Clymene, who formed

men of clay, and animated them by means of fire which he brought from heaven, for which he was fastened to Mount Caucasus, where a vulture, or an eagle as some say, fed upon his entrails, until, at last, it was slain by Hercules.

PRO MILONE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 246). Cicero's celebrated oration on behalf of his friend Milo.

PROPULAIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 7). The vestibule or court of the Acropolis at Athens.

PROTAGORAS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 18). A Greek philosopher of Abdera who denied the existence of a Supreme Being. His book was burnt at Athens in public, and he was banished the city. He was the first who took the name of Sophist.

PROUDHON (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 156). A revolutionary writer (1809-1865). His celebrated work was the *Système des Contradictions économiques, ou Philosophie de la Misère.*

PRUTANEION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 49). A large hall at Athens where those who had rendered great services to the State feasted with the magistrates.

PRYNNE (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 296). William Prynne, a barrister, of Lincoln's Inn, a thoroughgoing Puritan of a gloomy and morose disposition, who denounced plays, dancing, hunting, card-playing, and Christmas-keeping. He wrote a great book against these and suchlike vanities which he called *Histriomastix.* He was prosecuted as a libeller of the Queen and was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose both his ears, to pay 5,000*l.* fine to the King, and to be imprisoned for life.

'PSICHE-FANCIULLA' (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 31). The girl with the butterfly, the personification of the immaterial in man. A piece of sculpture which is considered to be the most perfect work of Canova.

PUGIN [AUGUSTUS W. N.] (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 238) (1812–1852). A celebrated architect who built many Gothic churches for Roman Catholics in England.

PURCELL, HENRY (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 235) (1658–1695), English musical composer, was employed at Westminster Abbey in 1676 as copyist, and in 1680 succeeded Dr. Blow as organist there. He was a prolific composer, his most noteworthy work being his *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* written for St. Cecilia's Day, 1694.

PUTHIAN (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 292). Pythian or Delphic.

PYM, JOHN (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. pp. 238 239; *Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 191 &c.) (1584-1643), was the soul of the Parliamentary resistance to Charles I. and the founder of party government in England. He showed himself resolute in the trial of Strafford, and expressed the general feeling in his impeachment and that of Laud.

PYROPUS-STONE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 271). A variety of garnet of a dark red colour.

PYTHONESS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 217). The priestess of the oracle of Delphi, in Greece.

QUADRANS (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 94). A Roman coin worth about half a farthing. This was the price of a bath in ancient Rome.

'QUEEN OF ANGELS' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 147). One of the titles of the Virgin Mary.

'QUOD SEMEL, SEMPER, ET UBIQUE' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 18). The celebrated rule of St. Vincent of Lerins as to the Catholic faith is referred to: 'Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est. Hoc est etenim vere proprieque catholicum.' That is to say, the Catholic

faith is that which has been believed in all places, at all times, and by all the faithful.

RABBI BEN EZRA (*Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 109). The historical personage of the poem is Abraham Ben Meir Ben Ezra, called also Abenezra, Ibn Ezra, Abenare, and Evenare. He was born at Toledo about 1119, and died probably in 1168. He left Spain for Rome about 1140, resided at Mantua in 1145, at Rhodes in 1155 and 1166, and was in England in 1159. He wrote a great series of *Commentaries* on the Old Testament which have nearly all been printed in the great Rabbinic Bibles. He was the first who raised biblical exegesis to the rank of a science. He wrote several treatises on astronomy or astrology and on grammatical subjects.

'RADAMINTA' (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 231). An opera by Handel, first performed in 1720 at the Haymarket.

RADCLIFFE, SIR GEORGE (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 298). Strafford appointed him guardian of his children. Pym charged him with treason.

RADETZKY, COUNT (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 89). An Austrian field-marshal (1766–1858), distinguished in the wars of the Lombardians against Austria. He defeated the Sardinian army in 1848 and 1849.

RAFAEL (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 225 *et seq.*). Rafael Sanzio of Urbino (1483–1520).

'RAHAB-THREAD' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 19). Rahab the harlot received and concealed the two spies sent to Jericho. She let them down through a window, and they agreed that if she marked her dwelling by a line of scarlet thread, her household should be spared at the capture of the city.

RATISBON (*Incident of the French Camp: Dramatic*

Romances, vol. v. p. 3). The French name of Regensburg in Bavaria. Since the tenth century it has been besieged seventeen times. Napoleon stormed the town in 1809 after a bombardment which destroyed some two hundred houses and much of the suburbs.

RAVENNA (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 69; *A Soul's Tragedy*, vol. iii. p. 263). The great historical importance of this city began early in the fifth century when Honorius transferred his court thither. From 402 to 476 A.D. Ravenna was the chief residence of the Roman emperors. Pope John IX. removed to Ravenna in consequence of the disturbances in Rome.

'RED-CROSS RIVALS OF THE TEMPLE' (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 218). The order of the Knights Templars. They wore a red cross of eight points.

'REGION OF THE STEED' (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 11). The Greeks supposed that horses originated in their country.

RELFE, JOHN (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 224). A celebrated contrapuntist who taught Mr. Browning music.

'RELIGIO MEDICI' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 113). 'A doctor's religion.' Sir Thomas Browne wrote a celebrated book with this title. The religion of the hyper-scientific school of doctors to which the poet refers is mere materialism.

'RENAN BURNS HIS BOOK' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 149). Ernest Renan, the author of the rationalistic *Life of Jesus*—a work strongly objected to by Catholics.

RENÉ GENTILHOMME (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 219). One of the poets of Le Croisic. He was born in 1610. He became page to the Prince of Condé, and occupied his leisure in writing complimentary verses. Louis XIII. and his brother had no children, and the Prince of Condé was therefore heir to the throne. One day, when René was sitting in

a room of the palace, a ducal crown was destroyed by lightning. He considered this as a divine warning that the Prince of Condé was not to become king; and he had the daring to write a poem prophesying that a Dauphin would be born the next year. The king, hearing of this, made René his royal poet. It happened as the poet foresaw: at the year's end the Dauphin was born, and the prince's hopes were wrecked. René was looked upon as a seer, but he was unable to live up to his reputation; he wrote no more poetry except a thin volume of poor rhymes.

RETRUDE (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 126). The wife of Salinguerra.

RHASIS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 105), or RHAZES (925–926), was a distinguished physician of Bagdad. He was called 'the Arabic Galen' and was the first writer of the classical period of Arabian medicine. His book *On the Small-pox and Measles* is the first extant medical treatise in which the small-pox is certainly mentioned. He was skilled in philosophy, astronomy, and music. Pupils flocked to Bagdad to him from all parts. He afterwards resided at Cordova. More than two hundred titles of his works have been preserved.

RICCARDI (*Statue and the Bust: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 179). The Palazzo Riccardi, a proud and stately residence, was begun in 1430 by Cosimo dei Medici. It remained in the possession of the family till 1659, when they sold it to Gabriele Riccardi; but towards the end of the last century it was bought by the Grand Duke, and is now employed as a species of Somerset House, partly for literary purposes and partly for government offices. It is a noble building, and is most imposing in appearance. The window-sills are by Michael Angelo.—Murray's *Handbook to Central Italy*.

RICHARD, COUNT OF ST. BONIFACIO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 88). Both father and son were Guelfs. In the palace of the Count,

Palma and Sordello hold earnest conference with each other in the first book of the poem.

RICHELIEU (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 294). Cardinal and prime minister to Louis XIII. of France. It was he who fomented the first commotions in Scotland, and secretly supplied the Covenanters with money and arms.

RINALDO (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 204). A character in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.* He was the Achilles of the Crusaders' Army. He fell in love with Armida, and wasted his time in voluptuous pleasures.

'RINALDO' (*Charles Avison: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 231). The name of an opera by Handel, first performed at the Haymarket under his direction on February 24, 1711.

'RING AND THE BOOK, THE' (vols. viii. ix. x.). The story of the finding of 'the old square yellow book, part print, part manuscript,' and its purchase in the Square of St. Lorenzo in Florence for eightpence, is simple fact, and is set down in the poem with literal exactitude. The poet bequeathed the precious volume to Balliol College, Oxford.

ROBBIA, DELLA (*Statue and Bust: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 186). The name of a famous family of Florentine artists. The work called Robbia ware was terra-cotta relief covered with enamel. Girolamo della Robbia, the last famous member of the family, died in 1566.

'ROLANDO-STROKE' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 117). Roland, the hero of Roncesvalles, whose sword was called Durandal.

'ROMAN BRIDE' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 98). On the wedding day a bride in ancient Rome had her hair divided with the point of a spear, which antiquarians explained as emblematical of the authority of the husband, or as typical of the guardianship of Juno Curitis (Juno with the lance).

ROMANO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 125). Eccelino, the chief of the Ghibellines, was born at Romano near Bassano.

ROMANUS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 69), Pope (897-8), who, as soon as he succeeded to the pontificate, disavowed and rescinded all the acts and decrees of his predecessor Stephen.

RONDEL (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 111). From *rotundus* = round. A thirteen-verse poem in which the beginning verse is repeated as a refrain.

ROSE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 107). The Golden Rose is an ornament blessed by the Pope every year on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and sent to Catholic sovereigns, noted churches, great generals, and illustrious cities. Henry VIII. received the rose from three Popes.

ROSY CROSS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 128). Mosheim says that the title of Rosicrucians, or Brethren of the Rosy Cross, is compounded, not as many say of *rosa* and *crux* (a rose and the cross), but of *ros* (dew) and *crux*. 'Dew was considered to be the most powerful of all natural substances to dissolve gold. And a cross in the language of the fire-philosophers is the same as *lux*, light, because the figure of a cross ✝ exhibits all the three letters of the word *lux* at one view. A Rosicrucian, therefore, is a philosopher who by means of dew seeks for light, that is, for the substance of the Philosopher's Stone.'—*Eccl. Hist.* cent. xvii. sect. i.

ROTA (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 240; vol. x. p. 97). The Rota Romana, a tribunal within the Curia Romana, was formerly the supreme court of justice in the Church, and the universal court of appeal.

ROUHER, EUGÈNE (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. pp. 123, 137). A French politician (1814-84).

ROUSSEAU (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 200). Lived at Geneva.

ROVIGO (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 63). A city of Northern Italy about twenty-seven miles S.S.W. of Padua. The Este family

was generally in authority there from the eleventh to the fourteenth century.

ROWLEY, THOMAS (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 86). The hypothetical priest of Bristol, said by Chatterton to have lived in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. and to have written the poems which Chatterton forged.

RUDEL (*Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 294). Geoffrey de Rudel, the troubadour, was a gentleman of Blieux, in Provence, and one of those who were presented to Frederick Barbarossa in 1152. Sismondi gives the following account of him:—'The knights who had returned from the Holy Land spoke with enthusiasm of a Countess of Tripoli, who had extended to them the most generous hospitality, and whose grace and beauty equalled her virtues. Geoffrey Rudel, hearing this account, fell deeply in love with her without having ever seen her, and prevailed upon one of his friends, Bertrand d'Allamanon, a troubadour like himself, to accompany him to the Levant. In 1162 he quitted the court of England whither he had been conducted by Geoffrey, the brother of Richard I., and embarked for the Holy Land. On his voyage he was attacked by a severe illness, and had lost the power of speech when he arrived at the port of Tripoli. The Countess, being informed that a celebrated poet was dying of love for her on board a vessel which was entering the roads, visited him on shipboard, took him kindly by the hand, and attempted to cheer his spirits. Rudel, we are assured, recovered his speech sufficiently to thank the Countess for her humanity and to declare his passion, when his expressions of gratitude were silenced by the convulsions of death. He was buried at Tripoli beneath a tomb of porphyry which the Countess raised to his memory, with an Arabic inscription.'

RUDYARD, SIR BENJAMIN (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 191). A prominent member of the Long Parliament.

RUNNYMEAD (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 195). The place where Magna Charta was signed.

'SAGACIOUS SWEDE, THE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 76). Swedenborg, who was born at Stockholm 1688, died 1772. His theory of Probability is referred to.

SALABACCHO (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 21). A character in *The Knights* by Aristophanes. She was a courtesan.

'SALAMANDER SIGN' (*Cristina and Monaldeschi: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 188). The emblem of Francis I. often repeated in the decorations at Fontainebleau.

SALAMIS (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 6). An island on the west coast of Attica. The Greeks defeated the fleet of Xerxes at the battle of Salamis.

SALINGUERRA, TAURELLO (*Sordello*, vol. i. p. 57). He married Sofia, daughter of Eccelin the Monk, and he became ruler of his native city, Ferrara. He was the right-hand man of Eccelin and also of his son. Born in 1160, he was the head of the Ghibellines at Ferrara in 1200. In 1205 Azzo VI. was the head of the Guelf faction both in Ferrara and the March of Ancona, and he took the castle of La Fratta from Salinguerra and dismantled it. This was the beginning of the many quarrels between them. Ferrara for many years after this was a constant scene of warfare. In 1240 Ferrara was finally besieged by the Lombards, Venetians, and Mantuans. Salinguerra was made prisoner, taken to Venice, was kindly treated, and there died in holy peace.

'SALVE REGINA CŒLI' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 251). An anthem, sung after lauds and compline from Trinity Sunday to Advent, the first words of which are 'Hail, Queen of Heaven!' composed by Hermannus Contractus or by Peter of Compostella.

SALZBURG (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 140). A walled capital

of Upper Austria near the Bavarian frontier. The house of Paracelsus is near the St. Sebastian cemetery.

SAN BERNARDINO (*Pacchiarotto*, vol. xiv. p. 5), of Siena, who founded the order of the Observants. Born 1380.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). A Florentine painter. Born 1447; died 1515.

SANNURION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 113). An Athenian tragic poet.

SAN SISTO (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 297). The glory of the Dresden Gallery is the famous Madonna di San Sisto.

'SAPONIAN STRENGTH' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 150). The Saponi family was a branch of the Eccelini, which settled in Lombardy before the time of Sordello.

SBIRRI (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 99). Papal police.

SCALIGER (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 262), Joseph Justus (1540–1609), eminent in letters, science, and philosophy.

'SCARAB, SPIED A' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 94). One of the marks of Apis, the sacred bull of ancient Egypt. Dr. Birch says; the marks were 'a black coloured hide with a white triangular spot on the forehead, the hair arranged in the shape of an eagle on the back, and a knot under the tongue in the shape of a scarabæus, the sacred insect and emblem of Ptah, and a white spot resembling a lunar crescent at his right side.'

SCHELLING (*Bishop Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 254), Frederick William Joseph von (1775–1854), was a celebrated German philosopher.

SCHIDONE (*In a Gondola: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 74). An Italian painter of the sixteenth century.

'SCHOLASTICA (SAINT) . . . IN PAYNIMRIE' (*Daniel Bartoli: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 143), sister of St. Benedict.

who consecrated herself to God from her earliest youth. Many wonderful miracles are set down to her in the old lives of saints.

SCHUMANN (*Dis Aliter Visum : Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 87), Robert (1810-1856). A musical composer and critic.

'SCOTS AFFAIR' (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 209). Strafford opposed peace with the Scots, supported the harshest measures, and urged the king to invade Scotland. —*Ency. Brit.*

SECCHI, FATHER (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 49). The great Jesuit astronomer of the Vatican Observatory, Rome (1818–1878).

'SECOND FRIEDRICH' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 54). Holy Roman Emperor (1194–1250), surnamed The Hohenstauffen. He was the grandson of Barbarossa, and was crowned in 1220, and was the most remarkable historic figure of the middle ages.

SEMELE'S SON (*Apollo and the Fates : Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 109). Bacchus, whose father was Jupiter. Semele was the daughter of Cadmus.

'SEPHER TOLDOTH YESCHU' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 42). The words mean 'The Book of the Generations of Jesus.' This was a parody of the Gospel history written by a Jew in the Middle Ages.

SERAPION (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 105), the Elder, of Damascus, flourished in the ninth century, was a Syrian physician of whom little or nothing is known except that he wrote two books, one of which is in the Bodleian in manuscript, entitled *Aphorismi Magni Momenti de Medicina Practica*. The other is entitled *Kunnásh*, and has been translated into Latin.

'SER FRANCO' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 23). By Sacchetti

(1335 1400), a novelist who wrote somewhat in the manner of Boccaccio.

SERGIUS III. (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 70) was Pope from 904 to 911. Platina says that he 'totally abolished all that Formosus had done before; so that priests who had been by him admitted to holy orders were forced to take new ordination. Nor was he content with thus dishonouring the dead Pope; but he dragged his carcase out of the grave, beheaded it as if it had been alive, and then threw it into the Tiber, as unworthy the honour of human burial. It is said that some fishermen, finding his body as they were fishing, brought it to St. Peter's Church; and while the funeral rites were performing, the images of the saints which stood in the church bowed in veneration of his body, which gave them occasion to believe that Formosus was not justly persecuted with so great ignominy. But whether the fishermen did this, or no, is a great question; especially, it is not likely to have been done in Sergius' lifetime, who was a fierce persecutor of the favourers of Formosus, because he had hindered him before of obtaining the pontificate.'—*Lives of the Popes.*

'SEVEN SWORDS' (*Up at a Villa &c. : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 70). The 'Seven Sorrows of Our Lady' are referred to. Simeon told her that a sword should pierce her own soul (Luke ii. 35), and Catholics enumerate her sorrows as follows: (1) Her grief at Simeon's prophecy; (2) her affliction during the flight into Egypt; (3) her distress at the loss of her Son before finding Him in the Temple; (4) her sorrow when she met her Son bearing His Cross; (5) her martyrdom at the sight of His agony; (6) the wound to her heart when His was pierced; (7) her agony at His burial.

SGANARELLE (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 59). The hero of *Le Mariage Forcé* by Molière. A humorous gentle-

man of fifty-four proposes to marry a fashionable young lady; on consideration he changes his mind, but returns to his allegiance under the influence of a cudgelling from the lady's brother.

SHAH ABBAS (*Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 12), surnamed the Great was one of the most famous of the sovereigns of Persia. He came to the throne at the age of eighteen in the year 1585. He defeated the predatory Uzbeks in a great battle near Herat in 1597, and expelled them from the land. Was successful against the Turks, and extended his dominion greatly by defeating them and the Tartars in 1618. At the time of his death his dominions extended from the Tigris to the Indus.

SHIP-MONEY (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 203). A tax to fit out ships to protect our coasts and merchant vessels. Charles I. levied ship-money to restore the Palsgrave to his throne. Noye suggested the scheme to the king, and pretended that English commerce needed extra protection. The counties were therefore taxed without the consent of Parliament, and the money was employed by Charles for his own purposes. Hampden resisted the tax, and this was one of the causes which led to the death of Charles. It was finally abolished.

SIMOIS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 302). A river in Troas which rises in Mount Ida and falls into the Xanthus.

SISUPHOS (*Ixion: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 201). The son of Æolus, king of Corinth. He was famous for his cunning and robberies. He was killed by Theseus, and punished in the infernal regions by being compelled to roll a stone up hill which constantly rolled back again.

SITARA (*Ferishtah's Fancies*, vol. xvi. p. 68). Persian for 'a star.'

SKAMANDROS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 292). A river of Troas.

SKIADEION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 128). Fennel and anise and plants of that tribe have heads like an umbrella or parasol.

'SLUDGE (MR.), THE MEDIUM' (*Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 182). This is Mr. D. D. Home, the American medium. 'Spiritualism,' or rather 'Spiritism,' originated in America in 1848.

SNAKE STONE (*An Epistle: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 187). Any stone which is supposed to be a remedy for snake-bites.

SOLDIER BEE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 80). A bee which protects the hive by fighting for its occupants, and sacrifices his life in the act of using his sting.

SOLDIER CRAB (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 84). The same as the *hermit crab*, so called from its combativeness, or from its habit of possessing itself of the shells of other animals.

SOLOMON'S RING (*Solomon and Balkis: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 184). This bore the double triangle sign of the Kabalists . It was a famous charm over demons and genii. It is undoubtedly of Eastern origin. Solomon was thought to have owed his power over the spiritual world to the possession of this ring, on which the great name of God was engraved.

SORDELLO (vol. i. p. 51). Dante refers to Sordello nine times in the *Purgatorio* (vi. 74; vii. 3, 52, 86; viii. 38, 43, 62, 94; ix. 58). Scholars, however, are divided in opinion whether the reference is always to Sordello the troubadour or to Sordello the podestà of Verona, or whether these are one and the same person. Longfellow, in his notes to Dante's *Purgatorio*, gives a selection from various accounts of Sordello which, as he says, make the matter exceedingly confusing. One story is, that 'Sordello was a Mantuan of Sivier, son of a poor knight, whose name was Sir El Cort.

And he delighted in learning songs and in making them, and rivalled the good men of the court as far as possible, and wrote love-songs and satires. And he came to the court of the Count of Saint Boniface, and the count honoured him greatly, and by way of pastime he fell in love with the wife of the count, and she with him. And it happened that the count quarrelled with her brother and became estranged from her. And her brothers, Sir Icellis and Sir Albrics, persuaded Sir Sordello to run away; and he came to live with them in great content. And afterwards he went into Provence and received great honour from all good men and from the count and countess, who gave him a good castle and a gentlewoman for his wife.'

SOUSARION (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. pp. 38 and 117). A Greek poet of Megara, who introduced comedy on a moveable stage at Athens, B.C. 562.

'SOWN ONES' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 147). The armed men who arose from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus.

SPARTA (*Pheidippides: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 18). The capital of Laconia, a celebrated city of Peloponnesus.

'SPHETERON DO' (*Solomon and Balkis: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 183). Greek for 'his home.'

'SPIDER THAT WEAVES NO WEB' (*An Epistle: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 188). The spider in question belongs to the wandering group: they stalk their prey in the open field, or in divers lurking places, and are quite different in their habits from the web spinner. The spider sprinkled with mottles probably is the zebra spider. It belongs to the Saltigrade tribe. The use of spiders in medicine is very ancient. Pliny describes many diseases for which they were used.

'SPIDER, ADVENTUROUS' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 77). The garden spider (*Epeira*) spins a large quantity of thread, which, floating

in the air in various directions, happens, from its glutinous quality, at last to adhere to some object near it, a lofty plant or the branch of a tree. When the spider has one end of the line fixed, he walks along part of it and fastens another, then drops and affixes the thread to some object below, climbs again and begins a third, fastening that in a similar way.

STADE (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 14). A measure of distance, about a furlong; a single course for foot-races at Olympia.

STAGIRITE, THE (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 22). Aristotle, who was born at Stagira, in Macedon.

STAR CHAMBER (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 222). 'Camera Stellata.' Date of foundation is obscure. The Latin name seems to indicate some starry decoration of the chamber, just as we have the 'Painted Chamber,' the 'White Chamber,' &c. The jurisdiction of this court was without appeal. It was so hated in Charles I.'s time because the king used it for the purpose of extracting fines for his own exchequer. It was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1641.

'STAR OF THE SEA' (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 133). One of the titles of the Virgin Mary.

STÀROSTA (*Ivàn Ivànovitch: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 49). The chief man of the village, the overseer.

'STARRY PALADIN' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 54). 'The love poems of Sir Philip Sidney addressed to Stella were written under the *nom de plume* of Astrophel ("the lover of the star").'—*Prof. Sonnenschein.*

STEPHEN VII. (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 65). Pope (929-931). Platina says 'he persecuted the memory of Formosus with so much spite that he abrogated his decrees and rescinded all he had done, though it was said that it was Formosus that conferred the bishopric of Anagni upon him. Stephen, because Formosus had hindered him before of this desired dignity.

exercised his rage even upon his dead body; for Martin, the historian, says he hated him to that degree that in a council which he held he ordered the body of Formosus to be dragged out of the grave, to be stripped of his pontifical habits and put into that of a layman, and then to be buried among secular persons, having first cut off those two fingers of his right hand which are principally used by priests in consecration, and thrown into the Tiber; because, contrary to his oath, as he said, he had returned to Rome and exercised his sacerdotal functions, from which Pope John had legally degraded him. This proved a great controversy, and of very ill example; for the succeeding popes made it almost a constant custom either to break or abrogate the acts of their predecessors, which was certainly far different from the practice of any of the good popes whose lives we have written.'

STIBADIUM (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 214). A couch used by the Romans beside their dining-tables.

STINCHE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 214). A prison.

STOMACH-CYST (*Mr. Sludge the Medium: Dramatis Personæ*, vol. vii. p. 228). One of the infusoria, the simplest of creatures endowed with animal life. It is nothing more than a bag without limbs or organs.

STRAFFORD (vol. ii. p. 187). Sir Thomas Wentworth, who afterwards became Earl of Strafford, was born, April 13, 1593, in Chancery Lane. His early life was passed in the midst of aristocratic influences. From the outset of his career, as he said in his defence, 'it was his chaste ambition . . . to have as much power as may be, that there may be power to do the more good in the place where a man lives—ever desiring the best things, never satisfied I had done enough, but did always desire to do better.' He represented Yorkshire in the Parliament of 1614. In 1640 he was created Earl of Strafford, and soon after went to Ireland to hold a parliament. He was high-

handed and autocratic by nature, and his rule in Ireland made him more high-handed than ever. He was stern, imperious, choleric, and vindictive, and trampled on the rights of the people of whose cause at one time he had been the most strenuous advocate. When he devoted himself to the support of the claims of Charles, he became the most active and formidable enemy to the people's cause. He urged the king to invade Scotland, and said, 'You have an army in Ireland you may employ here to reduce this kingdom.' He tried to force the citizens of London to lend money, had a scheme for debasing the coinage, and for seizing bullion in the Tower, the property of foreign merchants, and proposed in order to secure Ireland that the Scots of Ulster should be ruthlessly driven from their homes. He was impeached and committed to the Tower by the Lords, and when they showed reluctance to condemn him the Commons brought in a bill of attainder, which the Lords passed. The king on May 9, 1641, yielded to popular pressure and gave the royal assent to the execution of Strafford, which took place on the 12th.

STRAIT SARONIC (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 283). A bay of the Ægean Sea.

STRAUSS, DAVID FREDERICK (*Bp. Blougram's Apology: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 262) (1808 74). One of the Tübingen philosophers, who wrote the rationalistic *Life of Jesus*.

'STRAYING AMONG THE FLOWERS IN SICILY' (*Bal. Adv.*, vol. xi. p. 119). Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres, one day gathering flowers in the meadows of Enna, was carried off by Pluto to the infernal regions, of which she became queen.

STROPHIOS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 309). The Phocian by whose means Orestes revenged the murder of his father.

STRUMON (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 277). A river which separates Thrace from Macedonia.

SUABIAN (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 61). The contention for the imperial throne between Otto of Brunswick and Philip of Suabia (1198–1208) enlisted the sympathies of Italy, and some of the Guelfic towns sided with Otto, who was one of the Guelfs.

SUBURRA (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 98). A street in Rome to which dissolute Romans resorted. It was situated between Mounts Viminalis and Quirinalis.

SUCCUBUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 45). An evil spirit, a demon.

SUDARY (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 85). A handkerchief, a relic of the Virgin.

SUETONIUS TRANQUILLUS (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 144). A Latin historian who wrote the lives of the first twelve Cæsars.

SUFFUMIGATION (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 85). A medical fumigation such as was used in ancient and mediæval medicine.

SULLA (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 130). The celebrated Roman dictator Sylla.

SUMMA [THEOLOGIÆ] (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 54). The famous treatises on theology by St. Thomas Aquinas, from which every priest of the Roman Catholic Church has to learn his theology.

'SUN-TREADER' (*Pauline*, vol. i. p. 45). Shelley.

SUZERAIN (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 81). A feudal lord, a lord paramount.

'SWEET TRINE' (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 106). The three Fates.

'TACKED—TO THE CHURCH'S TAIL' (*R. and B.*, vol. viii. p. 70). One of the minor clerical orders or steps to the priesthood was frequently taken by gentlemen who had no intention to become actual priests in order that they might enjoy the Church's protection for their own purposes. In France laymen held abbeys *in commendam*, and young men of good families became abbés on a similar principle. It led to scandalous abuses.

TADDEO GADDI (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 87). A painter and architect of the Florentine school (1300–1366), who was one of Giotto's assistants for twenty-four years. He carried on the work of the Campanile at Florence after Giotto's death.

TAGLIAFER (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 123). The minstrel knight of William of Normandy, who rode in front of the invading army at the battle of Senlac and sang the song of Roland.

TANTALOS (*Ixion: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 201). TANTALUS'S TREASURE (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 133). Tantalus, king of Sipylus, in Phrygia, was a favourite of the gods and was permitted to share their meals. Having abused their hospitality, he was cast into Tartarus. He suffered from hunger and thirst, immersed in water up to his chin, and delicate fruits were suspended before him; when he opened his mouth the water dried up and the food vanished into the air.

TARGUM (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 215). A Chaldee paraphrase or version of the Old Testament.

TAROCS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 253). A game played with seventy-eight cards.

TAURICA [CHERSONESUS] (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 83). The country now called the Crimea.

TEIAN, THE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 10). The Greek poet Anacreon, who was born at Teos in Ionia.

TELEKLEIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 43). A comic poet of Athens in the time of Pericles.

TENEBRÆ (*The Italian in England: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 50). A Catholic service of the Holy Week, which consists in singing certain Psalms and Lamentations on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Good Friday. At the beginning of the office fifteen lighted candles are set on a triangular candelabrum, and at the end of each psalm one is put out till only a single candle is left lighted at the top of the candelabrum. Then while the Benedictus is being chanted the candles on the high altar are extinguished, and at its close the solitary candle left alight is taken from the stand and hidden behind the altar, to be brought out again at the close of the service. Amalarius Fortunatus explained the meaning of these ceremonies in 820. They figure the growing darkness of the time when the Light of the World was taken. The last candle hidden but not extinguished signifies that death did only in appearance but not really extinguish the Light of the World. A clapping noise made at the end of the office signifies the confusion existing at the death of Christ.

TERENCE (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 23). A native of Carthage, celebrated for his comedies, the purity of his language, and the elegance and simplicity of his diction. He died about 159 B.C.

TERM (*The Bishop orders his Tomb &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 236). A bust terminating in a square block of stone, like those of the god Terminus.

TERN QUATERN (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 250). A *tern* is a lottery prize, resulting from the favourable combination of three numbers in the drawing; a *quatern* is a combination of four

numbers. It would seem that a tern quatern constitutes some exceptional piece of luck.

TERNI [THE FALLS OF] (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 170). In central Italy, on the route from Perugia to Orte. They have few rivals in Europe for beauty, height, and volume of water.

TETTIX (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 21 ; *Pheidippides, Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 17). A golden grasshopper was worn as a badge of honour by Athenians in their hair. Grasshoppers were supposed to spring from the soil, and this practice was to show that the wearers were descended from the original inhabitants of the land.

TEUKRIS LAND (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 273). The land of the Trojans, so called from Teucer, their king.

'THALASSIAN-PURE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 36). At the rape of the Sabine women one of the ravishers captured a virgin for Thalassius, a beautiful young Roman, and declared that she was reserved for him, and all were eager that her purity should be so preserved.

THALIA (*Fifine at the Fair*, vol. xi. p. 258). One of the Muses who presided over festivals and over pastoral and comic poetry. Melpomene, another of the Muses, presided over tragedy.

THEMIS (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 257). A daughter of Cœlus and Terra, who married Jupiter contrary to her wishes. She was supposed to preside over the petitions presented to the gods. Amongst the moderns she is represented as holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other.

THEMISTOKLES (*Echetlos: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 87). A celebrated general born at Athens. He was accused of having entered into a traitorous communication with the Persians in his own interest. He was banished from Greece, and died at Magnesia.

THEOBALDS (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 295). A beautiful house in Hertfordshire, inherited by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, from his father, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. King James liked this house so much that, in 1607, he offered Robert Cecil the Queen's dower-house at Hatfield in exchange for it. Several of Ben Jonson's masques were written for performance at Theobalds.—*Prof. Morley.*

THEODORIC (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 261). King of the Ostrogoths (*c.* A.D. 454–526). He caused the celebrated Boethius, the philosopher and poet, to be put to death on suspicion of conspiracy, A.D. 525.

THERMÆ (*Imperante Augusto Natus Est: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 94). The baths.

THESMOPHORIA (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 17). A women's festival in honour of Ceres, made sport of by Aristophanes. It lasted three days in October, and only married women could take part in the ceremonies. The last day was called Kalligeneia, and was spent in merry-making.

'THESMOPHORIAZOUSAI' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 22). A play by Aristophanes, satirising women and Euripides (B.C. 411).

'THETIS WHO IS EITHER TETHYS OR AS GOOD' (*Two Poets of Croisic*, vol. xiv. p. 238). Thetis, one of the sea deities, daughter of Nereus and Doris, is often confounded with Tethys, who was her grandmother and the greatest of the sea deities, being mother of the chief rivers of the world. The word Tethys is employed poetically to express the sea.

THIERS, LOUIS ADOLPHE (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 173) (1797–1877). The French statesman who was called the 'liberator of the territory.' He wrote the *History of the French Revolution.* He was the first president of the French Republic, 1871–1873.

'THIRD POET'S TREAD SURPRISED THE TWO' (*R. and B.*,

vol. x. p. 131). 'The talents of Sophocles were looked upon by Euripides with jealousy, and the great enmity which unhappily prevailed between the two poets gave an opportunity to the comic muse of Aristophanes to ridicule them both on the stage with humour and success.'—Lemprière, *Class. Dict.*

'ST. THOMAS WITH HIS . . . GOOSE-QUILL' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 121). The great theologian of the Latin Church. He was born 1227, died 1274, and was canonised in 1323.

THOUKUDIDES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 23). Thucydides, the famous Greek historian, died at Athens 391 B.C.

'THREE, THE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 9). The three tragic poets of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

'THREE DAYS' SALT FISH SLICE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 31). Soldiers on the march were required to take with them rations for three days.

'THREE-LEAVED BELL' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 102). The day-lily, sometimes called St. Bruno's lily, an alpine plant called in France *belle de jour*, by botanists the *Hemerocallis Liiiastrum.*

'THREKIAN BREEZES' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 300). Thracian breezes.

'THROBBING STONE' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 108). In one of Ossian's poems a description is given of bards walking around a rocking stone, and by their singing making it move as an oracle of battle.

'THUCYDIDES AND HIS SOLE JOKE' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 45). This refers to the passage of Thucydides where the story of Cylon is told. The passage did not contain any joke, only the narrative style was unusually genial. There are other passages of Thucydides where his grim humour comes much nearer to the modern idea of pleasantry.

THUESTES (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 351). The son of

Pelops, and brother of Atreus, who set before him for food the flesh of his own son.

'THUS HE DWELLS,' &c., down to 'MAN BEGINS ANEW A TENDENCY TO GOD' (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. pp. 168–172) is the teaching of the Kabbalah. 'The whole universe, however, was incomplete and did not receive its finishing stroke till man was formed, who is the acme of the creation and the microcosm. "Man is both the import and the highest degree of creation, for which reason he was formed on the sixth day. As soon as man was created everything was complete, including the upper and nether worlds, for everything is comprised in man. He unites in himself all forms."'—*Ency. Brit.*

THYRSIS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 27). A young Arcadian shepherd.

THYRSUS (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 229). A pole carried by Bacchus and by satyrs and others who engaged in Bacchic rites and festivities. Sometimes it was terminated by a fir cone; sometimes the thyrsus was a spear enveloped in vine leaves.

TIBERIUS CÆSAR (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 144). Emperor of Rome (b. B.C. 42; d. A.D. 37). He consulted the oracle of Geryon at Padua and drew a lot by which he was directed to throw golden *tali* into the fountain of Aponus to obtain replies to his questions; when he did this the highest numbers came up.

TISO SAMPIER (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 144). Tissolin di Campo St. Pierre and Eccelin I. had been friends until a quarrel arose about a marriage portion, when Eccelin proved treacherous and the two families were estranged.

TITHON (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 141). A son of Laomedon, king of Troy. Aurora fell in love with his beauty and carried him away. He begged her to make him immortal, and the request was granted. He forgot, how-

ever, to ask for a continuance of his strength, beauty, and youth, and as he soon became old and feeble he begged Aurora to remove him from the world. As he could not die, the goddess changed him to a grasshopper.

TOCCATA (*A Toccata of Galuppi's : Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 74). A *touch*-piece, a prelude or overture.

TOHU-BOHU (*Jochanan Hakkadosh : Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 249). Void and waste, so at sixes and sevens, in confusion, topsy-turvy.

TOURVILLE (*Hervé Riel*, vol. xiv. p. 80). The French admiral who defeated the combined Dutch and English fleets in 1690, and pursued the English to the Thames. Again in '93, he revenged himself for La Hogue by the victory of Cape St. Vincent.—*Dr. Rolfe.*

TOXOTES (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 27). An archer, a character in the *Thesmophoriazousai.*

TOZZI (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 245). Physician to Pope Innocent XII. He succeeded Malpighi.

'TRANSCENDENTALISM' (*Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 173). The work referred to is an imaginary one. Transcendentalism, however, is a word applied to 'those beliefs or principles which are not derived from experience, and yet are absolutely necessary to make experience possible or useful. The term has been applied to a kind of investigation, or a use of language which is vague, obscure, fantastic, or extravagant.'

'TRANSPORT TO VENICE SQUARE' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 137), *i.e.* to St. Mark's Church, which is adorned with precious columns and sculptures brought from temples and other buildings in all parts of the ancient world.

TREVISO (*Pippa Passes*, vol. iii. p. 58). A town in Italy seventeen miles from Venice. There is a fine Annunciation by Titian in the Cathedral of San Pietro.

TRIARII (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 60). A class of soldiers belonging to the infantry of the Roman legion. They were in the time of Polybius the oldest veterans of a legion and formed the fourth rank, where they were a kind of reserve.

TRILOGY, TRAGIC (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 44). A series of three dramas, which, though each complete in itself, bear a certain relation to each other, and form one historical and poetical picture—*e.g.* the three plays of the *Oresteia*, the *Agamemnon*, the *Choëphoræ*, and the *Eumenides*, by Æschylus.

TRITHEMIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 15). Abbot of Würzburg (*c.* 1500). A great astrologer and alchemist. He possessed a famous library of two thousand volumes. Scholars and nobles flocked to his monastery from all parts of Europe to consult him.

TROES (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 271). Trojans.

TROIA (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 269). Troy, the capital of Troas.

TRUCE OF GOD, 'GOD'S TRUCE' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 222). An institution of the middle ages, designed to mitigate the violence of private war by prohibiting hostilities from Thursday evening to Sunday evening of each week, also during the entire season of Advent and Lent, and on certain festival days. The truce was first proposed in the Council of Charroux in 989.

TRUGAIOS (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 54). A character in Aristophanes' comedy, *The Peace*. He is a distressed Athenian who soars heavenward on a beetle's back.

TULLY'S LATIN (*The Bishop orders his Tomb &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 235), *i.e.* Cicero's, the purest classic style.

TUNDAREUS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 272). King of Lacedæmon, who married Leda.

TUPHON (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 36). Typhon, a famous giant chained under Mount Etna.

'TURK VERSE ALONG A SCIMITAR' (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 39). Mohammedans use verses of the Koran for ornamental purposes.

'TUSCAN, THE SOLEMN' (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 173). Dante. The reference is to Beatrice.

'TWY-PRONG' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 172). Necromancers used a magic fork, a twy-prong, in raising the devil.

'TYRIAN SHELLS' (*Popularity: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 193), and TYRRHENE WHELK (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 132). The famous purple dye was produced from shell-fish of the genera Murex and Purpura which have a gland called the adrectal gland, which secretes a colourless liquid becoming purple on exposure to the atmosphere. It was a discovery of the Phœnicians, and was known to the Greeks in the time of Homer. The juice was collected from the shells and placed in salt and heated in metal vessels; then the wool or silk was dyed in it.

ULPIAN (*Bishop orders his Tomb, &c.: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 235). A lawyer in the reign of Alexander Severus, who wrote several treatises on Civil Law.

URBINATE, THE (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 6). Rafael of Urbino.

UZZEAN (*Jochanan Hakkadosh: Jocoseria*, vol. xv. p. 221). Job, of the land of Uz.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 279). A Latin writer who published a work in the reign of Tiberius called *Books of Memorable Deeds and Utterances*, consisting of historical anecdotes mostly taken from Roman history and biography.

VALLOMBROSA CONVENT (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 184). A famous religious house near Florence.

VALVASSOR (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 81) or VAVASOUR. In feudal

law a principal vassal, not holding from the Sovereign directly, but of a great lord.

'VANE, OLD' (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 206). Secretary of State and comptroller of the household under Charles I.

VANE (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 191), the Younger, a disciple of Pym. He stole from his father's cabinet a very important document, which was used against Strafford on his trial. After the Restoration he was brought to trial and executed.

VASARI, GEORGE (*Andrea del Sarto: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 225; *Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 80). The celebrated author of the *Lives of the Painters*.

VENUS (*Pietro of Abano: Dramatic Idyls*, vol. xv. p. 145), or *Jactus Venereus*. An ancient Roman dice game was played with tali or huckle-bones; the highest throw in value was that called *Venus*.

VERNON LEE (*Inapprehensiveness: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 30). The pseudonym of Violet Paget, the authoress of *Euphorion*.

'VERONA'S LADY' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 155). A statue called by the people *Donna Verona*. It is erected on the top of a fountain at one end of the Piazza d'Erbe, and was put up by Theodosius in 1380. It wears a steel crown as a symbol that the town was an imperial residence.

VEUILLOT, LOUIS (*Red Cotton N. C. C.*, vol. xii. p. 149) (1813–1883). The celebrated Ultramontane editor of the French paper *L'Univers Religieux*.

VEXILLIFER (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 276). A standard-bearer.

VICENZA (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 103). An ancient city of Northern Italy. The first encounter between the Guelfs and Ghibellines took place there, about 1194.

VICTOR, KING (*King Victor and King Charles*, vol. iii. p. 81). Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, born 1666, obtained the kingdom of Sicily by treaty from Spain. He afterwards exchanged it with the Emperor for the island of Sardinia, with the title of king, in 1720.

VIDAL [PIERRE] (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 119). A Provençal troubadour who died about 1210, who was loaded with gifts by the greatest nobles of his time. Some of his poems are the best remaining of the Provençal poetry. He went twice to Palestine, once with a crusade. Sordello hated him.

'VIENNA, HELPING' (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 219). In 1683, 150,000 Turks led by Cara Mustapha sat down before the city. The Emperor Leopold and John Sobieski, King of Poland, combined their forces to oppose the common enemy of Christian Europe. The Turks were completely routed after the great battle fought under the walls of Vienna, September 12, 1683.

VIGILIARUM, VIGIL TORMENT (*R. and B.*, vol. ix., pp. 2, 255). This is described in Hare's *Walks in Rome*. 'Upon a high joint-stool, the seat about a span large, and instead of being flat, cut in the form of pointed diamonds, the victim was seated: the legs were fastened together and without support; the hands bound behind the back, and with a running knot attached to a cord descending from the ceiling; the body was loosely attached to the back of the chair, cut also into angular points. A wretch stood near, pushing the victim from side to side; and now and then, by pulling the rope from the ceiling, gave the arm most painful jerks. In this horrible position the sufferer remained forty hours, the assistants being changed every fifth hour.'

'VIRGILIAN DIP' (*R. and B.*, vol. ix. p. 17; vol. x. p. 76). Sortes Virgilianæ, or Virgilian lots, an ancient Roman custom of divination on the same principle as people nowadays open their Bible at random, or stick a pin between the

leaves to see what text may turn up. *The Imitation of Christ* is often used in Italy for this purpose.

VIRGIN'S BOWER (*Christopher Smart: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 156). A climbing plant of the genus *Clematis*.

VISHNU-LAND (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 82). India, where Vishnu, the second person of the modern Hindu Trinity, is worshipped. He is the preserver of life, and has been nine times incarnate, and is to become so once more.

VIVARESI (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 103). A noble family of Lombardy.

VOLTAIRE (*La Saisiaz*, vol. xiv. p. 203) built himself a château at Fernex. Over the portal of a church he erected there, he affixed the inscription 'Deo erexit Voltaire.'

WALDENSES (*Fust and his Friends: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 274), Valdenses, or Vaudois. The earliest occurrence of the name of this sect in ecclesiastical history is in 1198 (Migne, *Patrol.* vol. ccxiv.), when Innocent III. requested the Archbishop of Aix and his suffragans to assist Rainier in his efforts to put down the heretics in those parts, 'qui Valdenses Catari et Paterini dicuntur.' They were identified about 1440 with the sect called 'The Poor Men of Lyons;' a sect supposed to have been established by Peter Valdo, a merchant of Lyons, about 1160.

'WALK, THE' (*Gerard de Lairesse: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 203). The title of a portion of Gerard's work *The Art of Painting*.

WANDESFORD, SIR CHRISTOPHER (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 298). Master of the Rolls and Privy Councillor in Ireland. He is said to have died of grief at hearing of Strafford's arrest.

WARING (*Waring: Dramatic Romances*, vol. v. p. 78). This was Mr. Alfred Domett, C.M.G., son of Captain

Nathaniel Domett, born at Camberwell, May 20, 1811. He published a volume of poems in 1833, then travelled in America for two years, returned to London about 1836–7, and was called to the bar in 1841. He went as a settler to New Zealand in 1842, and became Secretary of that country in 1851. Having been elected to the House of Representatives, he was in 1862 called upon to form a government, which he did. He returned to England after rendering great services to New Zealand. His chief work is *Ranolf and Amohia*, full of descriptions of New Zealand scenery.

'WASPS, THE' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 42). One of the plays of Aristophanes.

'WATER-HAIDES' (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 301). The engulfing sea.

'WEAL-PRANKT' (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 98). Decked out with prosperity.

WESTON, SIR RICHARD (*Strafford*, vol. ii. p. 209). Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir J. Eliot denounced him as an enemy of the Commonwealth.

WHITE-CROSS KNIGHTS (*Return of the Druses*, vol. iii. p. 174). The Knight Hospitallers, who wore a white cross of eight points on a black ground. When engaged on military duties, they wore a plain straight white cross on a red ground.

'WILLOW-WICKER-FLASH' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 35). The nickname for a toper.

WITENAGEMOT (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 90). The assembling of the wise men, the great council of the Anglo-Saxons. The origin of our Parliament.

WOE-PURFLED (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 98). Embroidered with woe.

WOLLSTONECRAFT, MARY (*Mary Wollstonecraft and*

Fuseli: Jocoseria, vol. xv. p. 195). The foundress of the Women's Rights movement. Born 1759; died 1797. Her first publication was a pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*. At the house of Mr. Johnson, her publisher, she met William Godwin, the author, and Henry Fuseli, the artist. Her book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, is that by which she is best known. Although Fuseli was a married man, Mary Wollstonecraft exercised her womanly right to love him. As he did not in the least reciprocate the sentiment, she went to Paris and consoled herself by transferring her affections to Mr. Gilbert Imlay, with whom she lived in contempt of the vulgar precaution of marriage. He soon deserted her, when she attempted suicide. Mary was saved from death, and then lived with William Godwin, ultimately marrying him. Her daughter by Godwin became the wife of the poet Shelley.

WOLF, FRIEDRICH AUGUST (*Development: Asolando*, vol. xvii. p. 105). A celebrated critic who was born 1759, and died 1824. He filled the chair of philology at Halle for twenty-three years. He is best remembered by his *Prolegomena in Homerum*, in which he maintained that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are not the work of one single and individual Homer, but a much later compilation of *hymns*, sung and handed down by oral tradition. Its effect was overwhelming.

WORMWOOD STAR (*R. and B.*, vol. x. p. 244). A star which was believed to appear at the approach of death.

WÜRZBURG (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 8 *et seq.*). An ancient and famous city of Germany. Its bishops were made dukes of Franconia in 1120. Its university was founded in 1582.

WYVERN (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 57). A two-legged dragon, with a body ending in a long tail.

'XERXES AND THE PLANE-TREE' (*Prince Hohenstiel &c.*, vol. xi. p. 165). Herodotus says that Xerxes going from Phrygia

into Lydia observed a plane-tree, which on account of its beauty he presented with golden ornaments (bk. vii. 31).

ZENO (*Old Pictures in Florence: Dramatic Lyrics*, vol. vi. p. 88). The founder of the sect of the Stoics.

ZEPHUROS (*Agamemnon*, vol. xiii. p. 302). The west wind.

'ZETHOS AGAINST AMPHION' (*Arist. Apol.*, vol. xiii. p. 15). Zethos was a son of Jupiter by Antiope, and brother to Amphion.

ZEUS (*Apollo and the Fates: Parleyings &c.*, vol. xvi. p. 101). Jupiter.

'ZIN, THE HORRID' (*Sord.*, vol. i. p. 164). The Syrian wilderness in which the Israelites found no water.

ZOROASTER (*One Word More: Men and Women*, vol. iv. p. 304; *Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 148). The founder of the Persian religion of the Magi, and one of the greatest teachers of the East. The *Zend Avesta* is the Zoroastrian Bible.

ZUINGLIUS (*Paracelsus*, vol. ii. p. 106). Zwingli, the Swiss reformer of Zürich.

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